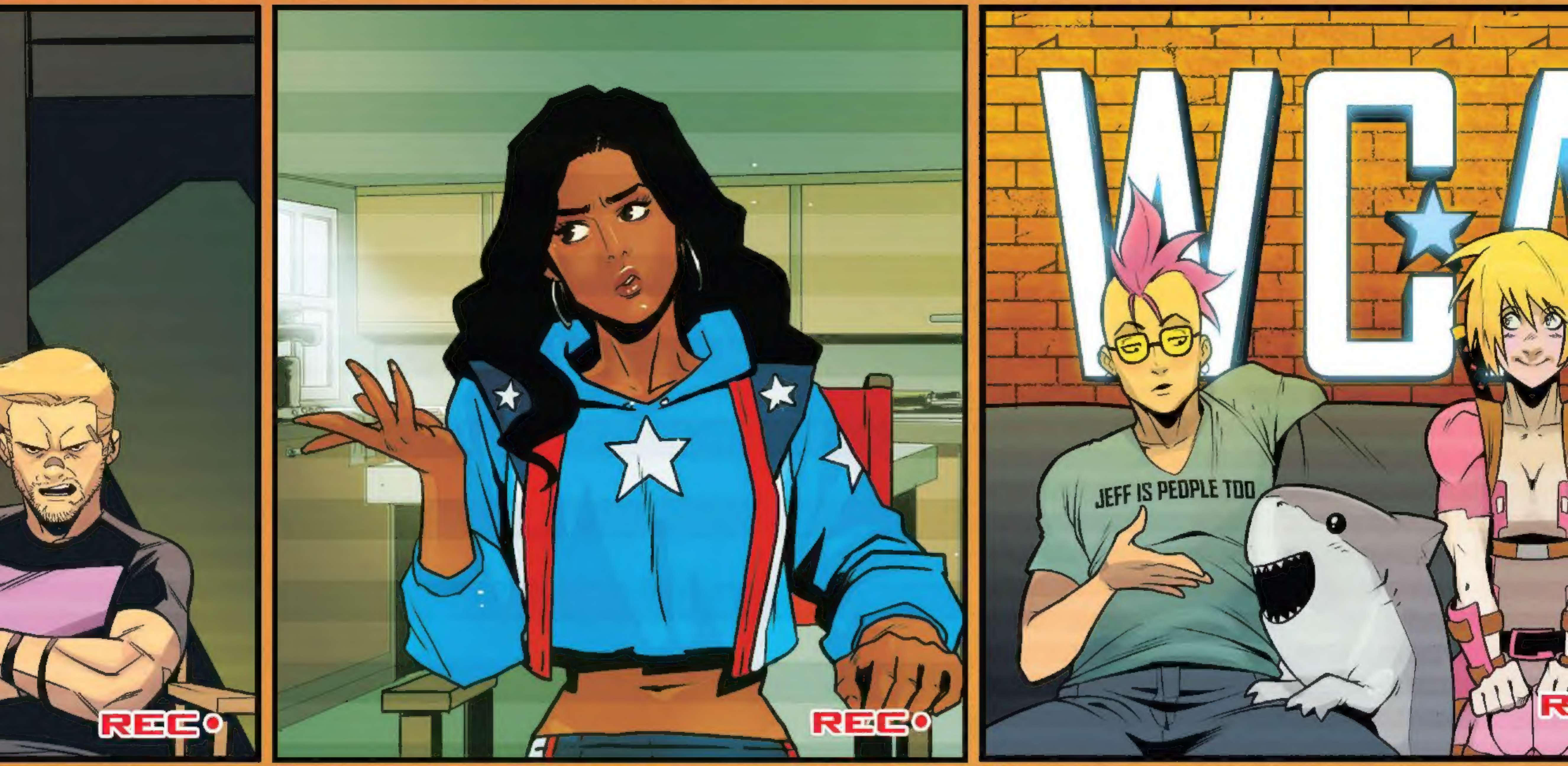
"Kelly Thompson makes writing fun comics look effortless."
– Henchman-4-Hire

THOMPSON
DI NICUOLO
LIM
R.

West Coast AVENGERS

CITY OF EVILS

MARVEL


REC•
REC•
WC
JEFF IS PEOPLE TOO
R

West Coast AVENGERS

KATE BISHOP, A.K.A. HAWKEYE, HAS RECRUITED A TEAM TO PROTECT THE VULNERABLE WEST COAST, BUT FUNDING IT CAME WITH A CATCH: THEY ALL HAD TO MOVE IN TOGETHER AND LET A FILM CREW FOLLOW THEM AROUND.

THE TEAM RECENTLY SCORED A BIG WIN THAT GOT THEM IN BIG TROUBLE WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHO WASN'T THRILLED THAT THEY WERE USING THE AVENGERS NAME. AND HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S UNHAPPY THAT THE WEST COAST HAS A NEW SUPER-CREW...

West Coast AVENGERS
CITY OF EVILS

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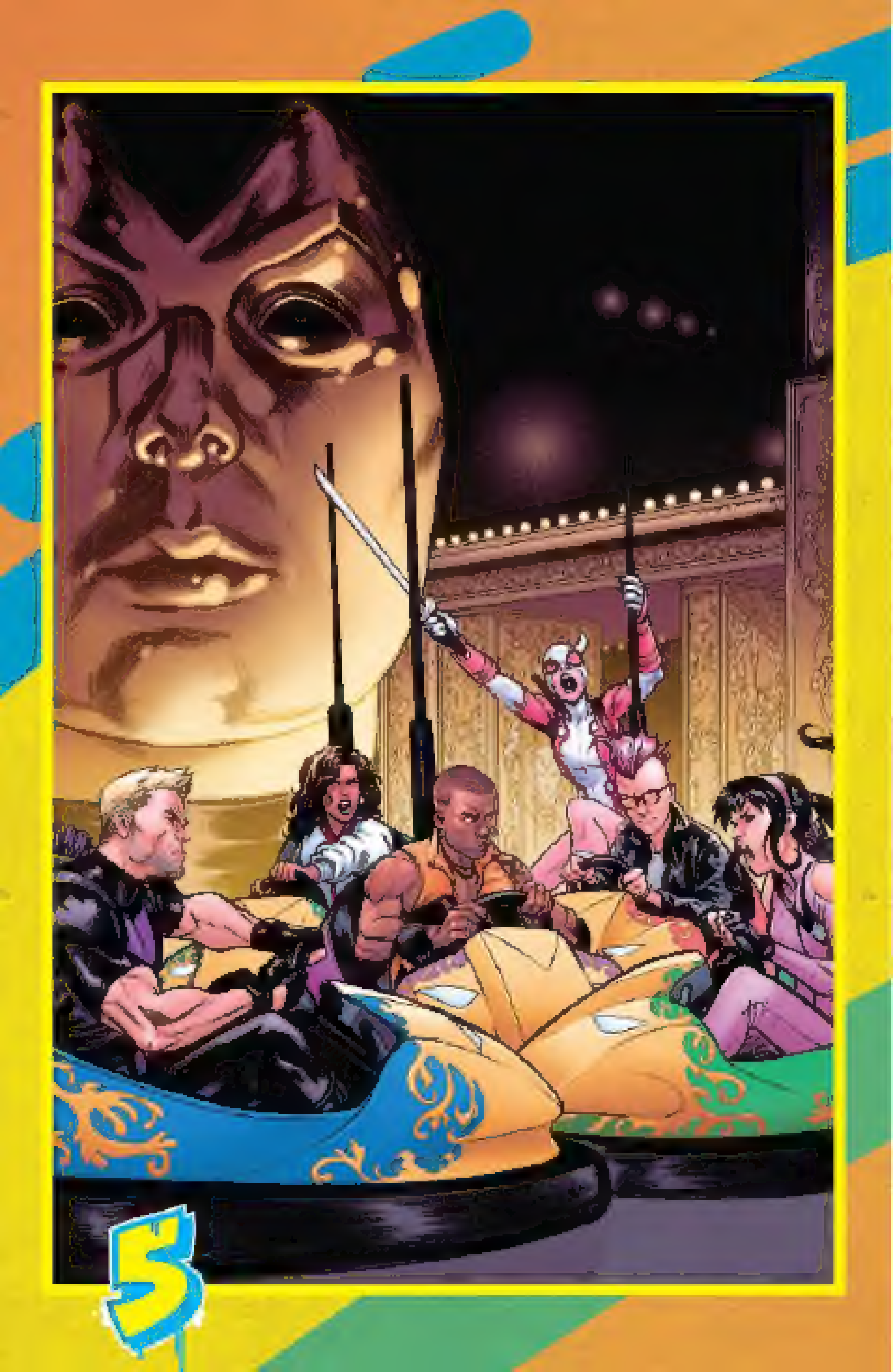
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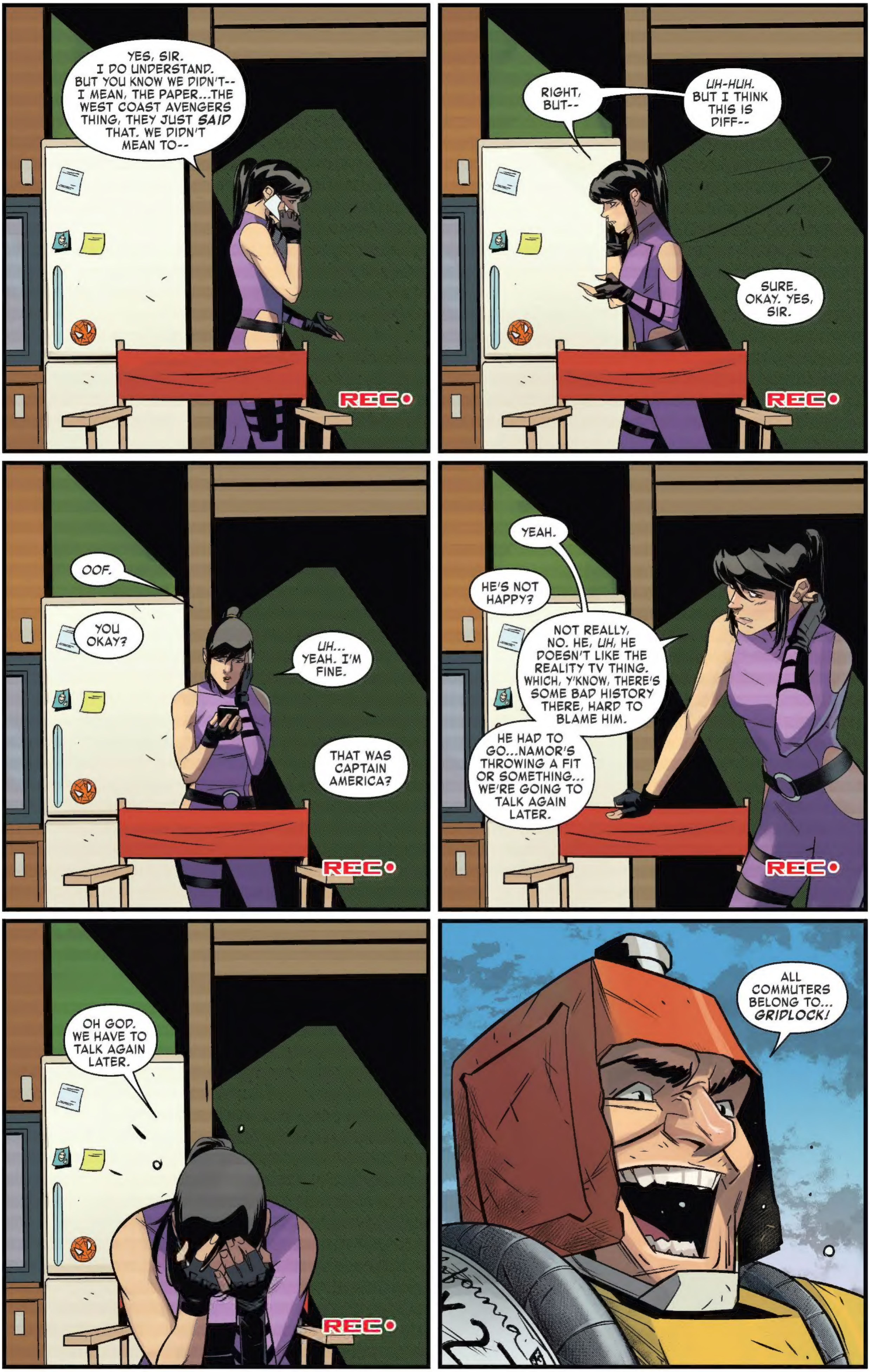
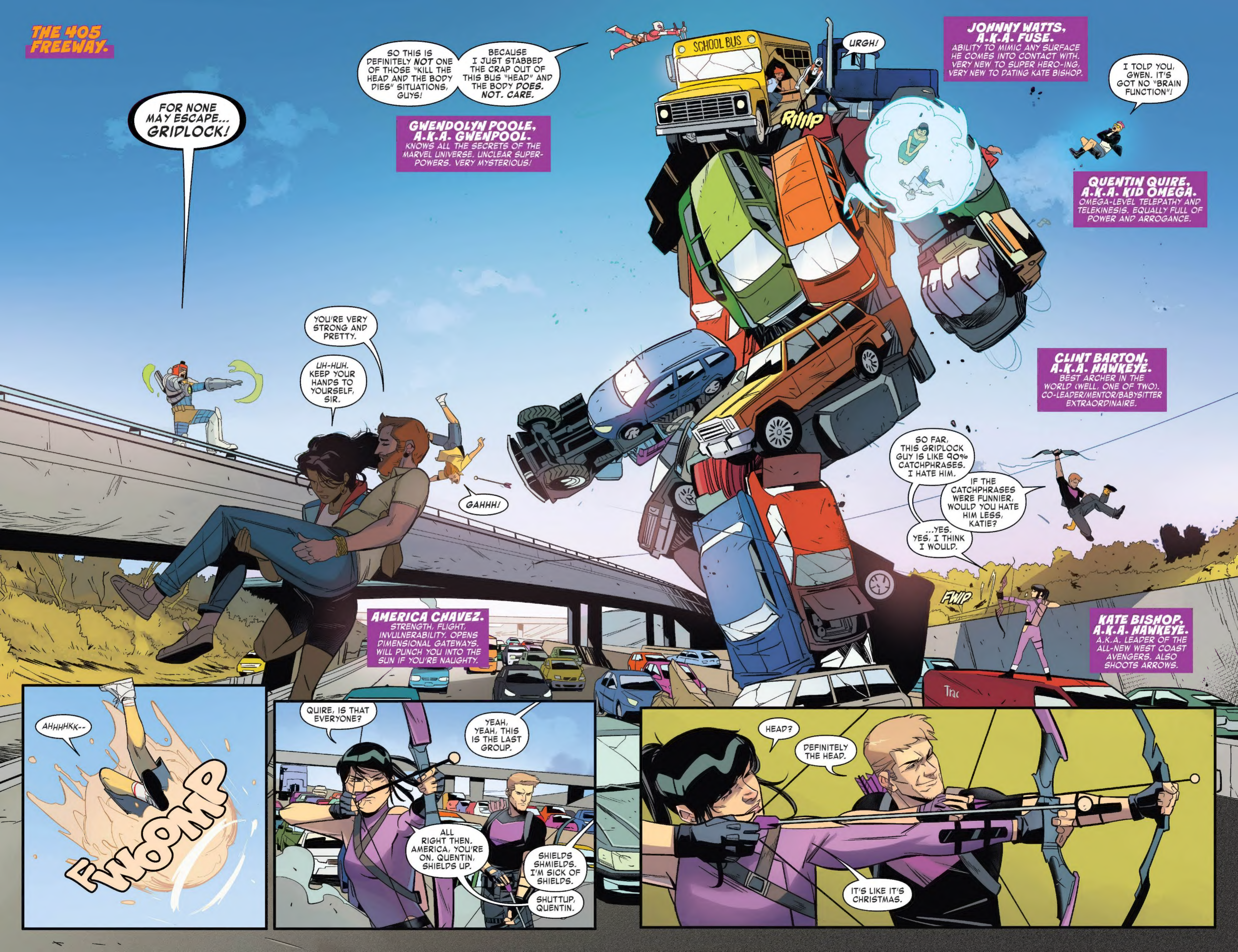
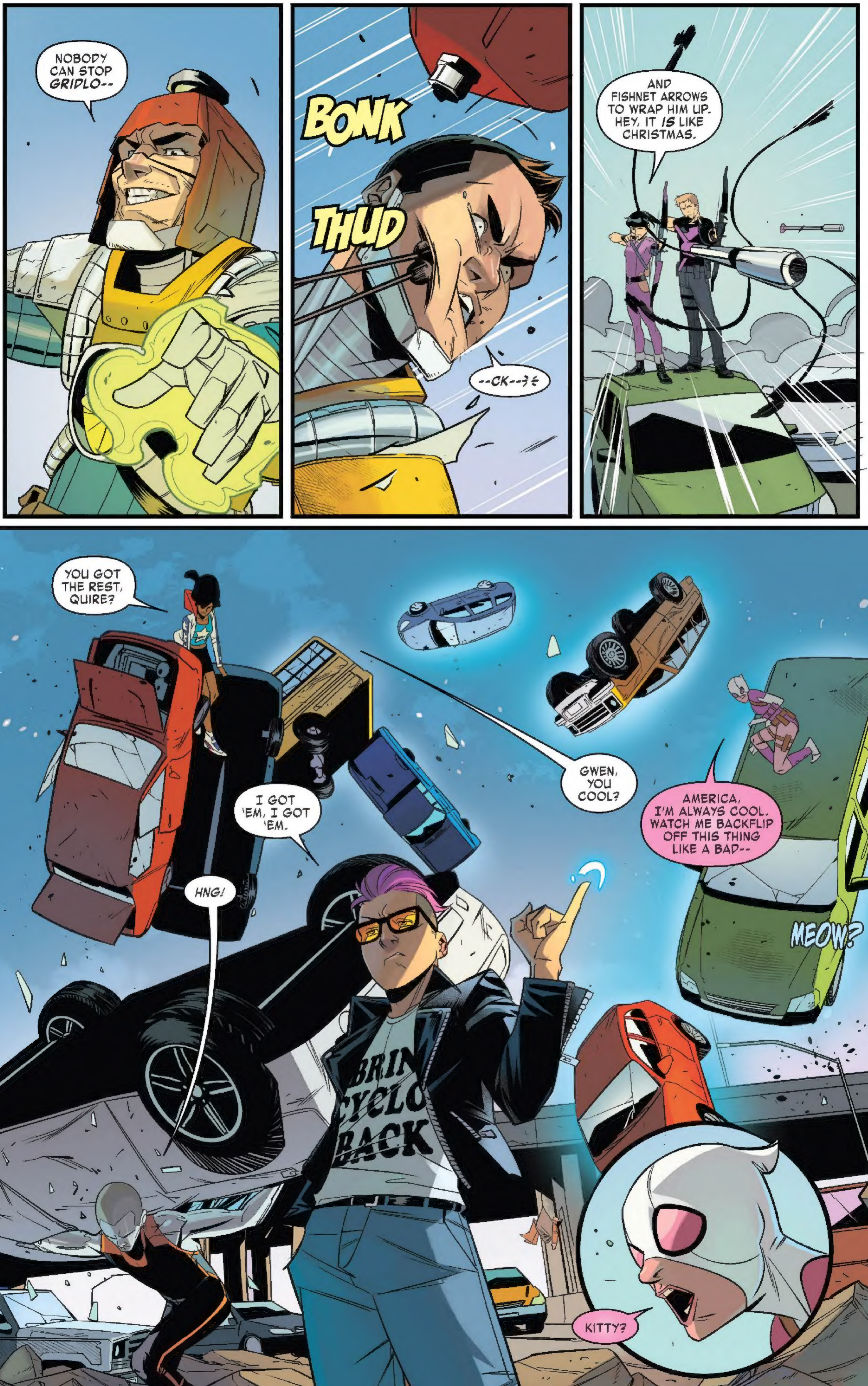
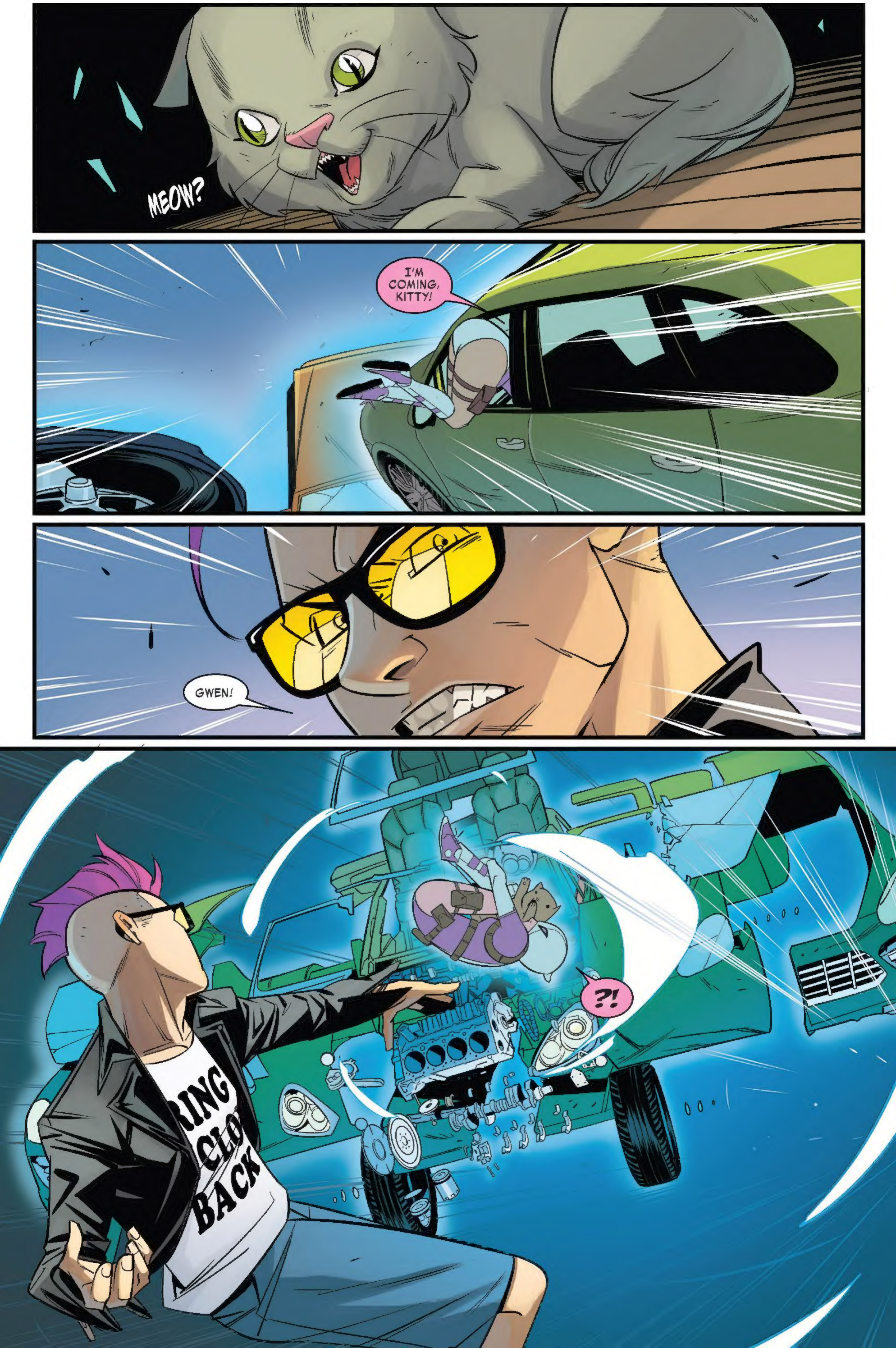
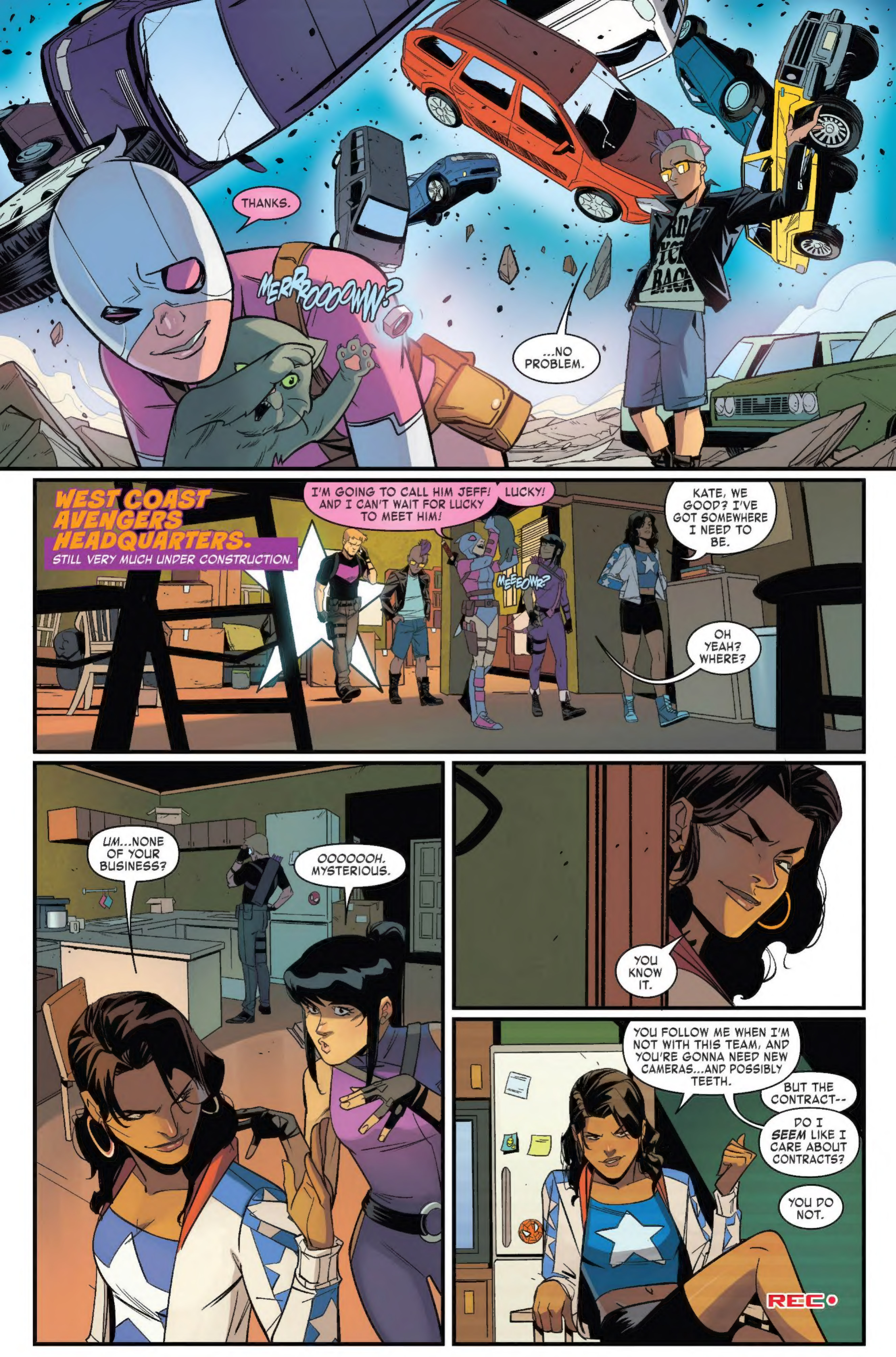
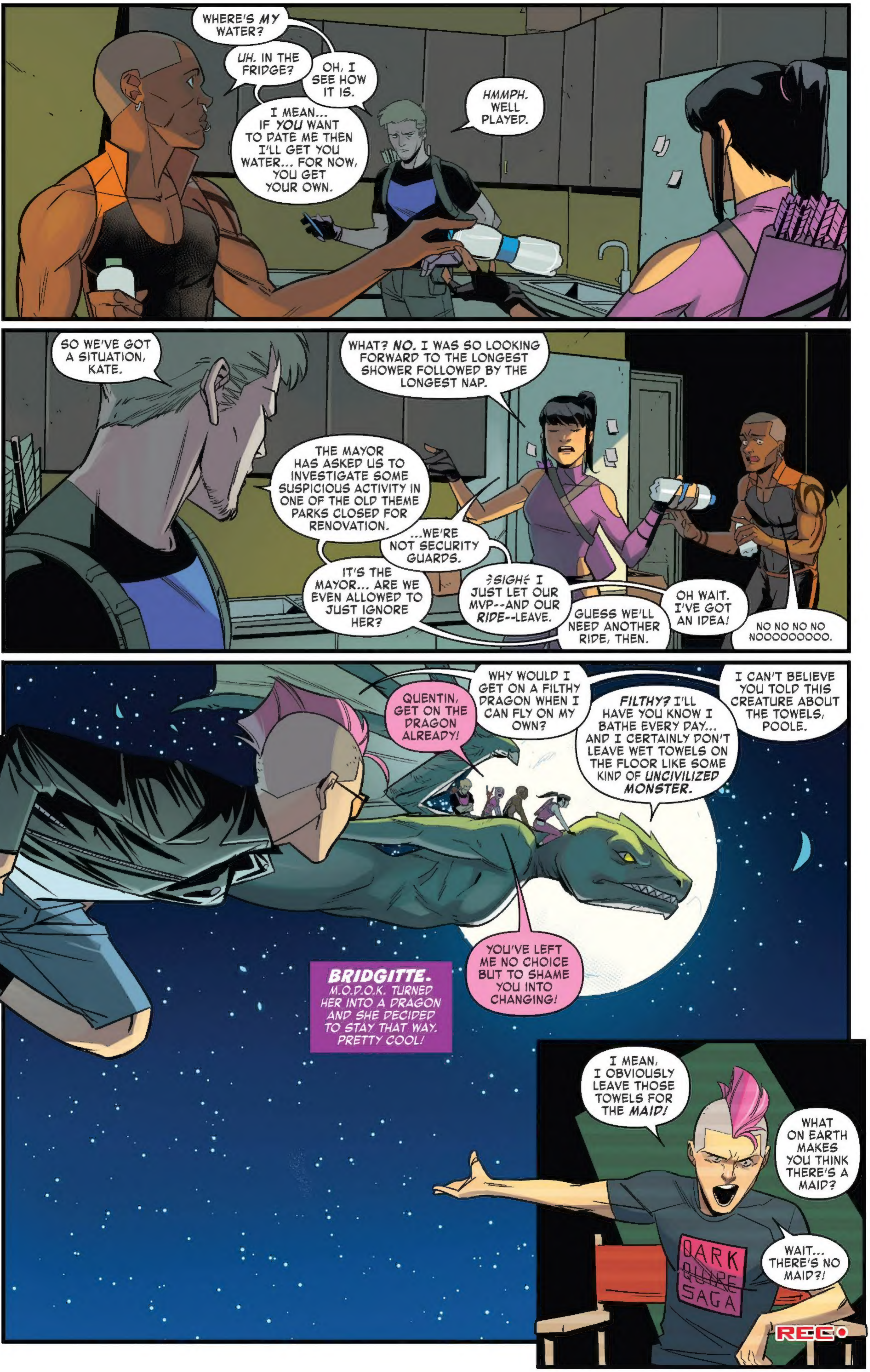

YES, SIR. I DO UNDERSTAND. BUT YOU KNOW WE DIDN'T-- I MEAN, THE PAPER...THE WEST COAST AVENGERS THING, THEY JUST *SAID* THAT. WE DIDN'T MEAN TO--
REC
RIGHT, BUT--
UH-HUH. BUT I THINK THIS IS DIFF--
SURE. OKAY. YES, SIR.
REC
OOF.
YOU OKAY?
UH... YEAH. I'M FINE.
THAT WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
REC
YEAH.
HE'S NOT HAPPY?
NOT REALLY, NO. HE, *UH,* HE DOESN'T LIKE THE REALITY TV THING. WHICH, Y'KNOW, THERE'S SOME BAD HISTORY THERE, HARD TO BLAME HIM.
HE HAD TO GO...NAMOR'S THROWING A FIT OR SOMETHING... WE'RE GOING TO TALK AGAIN LATER.
REC
OH GOD. WE HAVE TO TALK AGAIN LATER.
REC
ALL COMMUTERS BELONG TO... *GRIDLOCK!*

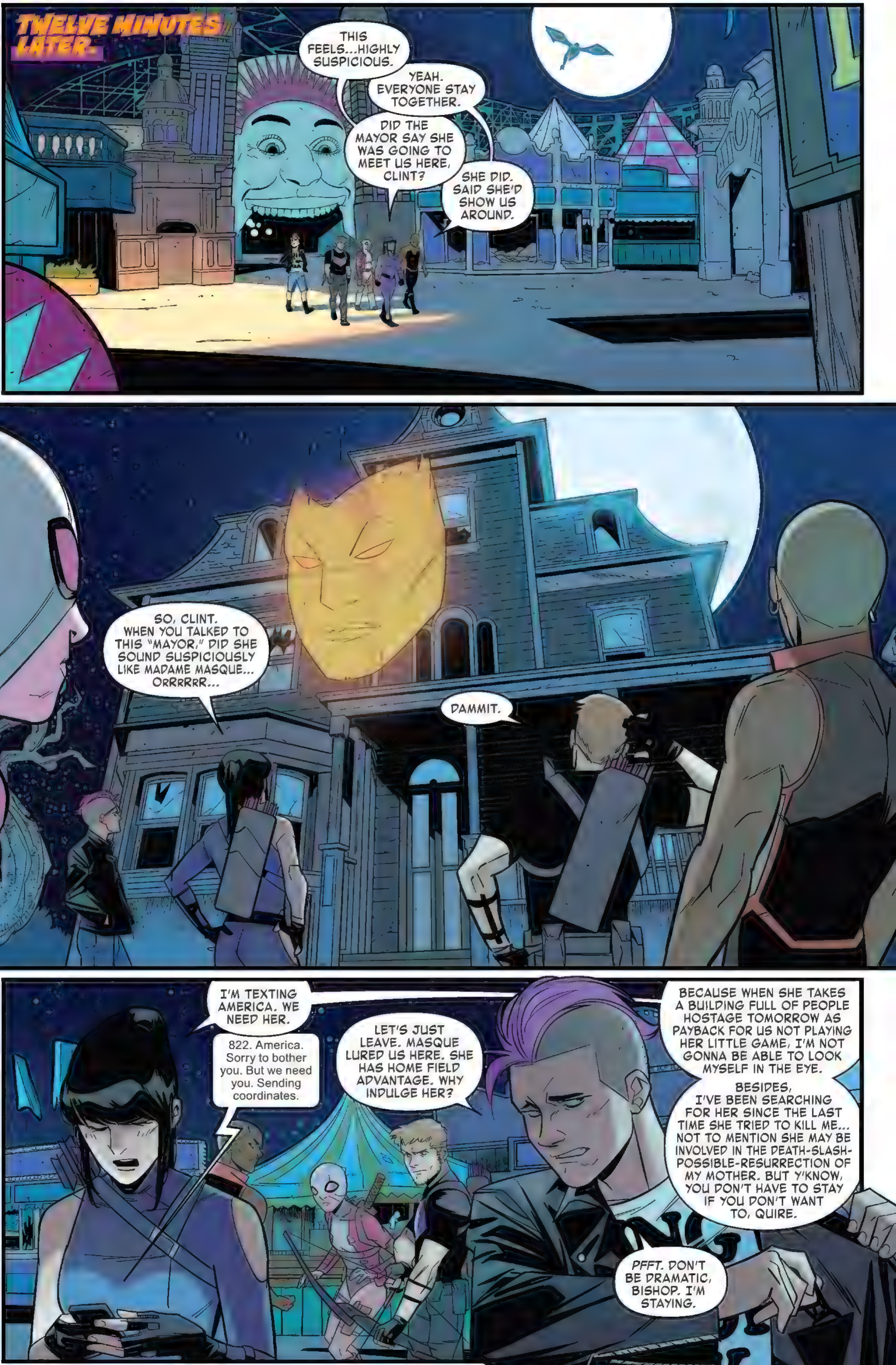

THE 405 FREEWAY.
FOR NONE MAY ESCAPE... GRIDLOCK!
SO THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT ONE OF THOSE "KILL THE HEAD AND THE BODY DIES" SITUATIONS, GUYS!
BECAUSE I JUST STABBED THE CRAP OUT OF THIS BUS "HEAD" AND THE BODY DOES. NOT. CARE.
GWENDOLYN POOLE, A.K.A. GWENPOOL. KNOWS ALL THE SECRETS OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE. UNCLEAR SUPER-POWERS. VERY MYSTERIOUS!
SCHOOL BUS
URGH!
RIIIP
JOHNNY WATTS, A.K.A. FUSE. ABILITY TO MIMIC ANY SURFACE HE COMES INTO CONTACT WITH. VERY NEW TO SUPER HERO-ING, VERY NEW TO DATING KATE BISHOP.
I TOLD YOU, GWEN. IT'S GOT NO "BRAIN FUNCTION"!
QUENTIN QUIRE, A.K.A. KID OMEGA. OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATHY AND TELEKINESIS. EQUALLY FULL OF POWER AND ARROGANCE.
YOU'RE VERY STRONG AND PRETTY.
UH-HUH. KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF, SIR.
GAHHH!
CLINT BARTON, A.K.A. HAWKEYE. BEST ARCHER IN THE WORLD (WELL, ONE OF TWO). CO-LEADER/MENTOR/BABYSITTER EXTRAORDINAIRE.
SO FAR, THIS GRIDLOCK GUY IS LIKE 90% CATCHPHRASES. I HATE HIM.
IF THE CATCHPHRASES WERE FUNNIER, WOULD YOU HATE HIM LESS, KATIE?
...YES. YES, I THINK I WOULD.
FWIP
AMERICA CHAVEZ. STRENGTH, FLIGHT, INVULNERABILITY. OPENS DIMENSIONAL GATEWAYS. WILL PUNCH YOU INTO THE SUN IF YOU'RE NAUGHTY.
KATE BISHOP, A.K.A. HAWKEYE. A.K.A. LEADER OF THE ALL-NEW WEST COAST AVENGERS. ALSO SHOOTS ARROWS.
Trac
AHHHHKK--
FWOOMP
QUIRE, IS THAT EVERYONE?
YEAH, YEAH, THIS IS THE LAST GROUP.
ALL RIGHT THEN. AMERICA, YOU'RE ON. QUENTIN, SHIELDS UP.
SHIELDS SHMIELDS. I'M SICK OF SHIELDS.
SHUTTUP, QUENTIN.
HEAD?
DEFINITELY THE HEAD.
IT'S LIKE IT'S CHRISTMAS.

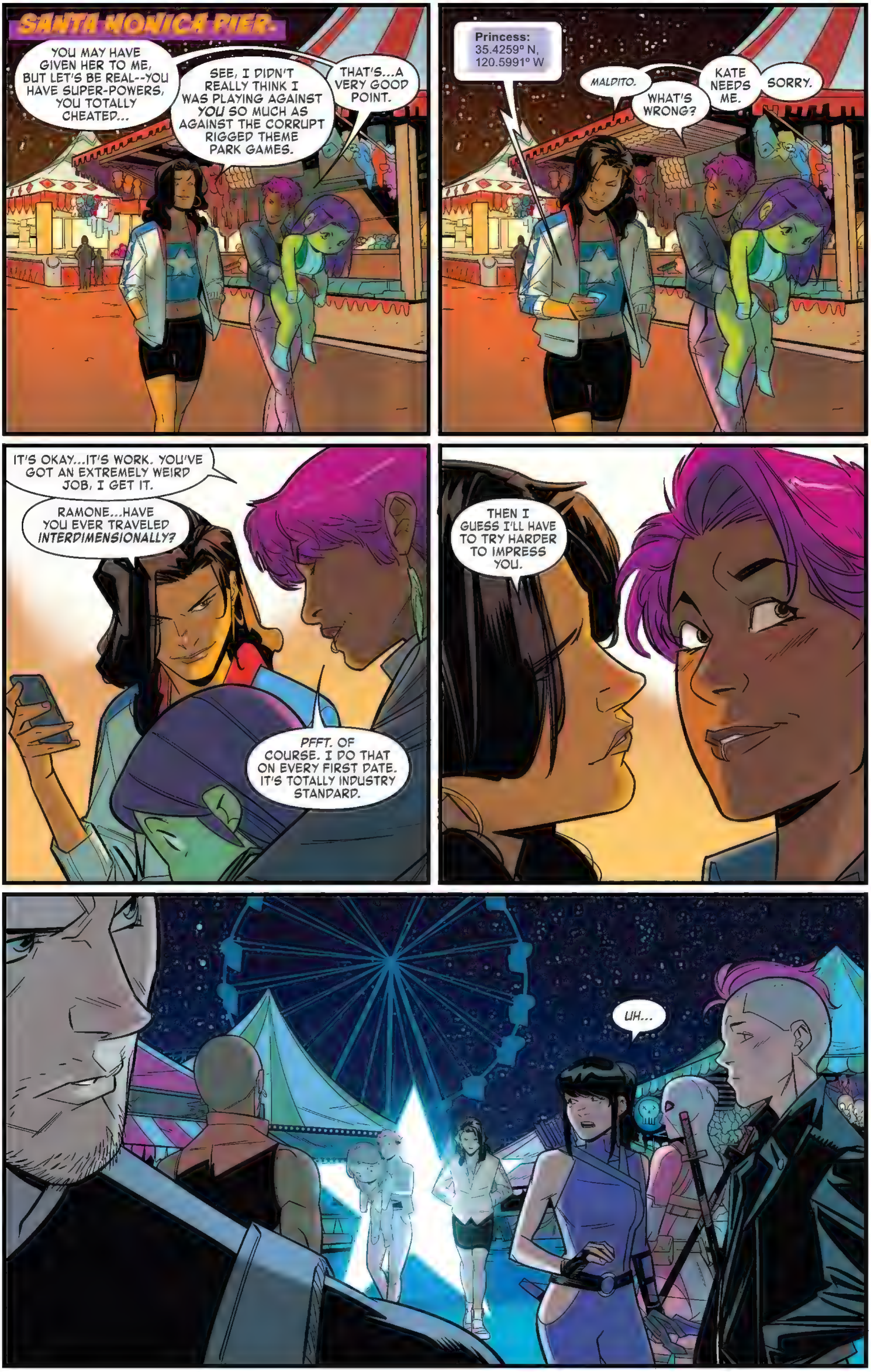

NOBODY CAN STOP *GRIDLO*--
BONK
THUD
--CK--
AND FISHNET ARROWS TO WRAP HIM UP. HEY, IT *IS* LIKE CHRISTMAS.
YOU GOT THE REST, QUIRE?
GWEN, YOU COOL?
AMERICA, I'M ALWAYS COOL. WATCH ME BACKFLIP OFF THIS THING LIKE A BAD--
I GOT 'EM, I GOT 'EM.
HNG!
BRIN CYCLO BACK
MEOW?
KITTY?

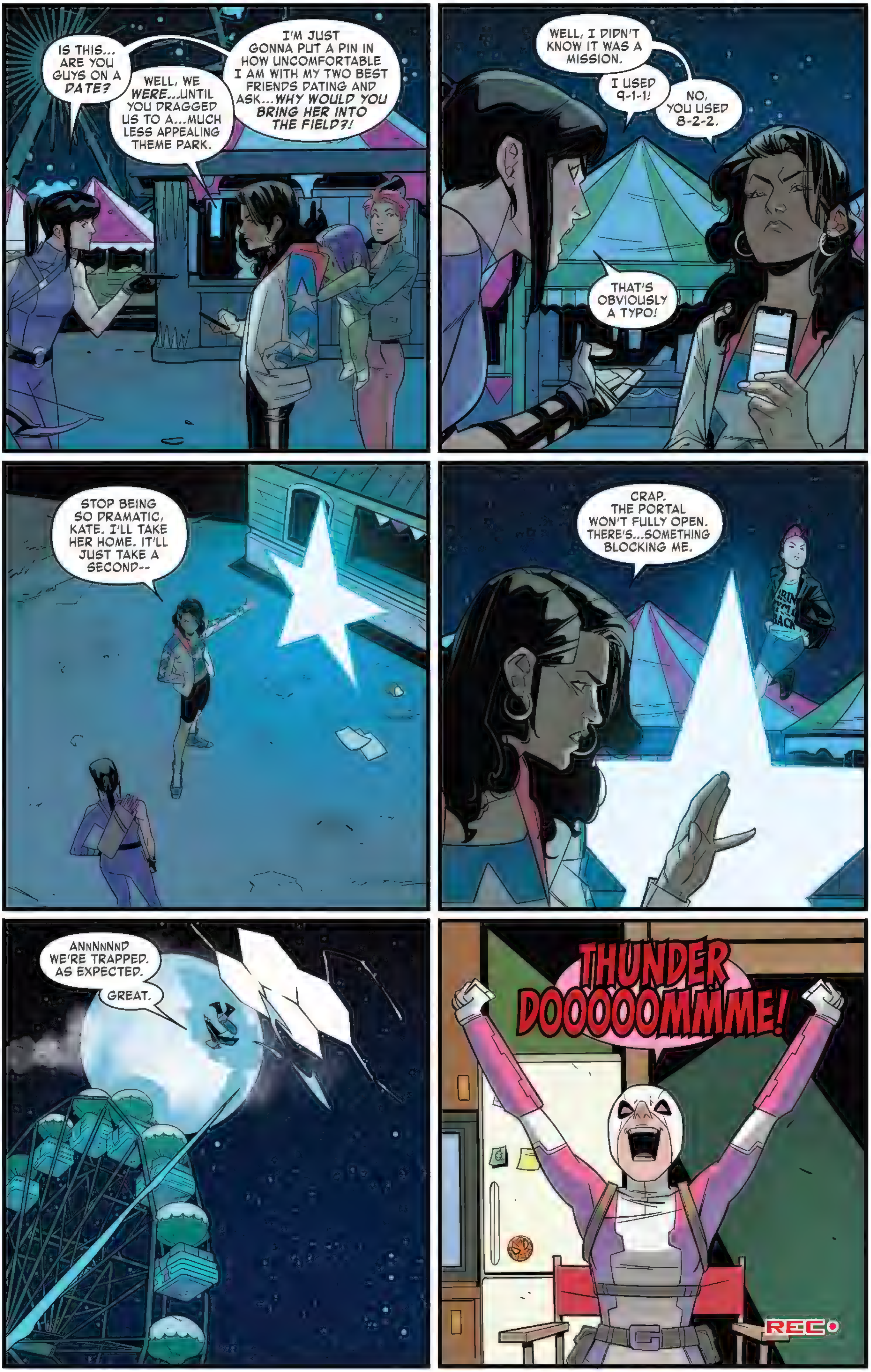

MEOW?
I'M COMING, KITTY!
GWEN!
?!
RING
CLO
BACK

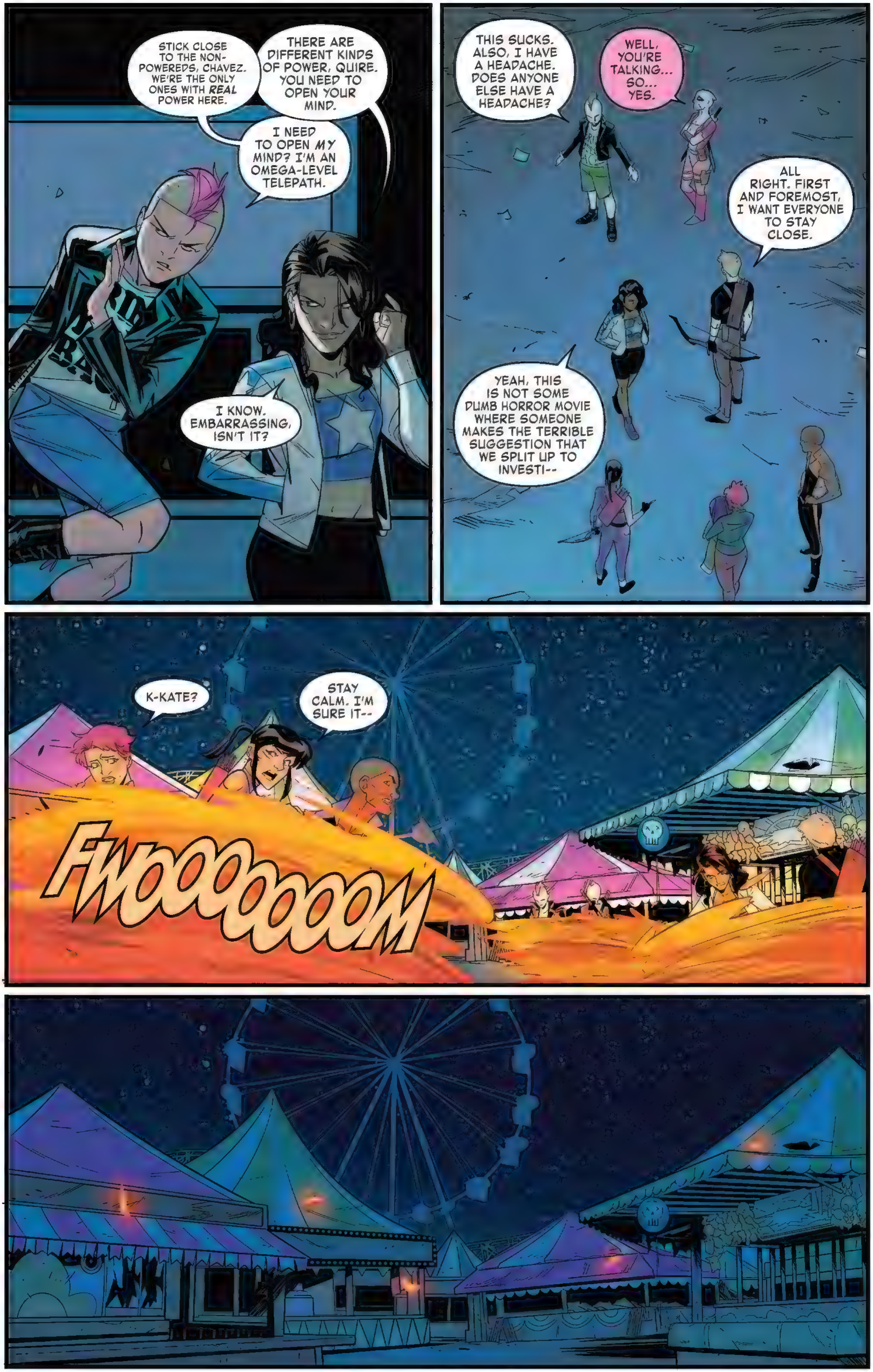

THANKS.
MERRROOOOWW?
...NO PROBLEM.
WEST COAST AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS.
STILL VERY MUCH UNDER CONSTRUCTION.
I'M GOING TO CALL HIM JEFF! AND I CAN'T WAIT FOR LUCKY TO MEET HIM!
LUCKY!
MEEEOWR?
KATE, WE GOOD? I'VE GOT SOMEWHERE I NEED TO BE.
OH YEAH? WHERE?
UM...NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS?
OOOOOOH. MYSTERIOUS.
YOU KNOW IT.
YOU FOLLOW ME WHEN I'M NOT WITH THIS TEAM, AND YOU'RE GONNA NEED NEW CAMERAS...AND POSSIBLY TEETH.
BUT THE CONTRACT--
DO I *SEEM* LIKE I CARE ABOUT CONTRACTS?
YOU DO NOT.
REC

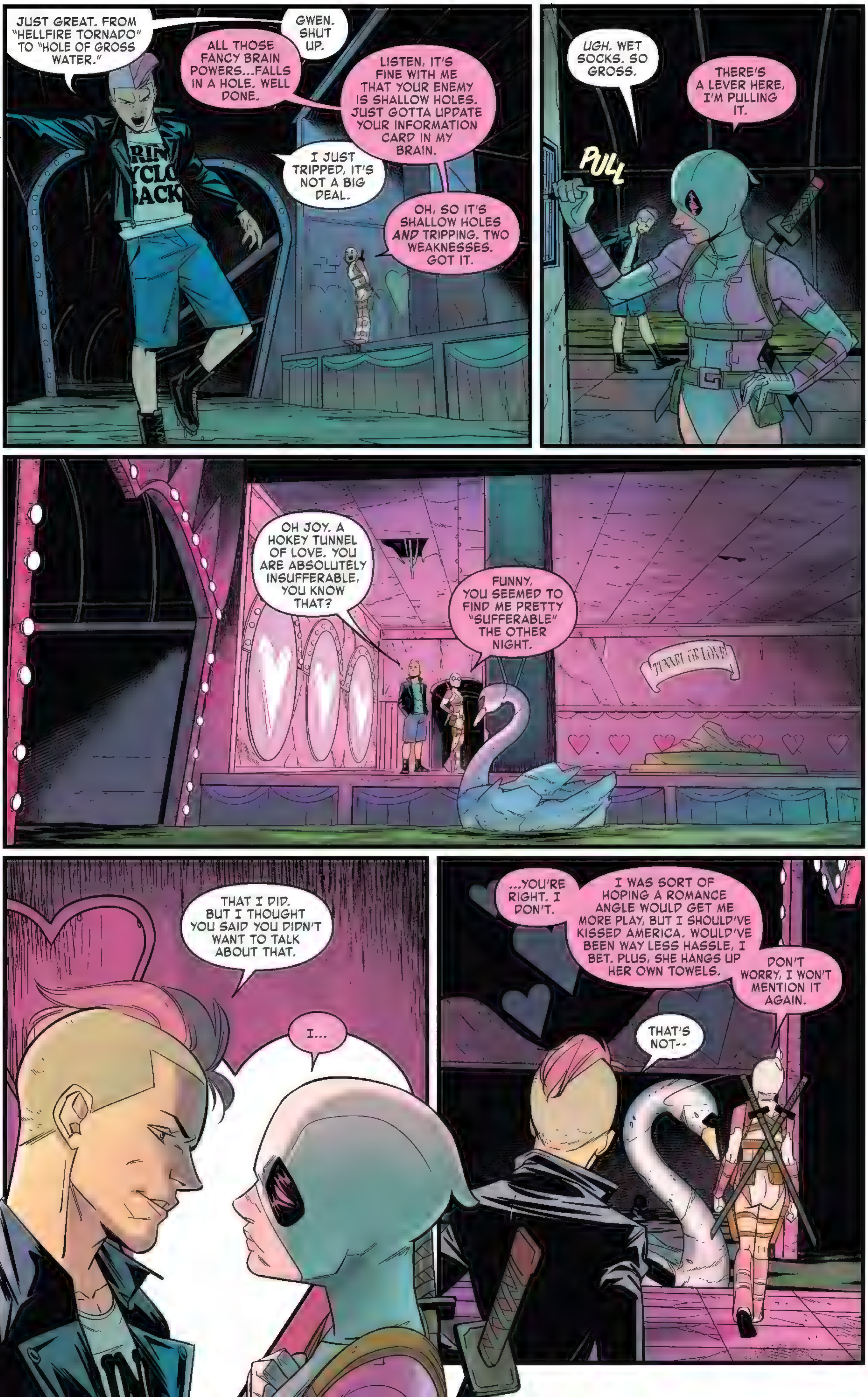

WHERE'S *MY* WATER?
UH. IN THE FRIDGE?
OH, I SEE HOW IT IS.
I MEAN... IF *YOU* WANT TO DATE ME THEN I'LL GET YOU WATER... FOR NOW, YOU GET YOUR OWN.
HMMPH. WELL PLAYED.
SO WE'VE GOT A SITUATION, KATE.
WHAT? *NO.* I WAS SO LOOKING FORWARD TO THE LONGEST SHOWER FOLLOWED BY THE LONGEST NAP.
THE MAYOR HAS ASKED US TO INVESTIGATE SOME SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY IN ONE OF THE OLD THEME PARKS CLOSED FOR RENOVATION.
...WE'RE NOT SECURITY GUARDS.
IT'S THE MAYOR... ARE WE EVEN ALLOWED TO JUST IGNORE HER?
SIGH I JUST LET OUR MVP--AND OUR *RIDE*--LEAVE.
GUESS WE'LL NEED ANOTHER RIDE, THEN.
OH WAIT. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
NO NO NO NO NOOOOOOOOO.
QUENTIN, GET ON THE DRAGON ALREADY!
WHY WOULD I GET ON A FILTHY DRAGON WHEN I CAN FLY ON MY OWN?
FILTHY? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I BATHE EVERY DAY... AND I CERTAINLY DON'T LEAVE WET TOWELS ON THE FLOOR LIKE SOME KIND OF *UNCIVILIZED MONSTER.*
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TOLD THIS CREATURE ABOUT THE TOWELS, POOLE.
YOU'VE LEFT ME NO CHOICE BUT TO SHAME YOU INTO CHANGING!
BRIDGITTE. M.O.D.O.K. TURNED HER INTO A DRAGON AND SHE DECIDED TO STAY THAT WAY. PRETTY COOL!
I MEAN, I OBVIOUSLY LEAVE THOSE TOWELS FOR THE *MAID!*
WHAT ON EARTH MAKES YOU THINK THERE'S A MAID?
WAIT... THERE'S NO MAID?!
DARK ~~QUIRE~~ SAGA
REC●

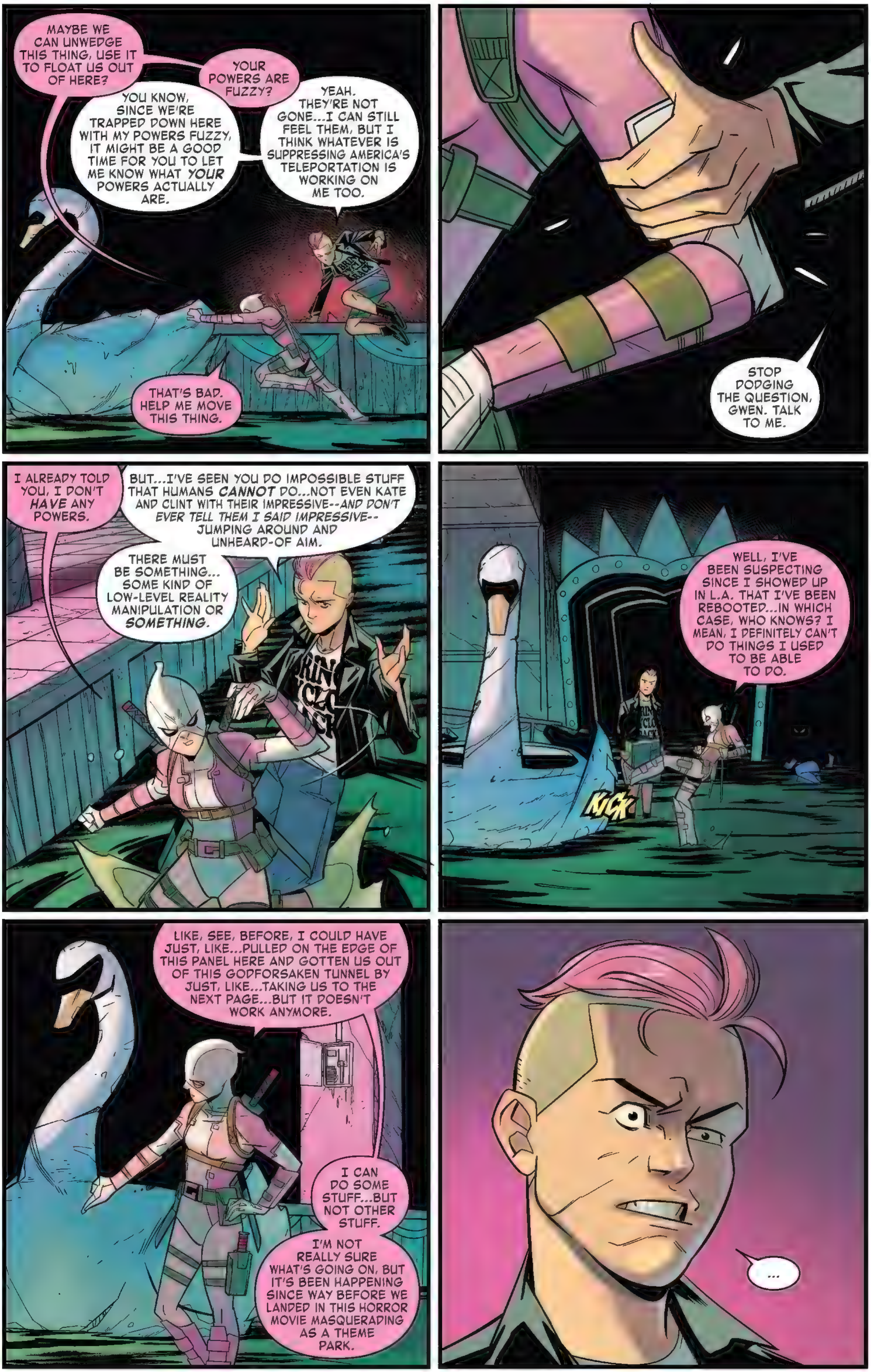

TWELVE MINUTES LATER.
THIS FEELS...HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS.
YEAH. EVERYONE STAY TOGETHER.
DID THE MAYOR SAY SHE WAS GOING TO MEET US HERE, CLINT?
SHE DID. SAID SHE'D SHOW US AROUND.
SO, CLINT. WHEN YOU TALKED TO THIS "MAYOR," DID SHE SOUND SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE MADAME MASQUE... ORRRRRR...
DAMMIT.
I'M TEXTING AMERICA. WE NEED HER.
822. America. Sorry to bother you. But we need you. Sending coordinates.
LET'S JUST LEAVE. MASQUE LURED US HERE. SHE HAS HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE. WHY INDULGE HER?
BECAUSE WHEN SHE TAKES A BUILDING FULL OF PEOPLE HOSTAGE TOMORROW AS PAYBACK FOR US NOT PLAYING HER LITTLE GAME, I'M NOT GONNA BE ABLE TO LOOK MYSELF IN THE EYE.
BESIDES, I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HER SINCE THE LAST TIME SHE TRIED TO KILL ME... NOT TO MENTION SHE MAY BE INVOLVED IN THE DEATH-SLASH-POSSIBLE-RESURRECTION OF MY MOTHER. BUT Y'KNOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, QUIRE.
PFFT. DON'T BE DRAMATIC, BISHOP. I'M STAYING.

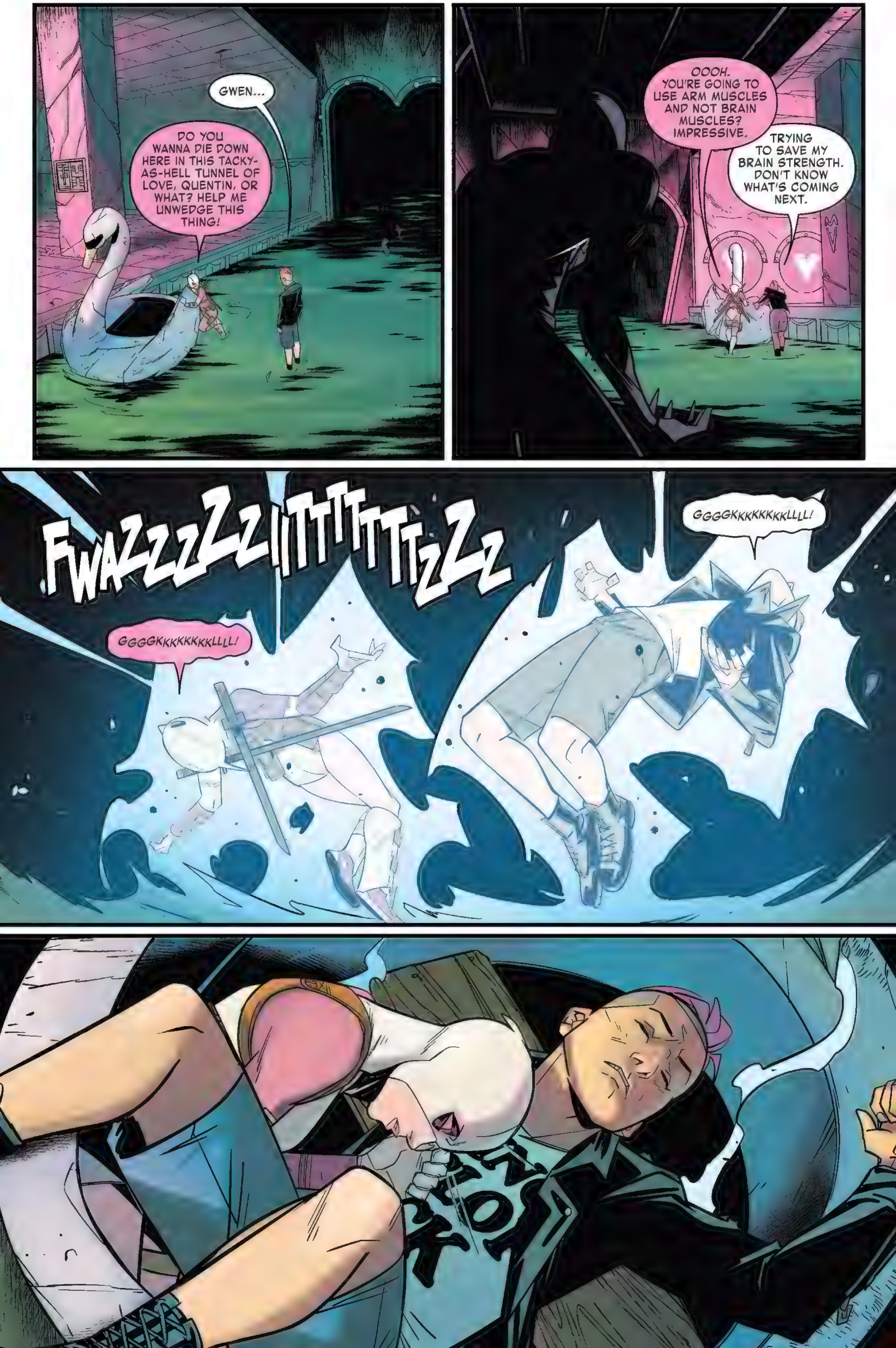

SANTA MONICA PIER.
YOU MAY HAVE GIVEN HER TO ME, BUT LET'S BE REAL--YOU HAVE SUPER-POWERS, YOU TOTALLY CHEATED...
SEE, I DIDN'T REALLY THINK I WAS PLAYING AGAINST *YOU* SO MUCH AS AGAINST THE CORRUPT RIGGED THEME PARK GAMES.
THAT'S...A VERY GOOD POINT.
Princess:
35.4259° N,
120.5991° W
MALDITO.
WHAT'S WRONG?
KATE NEEDS ME.
SORRY.
IT'S OKAY...IT'S WORK. YOU'VE GOT AN EXTREMELY WEIRD JOB, I GET IT.
RAMONE...HAVE YOU EVER TRAVELED *INTERDIMENSIONALLY?*
PFFT. OF COURSE. I DO THAT ON EVERY FIRST DATE. IT'S TOTALLY INDUSTRY STANDARD.
THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TRY HARDER TO IMPRESS YOU.
UH...

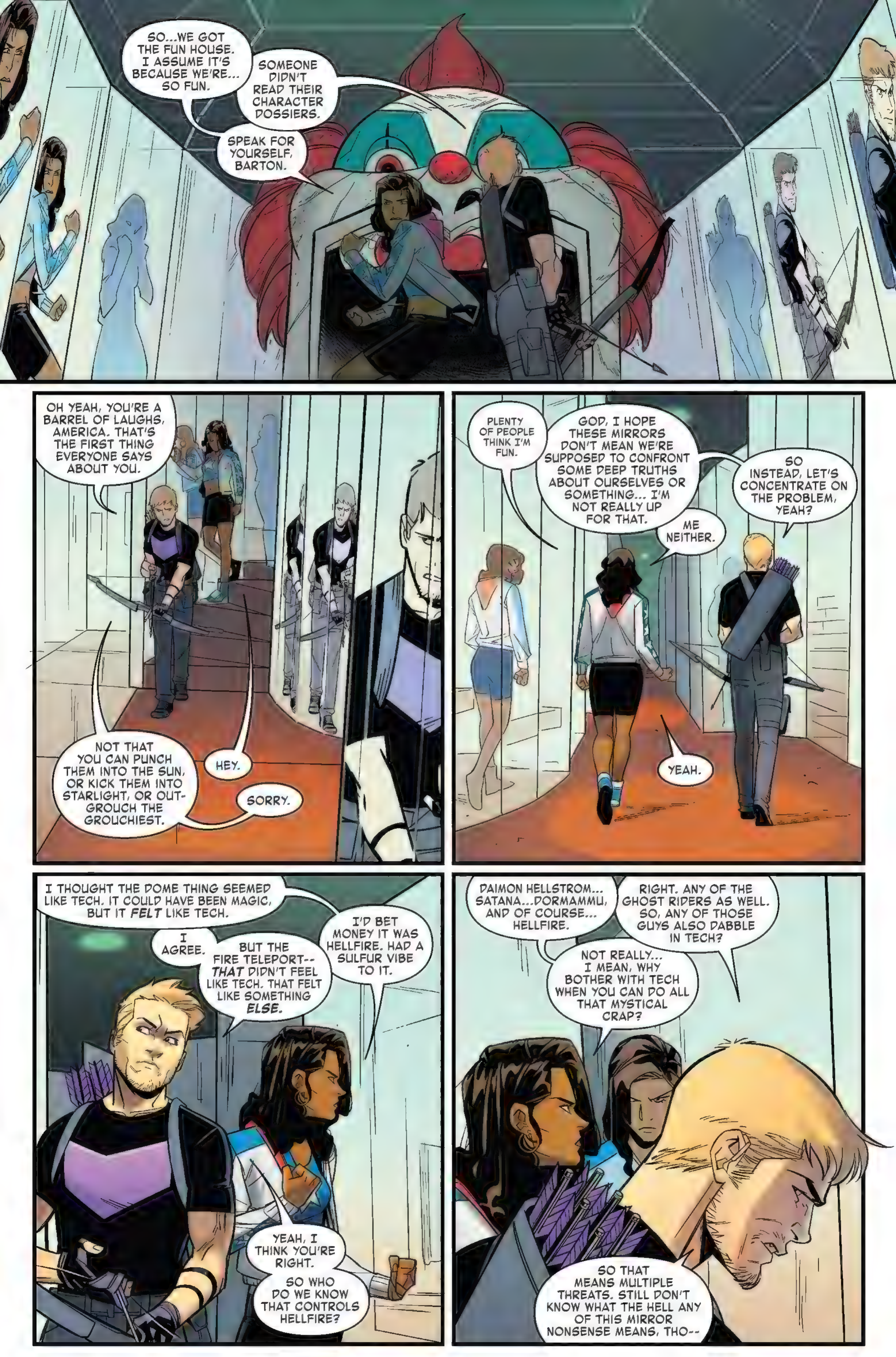

IS THIS... ARE YOU GUYS ON A *DATE?*
WELL, WE *WERE*...UNTIL YOU DRAGGED US TO A...MUCH LESS APPEALING THEME PARK.
I'M JUST GONNA PUT A PIN IN HOW UNCOMFORTABLE I AM WITH MY TWO BEST FRIENDS DATING AND ASK...*WHY WOULD YOU BRING HER INTO THE FIELD?!*
WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A MISSION.
I USED 9-1-1!
NO, YOU USED 8-2-2.
THAT'S OBVIOUSLY A TYPO!
STOP BEING SO DRAMATIC, KATE. I'LL TAKE HER HOME. IT'LL JUST TAKE A SECOND--
CRAP. THE PORTAL WON'T FULLY OPEN. THERE'S...SOMETHING BLOCKING ME.
ANNNNNND WE'RE TRAPPED. AS EXPECTED.
GREAT.
THUNDER DOOOOOMMME!
REC

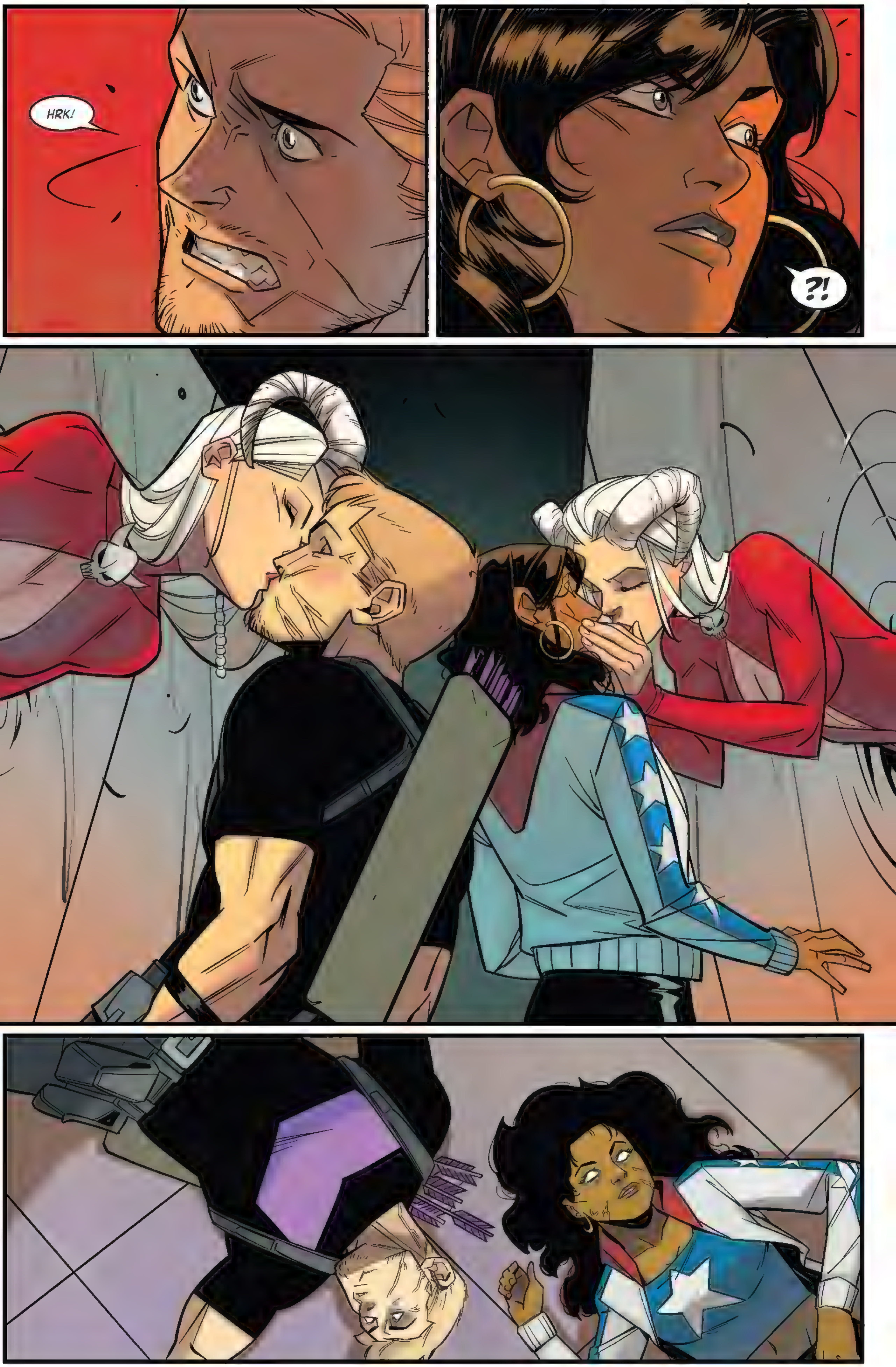

STICK CLOSE TO THE NON-POWEREDS, CHAVEZ. WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WITH **REAL** POWER HERE.
THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF POWER, QUIRE. YOU NEED TO OPEN YOUR MIND.
I NEED TO OPEN *MY* MIND? I'M AN OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATH.
I KNOW. EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?
THIS SUCKS. ALSO, I HAVE A HEADACHE. DOES ANYONE ELSE HAVE A HEADACHE?
WELL, YOU'RE TALKING... SO... YES.
ALL RIGHT. FIRST AND FOREMOST, I WANT EVERYONE TO STAY CLOSE.
YEAH, THIS IS NOT SOME DUMB HORROR MOVIE WHERE SOMEONE MAKES THE TERRIBLE SUGGESTION THAT WE SPLIT UP TO INVESTI--
K-KATE?
STAY CALM. I'M SURE IT--
FWOOOOOOOM

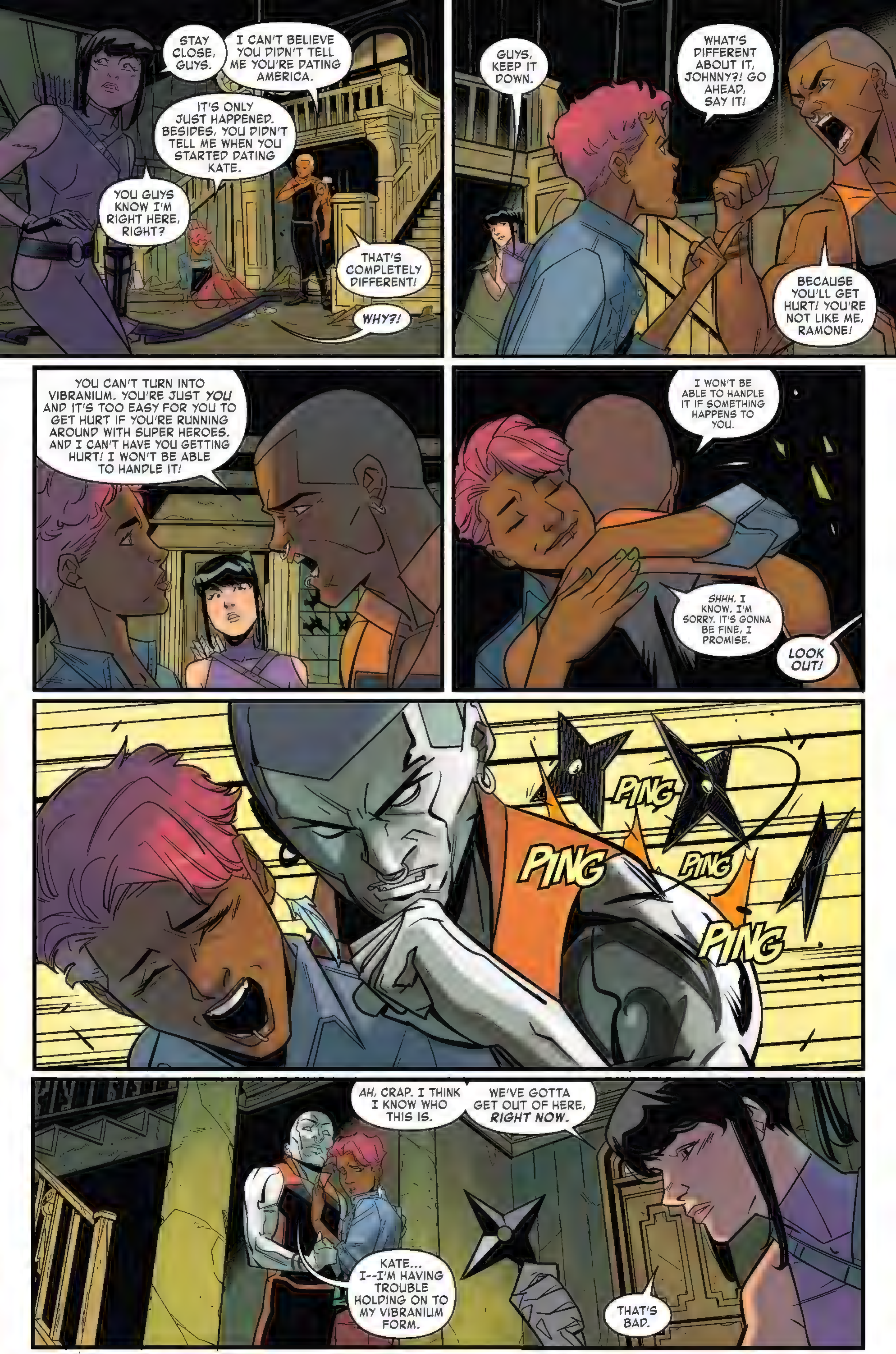

JUST GREAT. FROM "HELLFIRE TORNADO" TO "HOLE OF GROSS WATER."
GWEN. SHUT UP.
ALL THOSE FANCY BRAIN POWERS...FALLS IN A HOLE. WELL DONE.
LISTEN, IT'S FINE WITH ME THAT YOUR ENEMY IS SHALLOW HOLES. JUST GOTTA UPDATE YOUR INFORMATION CARD IN MY BRAIN.
I JUST TRIPPED, IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL.
OH, SO IT'S SHALLOW HOLES *AND* TRIPPING. TWO WEAKNESSES. GOT IT.
UGH. WET SOCKS. SO GROSS.
THERE'S A LEVER HERE, I'M PULLING IT.
PULL
OH JOY. A HOKEY TUNNEL OF LOVE. YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY INSUFFERABLE, YOU KNOW THAT?
FUNNY, YOU SEEMED TO FIND ME PRETTY "SUFFERABLE" THE OTHER NIGHT.
TUNNEL OF LOVE
THAT I DID. BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT.
I...
...YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T.
I WAS SORT OF HOPING A ROMANCE ANGLE WOULD GET ME MORE PLAY, BUT I SHOULD'VE KISSED AMERICA. WOULD'VE BEEN WAY LESS HASSLE, I BET. PLUS, SHE HANGS UP HER OWN TOWELS.
THAT'S NOT--
DON'T WORRY, I WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN.

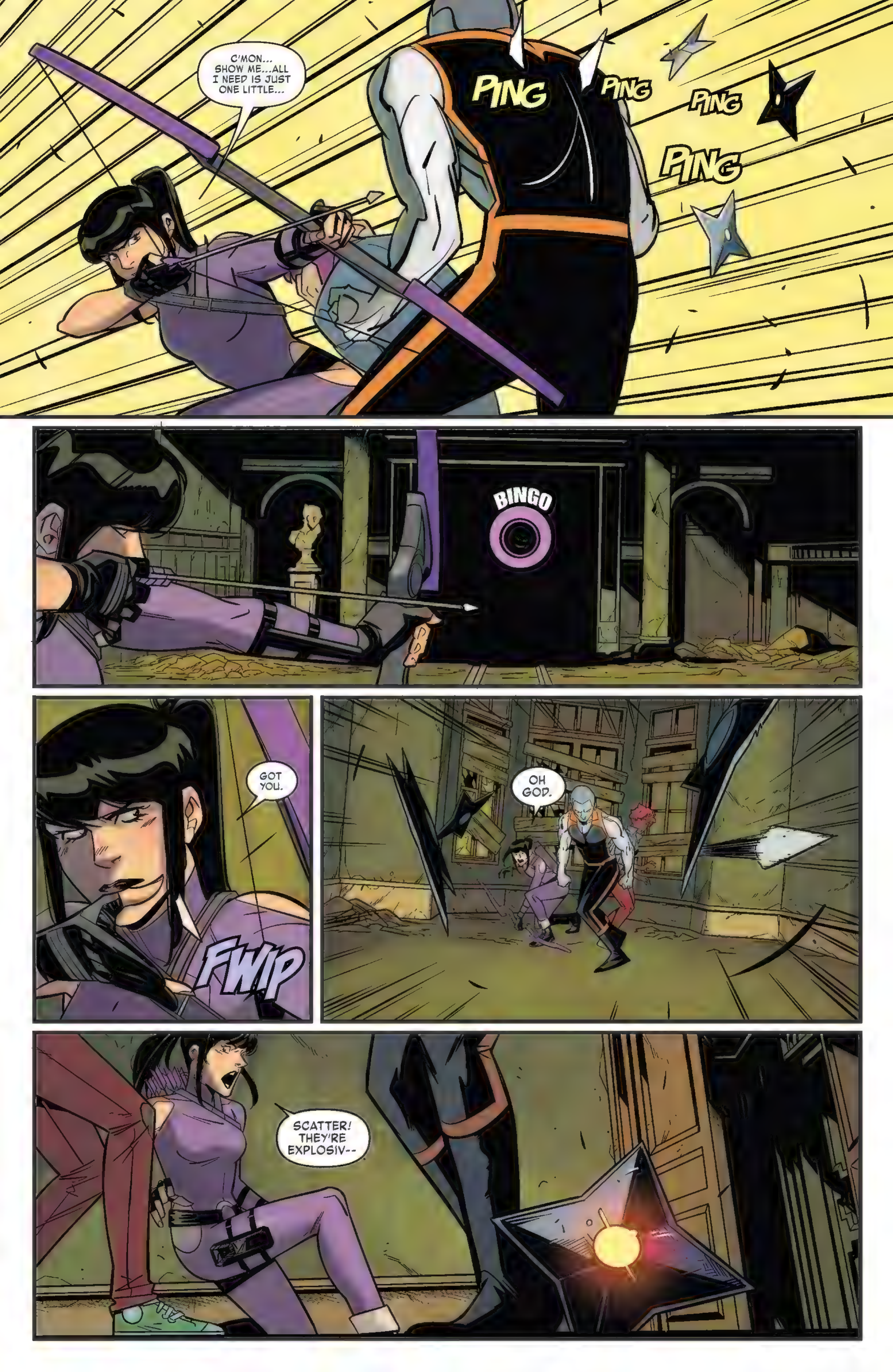

MAYBE WE CAN UNWEDGE THIS THING, USE IT TO FLOAT US OUT OF HERE?
YOU KNOW, SINCE WE'RE TRAPPED DOWN HERE WITH MY POWERS FUZZY, IT MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME FOR YOU TO LET ME KNOW WHAT *YOUR* POWERS ACTUALLY ARE.
YOUR POWERS ARE FUZZY?
YEAH. THEY'RE NOT GONE...I CAN STILL FEEL THEM, BUT I THINK WHATEVER IS SUPPRESSING AMERICA'S TELEPORTATION IS WORKING ON ME TOO.
THAT'S BAD. HELP ME MOVE THIS THING.
STOP DODGING THE QUESTION, GWEN. TALK TO ME.
I ALREADY TOLD YOU, I DON'T *HAVE* ANY POWERS.
BUT...I'VE SEEN YOU DO IMPOSSIBLE STUFF THAT HUMANS *CANNOT* DO...NOT EVEN KATE AND CLINT WITH THEIR IMPRESSIVE--*AND DON'T EVER TELL THEM I SAID IMPRESSIVE*--JUMPING AROUND AND UNHEARD-OF AIM.
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING... SOME KIND OF LOW-LEVEL REALITY MANIPULATION OR *SOMETHING*.
WELL, I'VE BEEN SUSPECTING SINCE I SHOWED UP IN L.A. THAT I'VE BEEN REBOOTED...IN WHICH CASE, WHO KNOWS? I MEAN, I DEFINITELY CAN'T DO THINGS I USED TO BE ABLE TO DO.
KICK
LIKE, SEE, BEFORE, I COULD HAVE JUST, LIKE...PULLED ON THE EDGE OF THIS PANEL HERE AND GOTTEN US OUT OF THIS GODFORSAKEN TUNNEL BY JUST, LIKE...TAKING US TO THE NEXT PAGE...BUT IT DOESN'T WORK ANYMORE.
I CAN DO SOME STUFF...BUT NOT OTHER STUFF.
I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT IT'S BEEN HAPPENING SINCE WAY BEFORE WE LANDED IN THIS HORROR MOVIE MASQUERADING AS A THEME PARK.
...

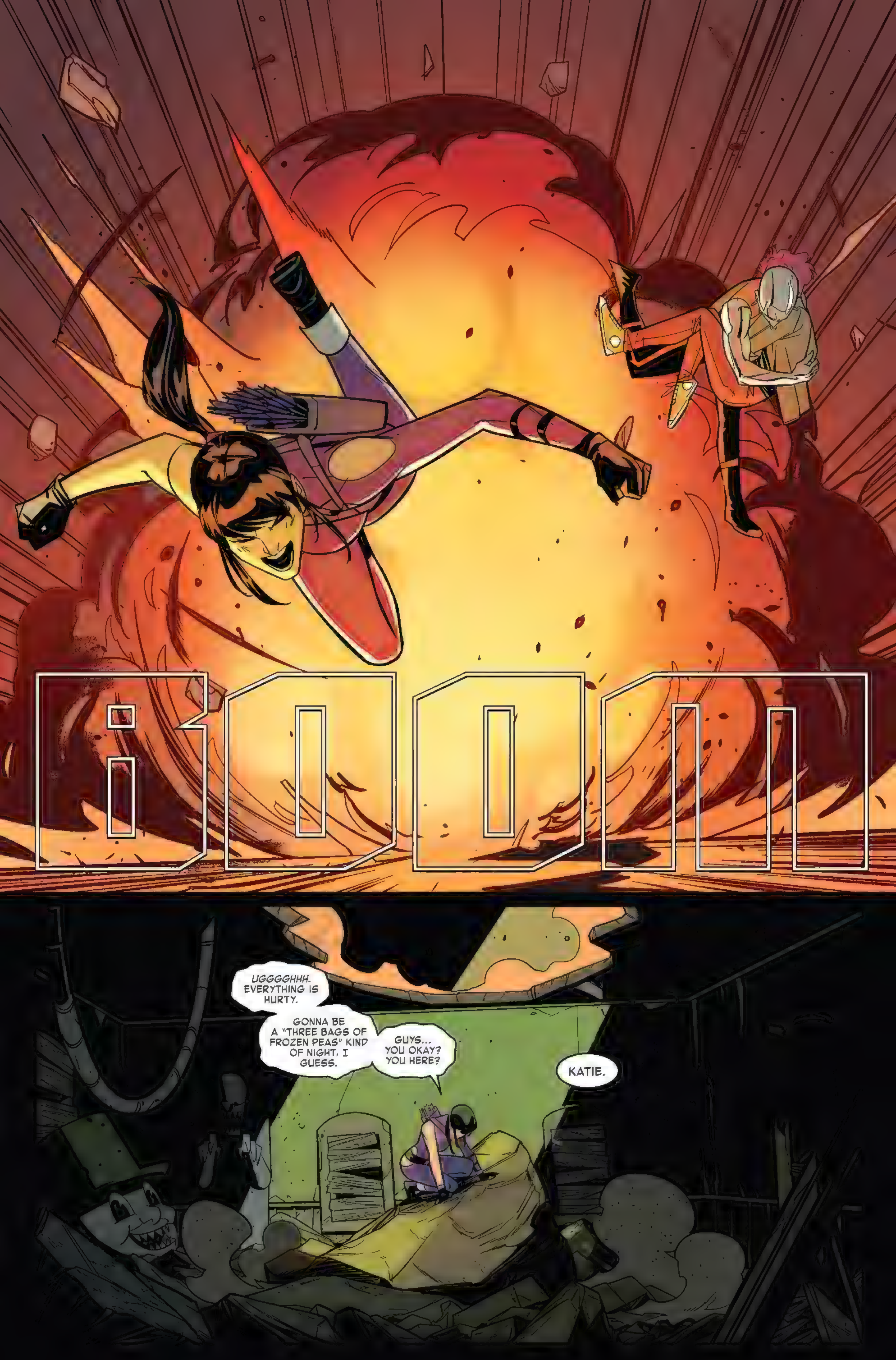

GWEN...
DO YOU WANNA DIE DOWN HERE IN THIS TACKY-AS-HELL TUNNEL OF LOVE, QUENTIN, OR WHAT? HELP ME UNWEDGE THIS THING!
OOOH. YOU'RE GOING TO USE ARM MUSCLES AND NOT BRAIN MUSCLES? IMPRESSIVE.
TRYING TO SAVE MY BRAIN STRENGTH. DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.
FWAZZZZZZIIITTTTTTTZZZ
GGGGKKKKKKKKLLLL!
GGGGKKKKKKKKLLLL!

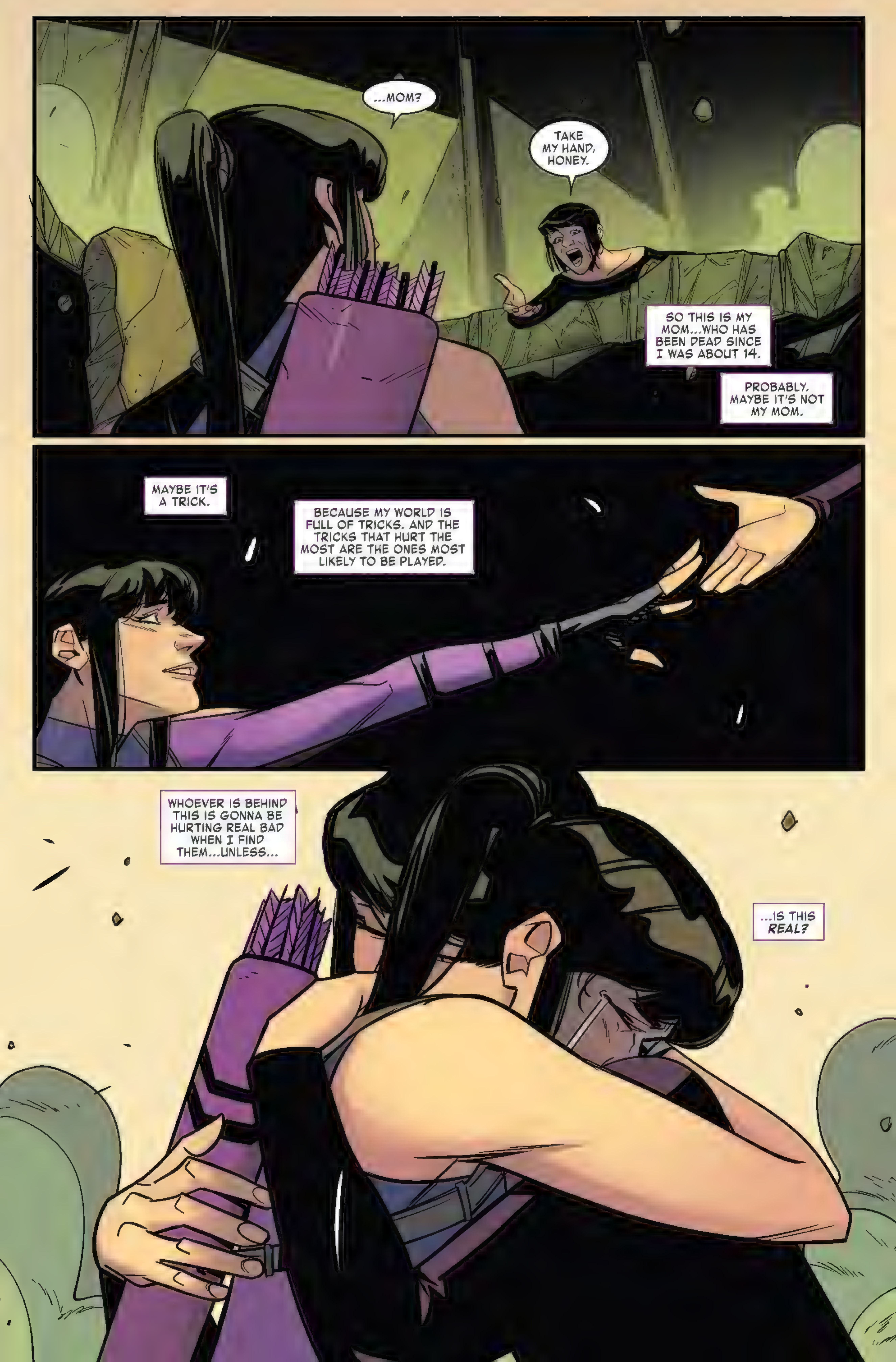

SO...WE GOT THE FUN HOUSE. I ASSUME IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE... SO FUN.
SOMEONE DIDN'T READ THEIR CHARACTER DOSSIERS.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, BARTON.
OH YEAH, YOU'RE A BARREL OF LAUGHS, AMERICA. THAT'S THE FIRST THING EVERYONE SAYS ABOUT YOU.
NOT THAT YOU CAN PUNCH THEM INTO THE SUN, OR KICK THEM INTO STARLIGHT, OR OUT-GROUCH THE GROUCHIEST.
HEY.
SORRY.
PLENTY OF PEOPLE THINK I'M FUN.
GOD, I HOPE THESE MIRRORS DON'T MEAN WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CONFRONT SOME DEEP TRUTHS ABOUT OURSELVES OR SOMETHING... I'M NOT REALLY UP FOR THAT.
ME NEITHER.
SO INSTEAD, LET'S CONCENTRATE ON THE PROBLEM, YEAH?
YEAH.
I THOUGHT THE DOME THING SEEMED LIKE TECH. IT COULD HAVE BEEN MAGIC, BUT IT *FELT* LIKE TECH.
I AGREE.
BUT THE FIRE TELEPORT-- *THAT* DIDN'T FEEL LIKE TECH. THAT FELT LIKE SOMETHING *ELSE*.
I'D BET MONEY IT WAS HELLFIRE. HAD A SULFUR VIBE TO IT.
YEAH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.
SO WHO DO WE KNOW THAT CONTROLS HELLFIRE?
DAIMON HELLSTROM... SATANA...DORMAMMU, AND OF COURSE... HELLFIRE.
RIGHT. ANY OF THE GHOST RIDERS AS WELL. SO, ANY OF THOSE GUYS ALSO DABBLE IN TECH?
NOT REALLY... I MEAN, WHY BOTHER WITH TECH WHEN YOU CAN DO ALL THAT MYSTICAL CRAP?
SO THAT MEANS MULTIPLE THREATS. STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL ANY OF THIS MIRROR NONSENSE MEANS, THO--


HRK!
?!

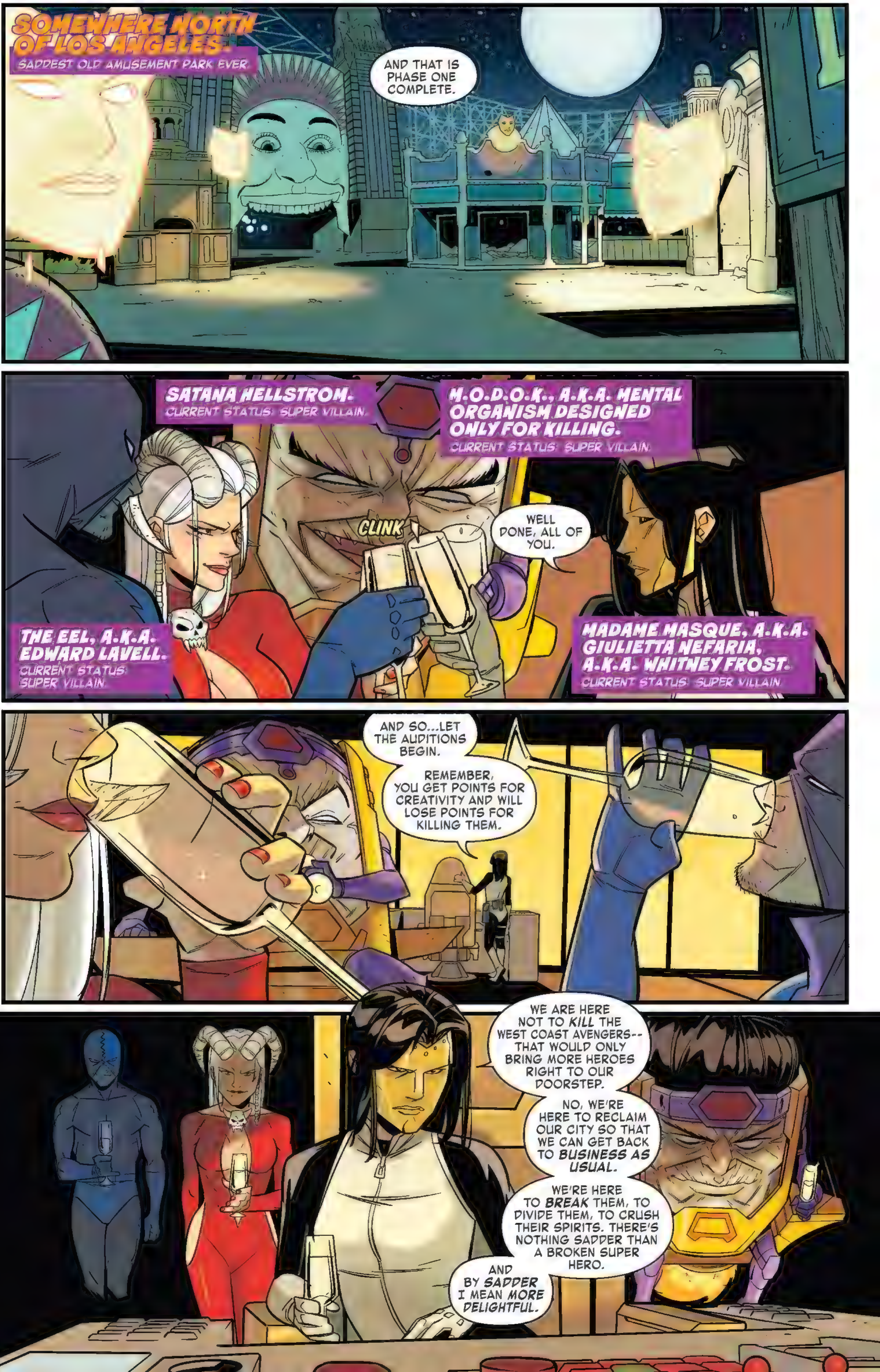

STAY CLOSE, GUYS.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU'RE DATING AMERICA.
IT'S ONLY JUST HAPPENED. BESIDES, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHEN YOU STARTED DATING KATE.
YOU GUYS KNOW I'M RIGHT HERE, RIGHT?
THAT'S COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!
WHY?!
GUYS, KEEP IT DOWN.
WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT IT, JOHNNY?! GO AHEAD, SAY IT!
BECAUSE YOU'LL GET HURT! YOU'RE NOT LIKE ME, RAMONE!
YOU CAN'T TURN INTO VIBRANIUM. YOU'RE JUST *YOU* AND IT'S TOO EASY FOR YOU TO GET HURT IF YOU'RE RUNNING AROUND WITH SUPER HEROES. AND I CAN'T HAVE YOU GETTING HURT! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT!
I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO YOU.
SHHH. I KNOW. I'M SORRY. IT'S GONNA BE FINE, I PROMISE.
LOOK OUT!
PING
PING
PING
PING
AH, CRAP. I THINK I KNOW WHO THIS IS.
WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, *RIGHT NOW*.
KATE... I--I'M HAVING TROUBLE HOLDING ON TO MY VIBRANIUM FORM.
THAT'S BAD.

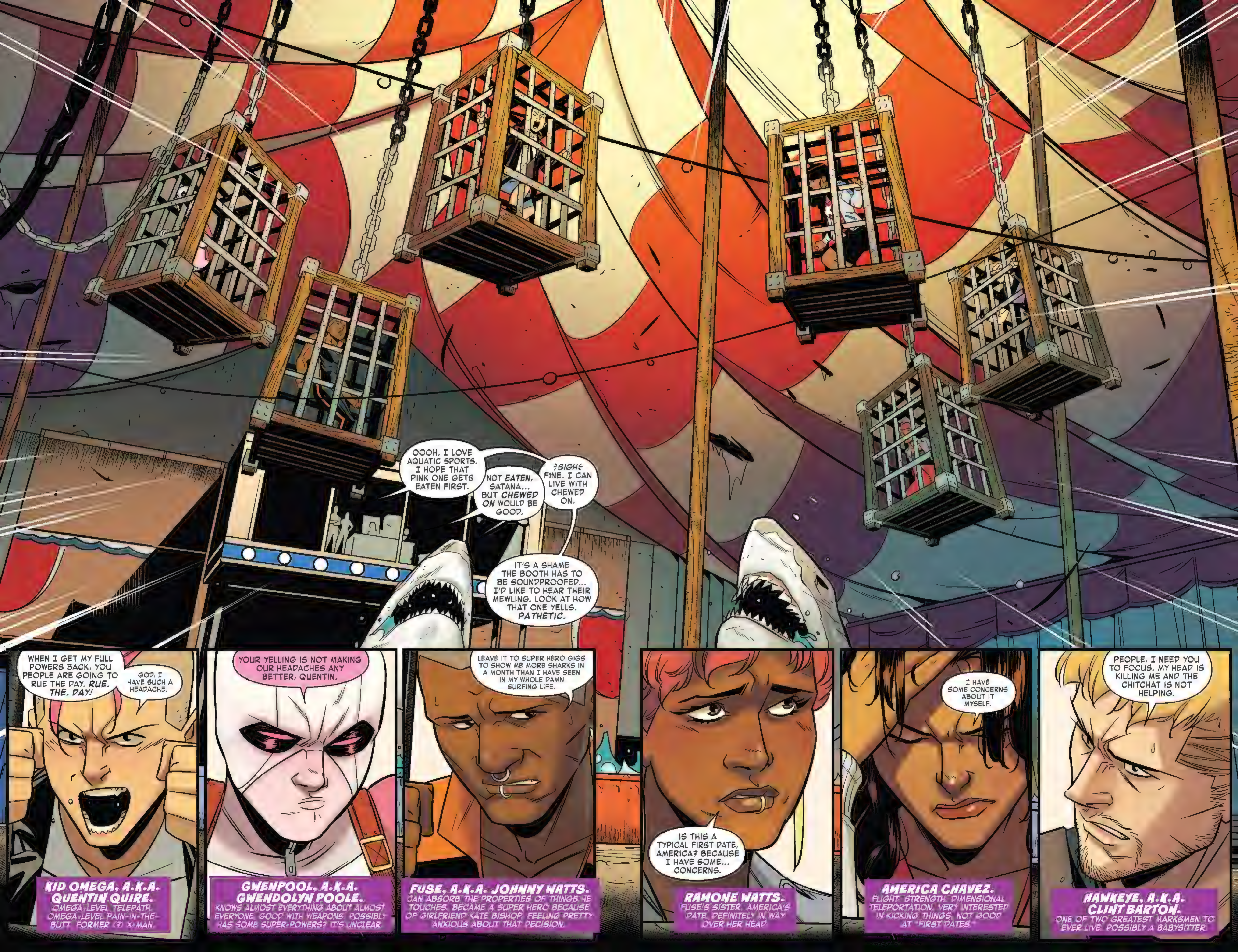

C'MON... SHOW ME...ALL I NEED IS JUST ONE LITTLE...
PING
PING
PING
PING
BINGO
GOT YOU.
FWIP
OH GOD.
SCATTER! THEY'RE EXPLOSIV--

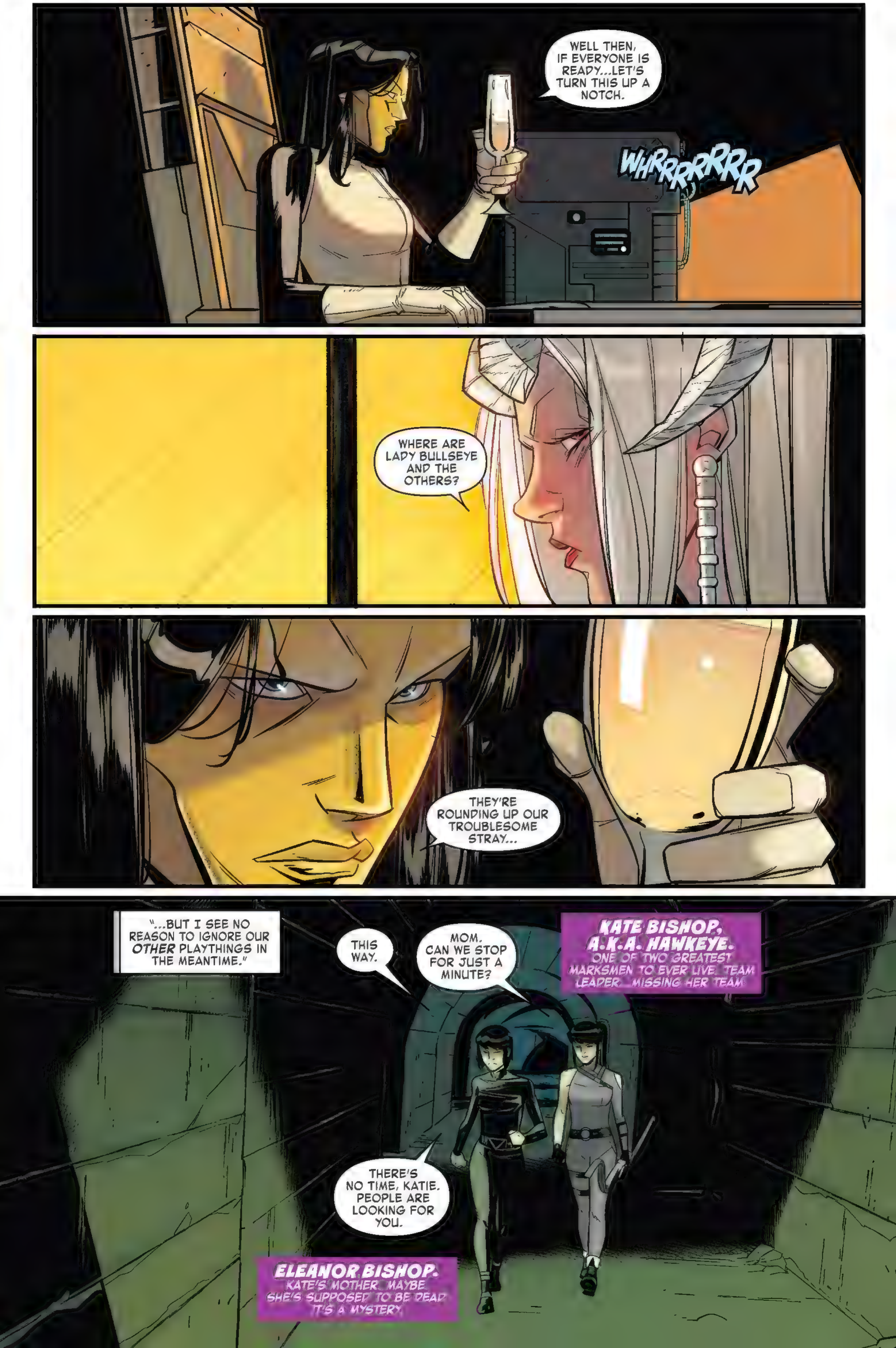

BOOM
UGGGGHHH. EVERYTHING IS HURTY.
GONNA BE A "THREE BAGS OF FROZEN PEAS" KIND OF NIGHT, I GUESS.
GUYS... YOU OKAY? YOU HERE?
KATIE.

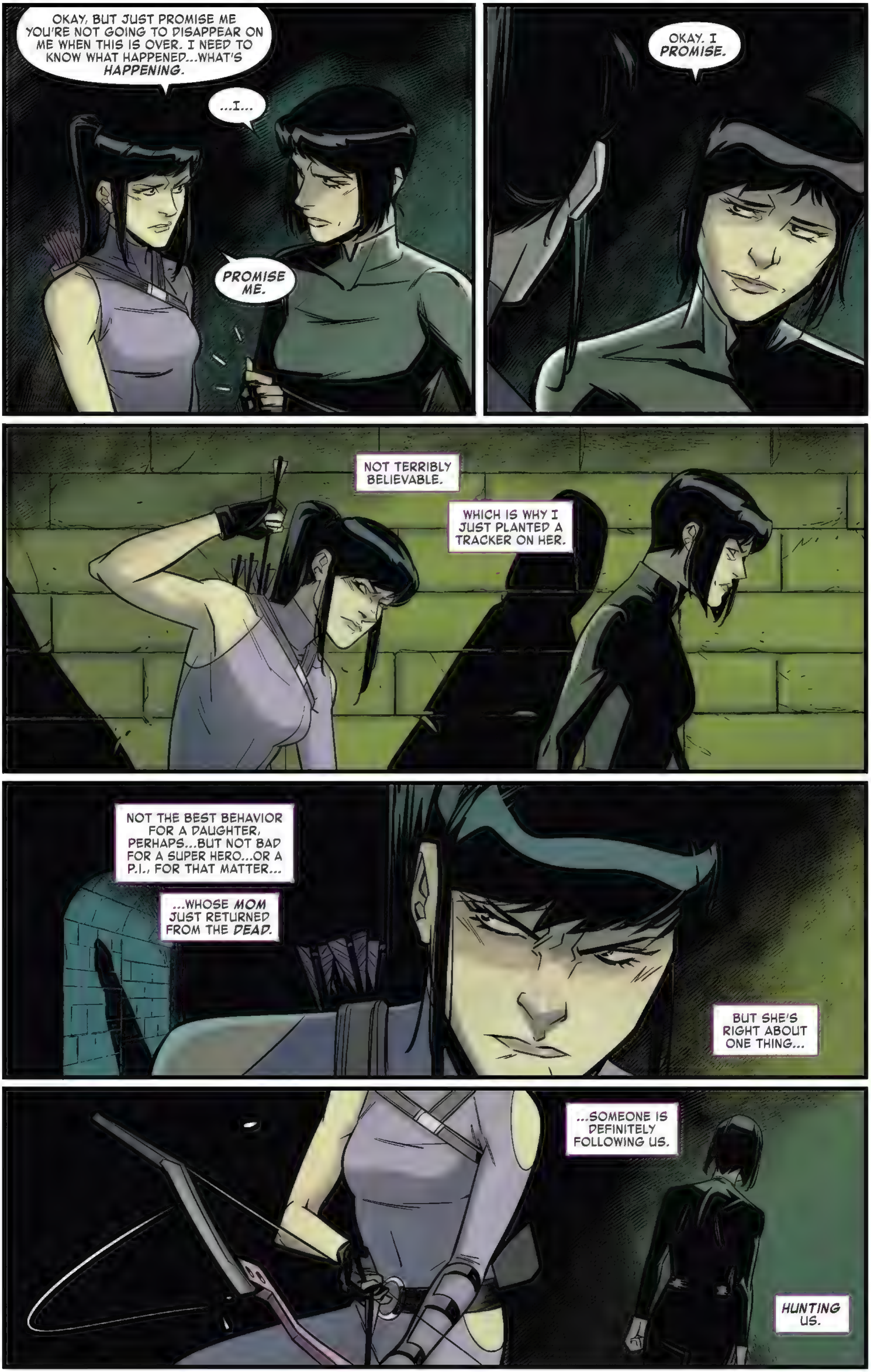

...MOM?
TAKE MY HAND, HONEY.
SO THIS IS MY MOM...WHO HAS BEEN DEAD SINCE I WAS ABOUT 14.
PROBABLY. MAYBE IT'S NOT MY MOM.
MAYBE IT'S A TRICK.
BECAUSE MY WORLD IS FULL OF TRICKS. AND THE TRICKS THAT HURT THE MOST ARE THE ONES MOST LIKELY TO BE PLAYED.
WHOEVER IS BEHIND THIS IS GONNA BE HURTING REAL BAD WHEN I FIND THEM...UNLESS...
...IS THIS *REAL?*

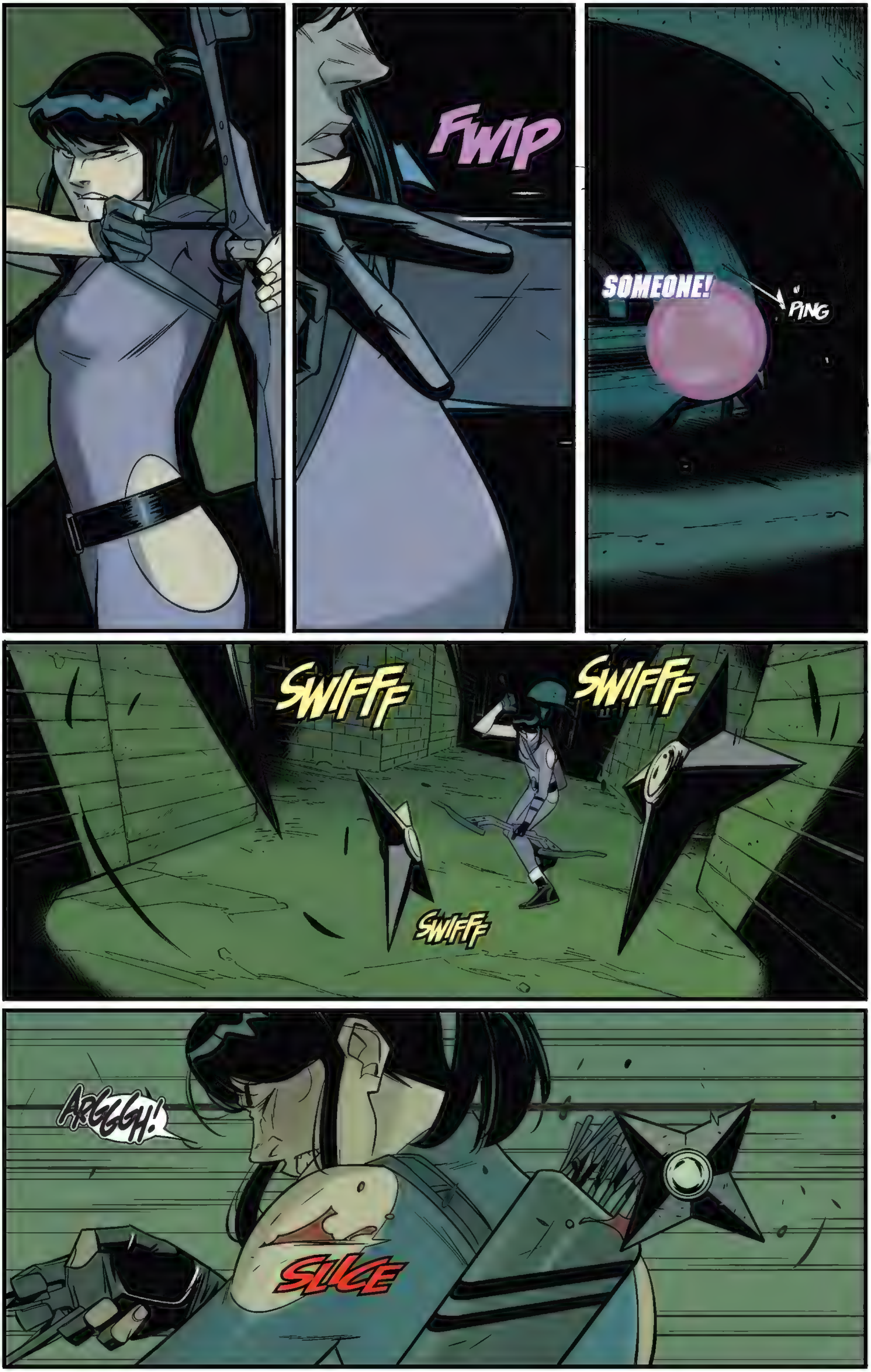
6

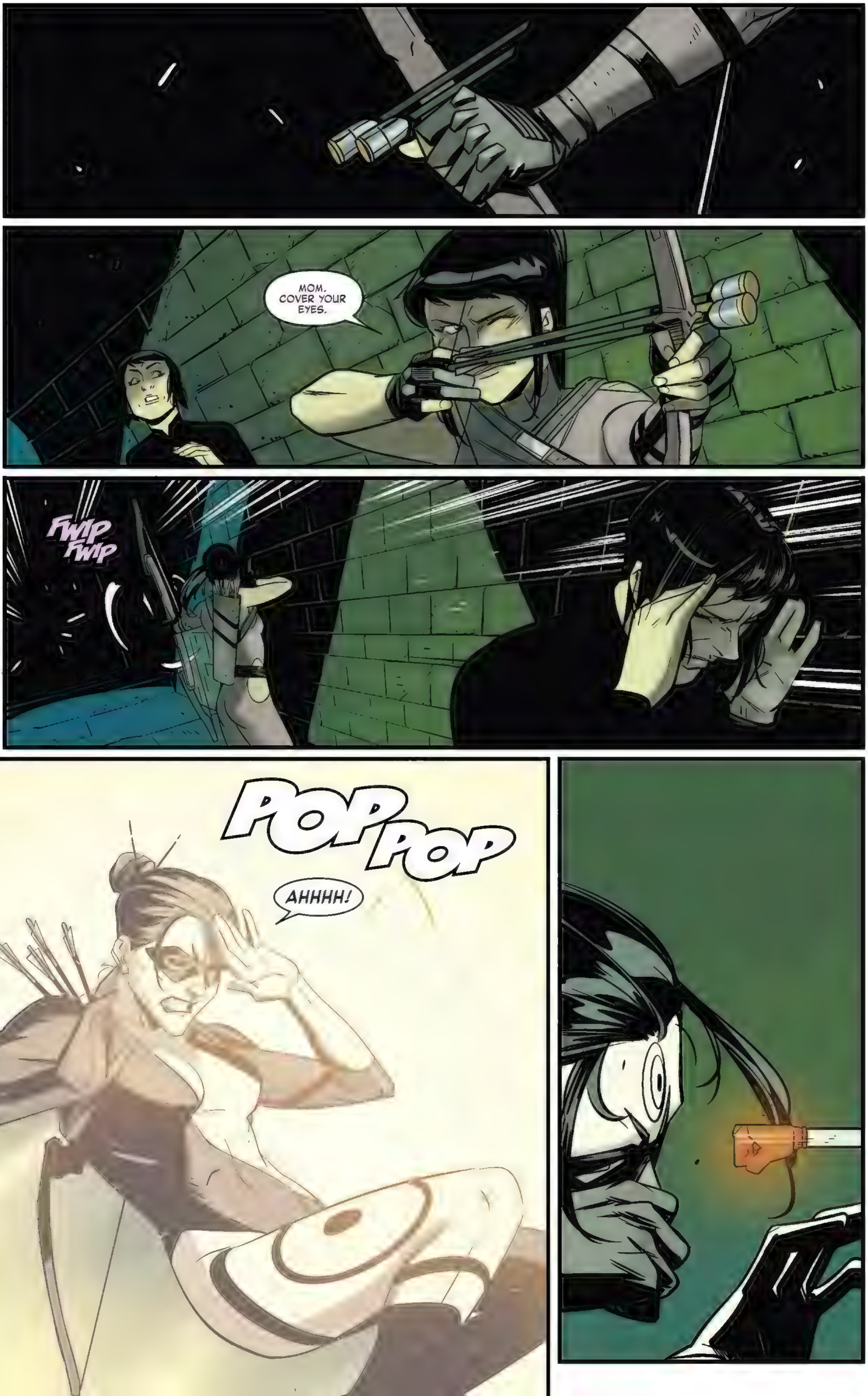

SOMEWHERE NORTH OF LOS ANGELES:
SADDEST OLD AMUSEMENT PARK EVER.
AND THAT IS PHASE ONE COMPLETE.
SATANA HELLSTROM. CURRENT STATUS: SUPER VILLAIN.
M.O.D.O.K., A.K.A. MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING. CURRENT STATUS: SUPER VILLAIN.
CLINK
WELL DONE, ALL OF YOU.
THE EEL, A.K.A. EDWARD LAVELL. CURRENT STATUS: SUPER VILLAIN.
MADAME MASQUE, A.K.A. GIULIETTA NEFARIA, A.K.A. WHITNEY FROST. CURRENT STATUS: SUPER VILLAIN.
AND SO...LET THE AUDITIONS BEGIN.
REMEMBER, YOU GET POINTS FOR CREATIVITY AND WILL LOSE POINTS FOR KILLING THEM.
WE ARE HERE NOT TO *KILL* THE WEST COAST AVENGERS--THAT WOULD ONLY BRING MORE HEROES RIGHT TO OUR DOORSTEP.
NO, WE'RE HERE TO RECLAIM OUR CITY SO THAT WE CAN GET BACK TO *BUSINESS AS USUAL.*
WE'RE HERE TO *BREAK* THEM, TO DIVIDE THEM, TO CRUSH THEIR SPIRITS. THERE'S NOTHING SADDER THAN A BROKEN SUPER HERO.
AND BY *SADDER* I MEAN *MORE DELIGHTFUL.*

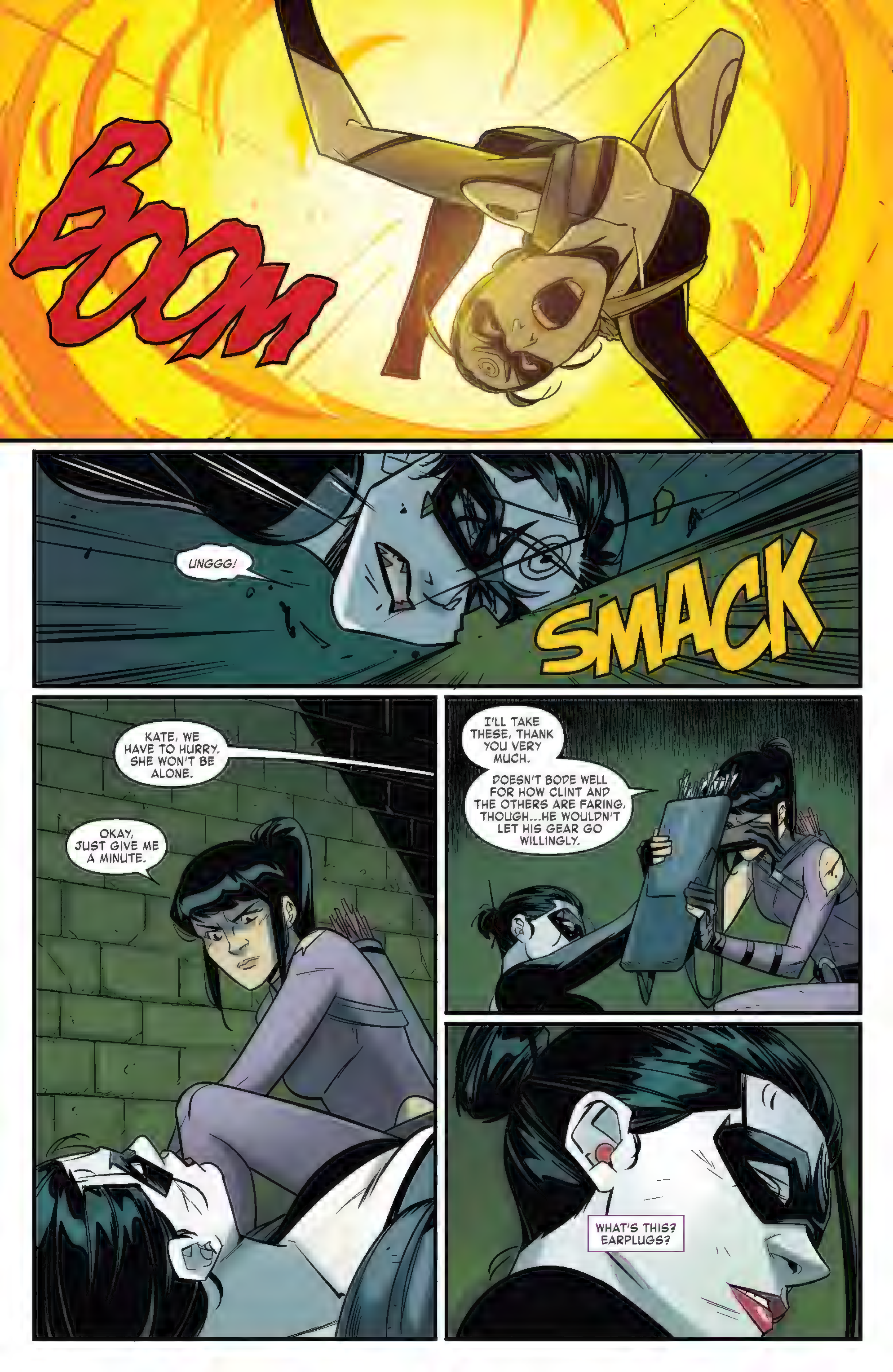

OOOH. I LOVE AQUATIC SPORTS. I HOPE THAT PINK ONE GETS EATEN FIRST.
NOT EATEN, SATANA... BUT CHEWED ON WOULD BE GOOD.
≈SIGH≈ FINE. I CAN LIVE WITH CHEWED ON.
IT'S A SHAME THE BOOTH HAS TO BE SOUNDPROOFED... I'D LIKE TO HEAR THEIR MEWLING. LOOK AT HOW THAT ONE YELLS. PATHETIC.
WHEN I GET MY FULL POWERS BACK, YOU PEOPLE ARE GOING TO RUE THE DAY. RUE. THE. DAY!
GOD, I HAVE SUCH A HEADACHE.
KID OMEGA, A.K.A. QUENTIN QUIRE. OMEGA-LEVEL TELEPATH. OMEGA-LEVEL PAIN-IN-THE-BUTT. FORMER (?) X-MAN.
YOUR YELLING IS NOT MAKING OUR HEADACHES ANY BETTER, QUENTIN.
GWENPOOL, A.K.A. GWENDOLYN POOLE. KNOWS ALMOST EVERYTHING ABOUT ALMOST EVERYONE. GOOD WITH WEAPONS. POSSIBLY HAS SOME SUPER-POWERS? IT'S UNCLEAR.
LEAVE IT TO SUPER HERO GIGS TO SHOW ME MORE SHARKS IN A MONTH THAN I HAVE SEEN IN MY WHOLE DAMN SURFING LIFE.
FUSE, A.K.A. JOHNNY WATTS. CAN ABSORB THE PROPERTIES OF THINGS HE TOUCHES. BECAME A SUPER HERO BECAUSE OF GIRLFRIEND KATE BISHOP. FEELING PRETTY ANXIOUS ABOUT THAT DECISION.
IS THIS A TYPICAL FIRST DATE, AMERICA? BECAUSE I HAVE SOME... CONCERNS.
RAMONE WATTS. FUSE'S SISTER. AMERICA'S DATE. DEFINITELY IN WAY OVER HER HEAD.
I HAVE SOME CONCERNS ABOUT IT MYSELF.
AMERICA CHAVEZ. FLIGHT. STRENGTH. DIMENSIONAL TELEPORTATION. VERY INTERESTED IN KICKING THINGS. NOT GOOD AT "FIRST DATES."
PEOPLE, I NEED YOU TO FOCUS. MY HEAD IS KILLING ME AND THE CHITCHAT IS NOT HELPING.
HAWKEYE, A.K.A. CLINT BARTON. ONE OF TWO GREATEST MARKSMEN TO EVER LIVE. POSSIBLY A BABYSITTER.

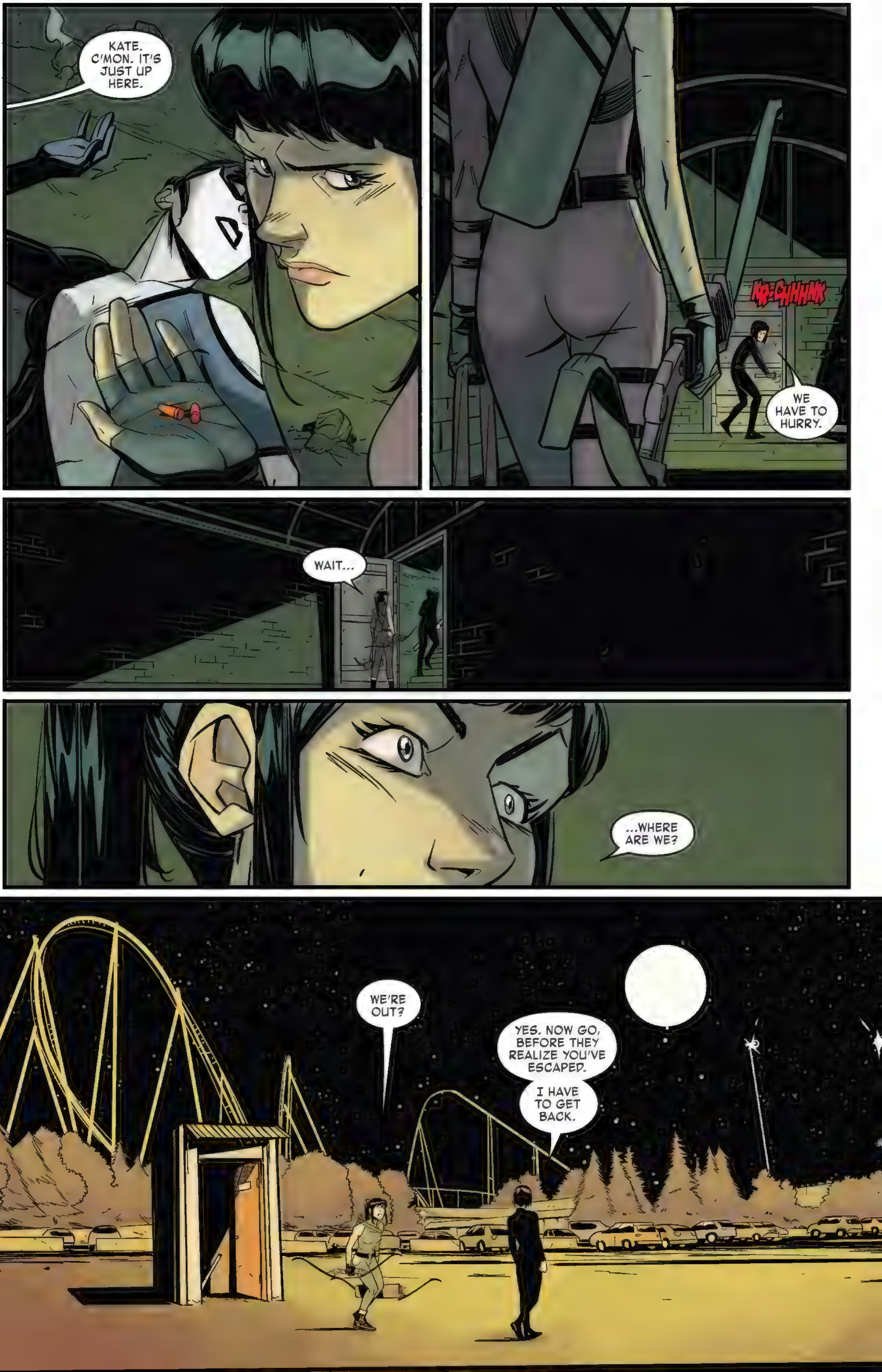

WELL THEN, IF EVERYONE IS READY...LET'S TURN THIS UP A NOTCH.
WHRRRRRRR
WHERE ARE LADY BULLSEYE AND THE OTHERS?
THEY'RE ROUNDING UP OUR TROUBLESOME STRAY...
"...BUT I SEE NO REASON TO IGNORE OUR *OTHER* PLAYTHINGS IN THE MEANTIME."
THIS WAY.
MOM. CAN WE STOP FOR JUST A MINUTE?
KATE BISHOP, A.K.A. HAWKEYE. ONE OF TWO GREATEST MARKSMEN TO EVER LIVE. TEAM LEADER...MISSING HER TEAM.
THERE'S NO TIME, KATIE. PEOPLE ARE LOOKING FOR YOU.
ELEANOR BISHOP. KATE'S MOTHER...MAYBE. SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD. IT'S A MYSTERY.

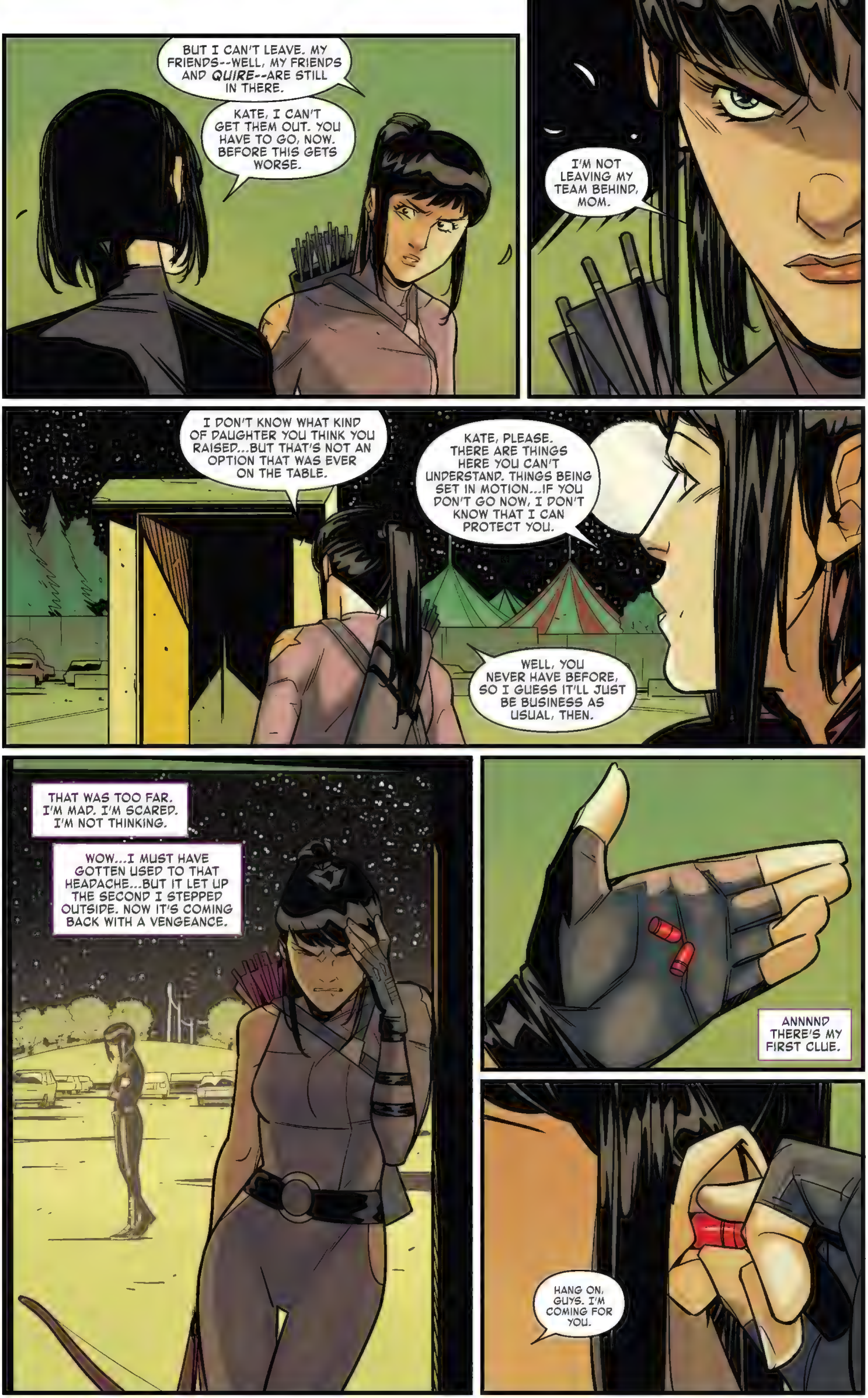

OKAY, BUT JUST PROMISE ME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DISAPPEAR ON ME WHEN THIS IS OVER. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED...WHAT'S *HAPPENING*.
...I...
PROMISE ME.
OKAY. I *PROMISE.*
NOT TERRIBLY BELIEVABLE.
WHICH IS WHY I JUST PLANTED A TRACKER ON HER.
NOT THE BEST BEHAVIOR FOR A DAUGHTER, PERHAPS...BUT NOT BAD FOR A SUPER HERO...OR A P.I., FOR THAT MATTER...
...WHOSE *MOM* JUST RETURNED FROM THE *DEAD.*
BUT SHE'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING...
...SOMEONE IS DEFINITELY FOLLOWING US.
HUNTING US.

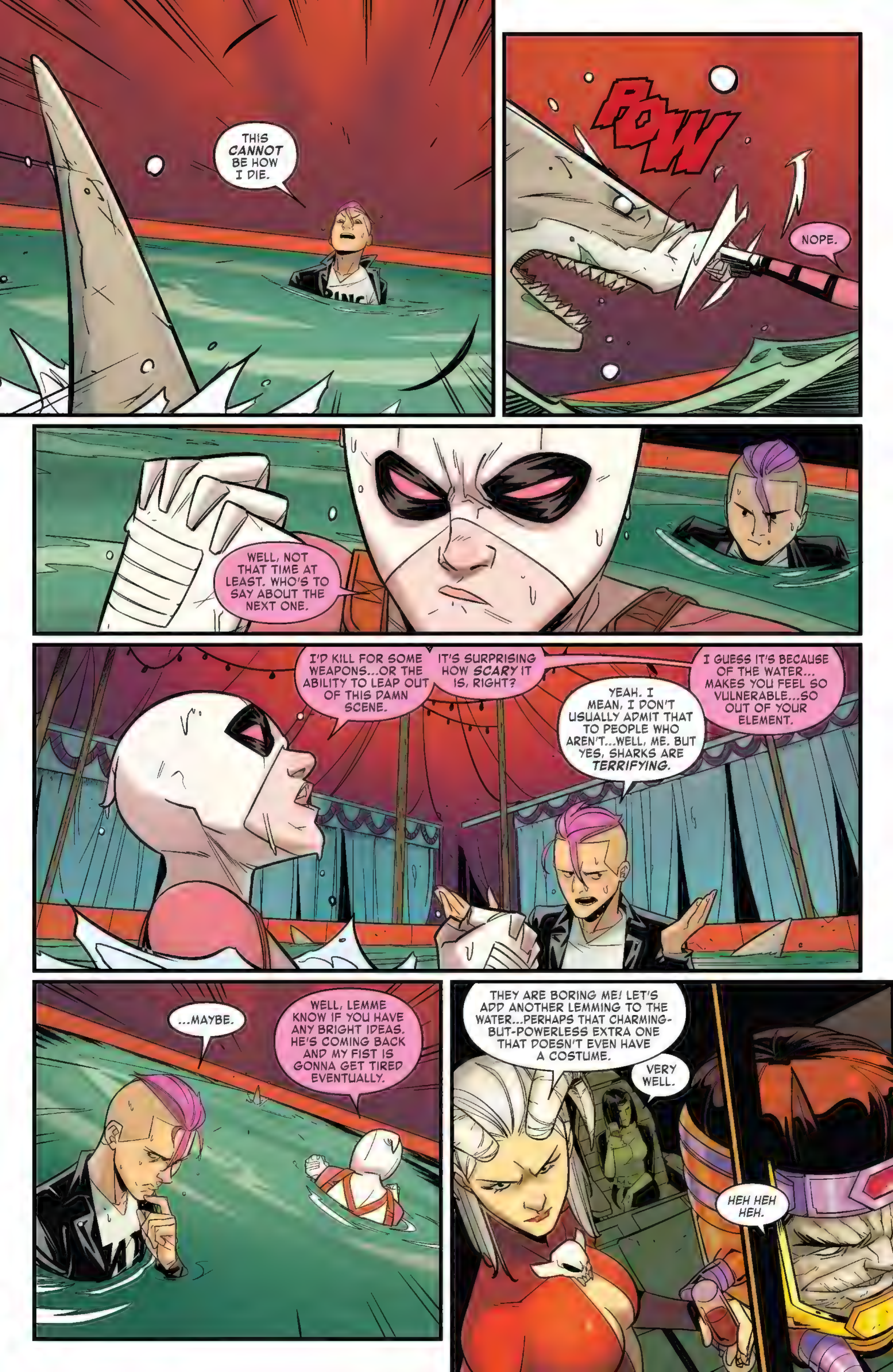

FWIP
SOMEONE!
PING
SWIFFF
SWIFFF
SWIFFF
ARGGGH!
SLICE

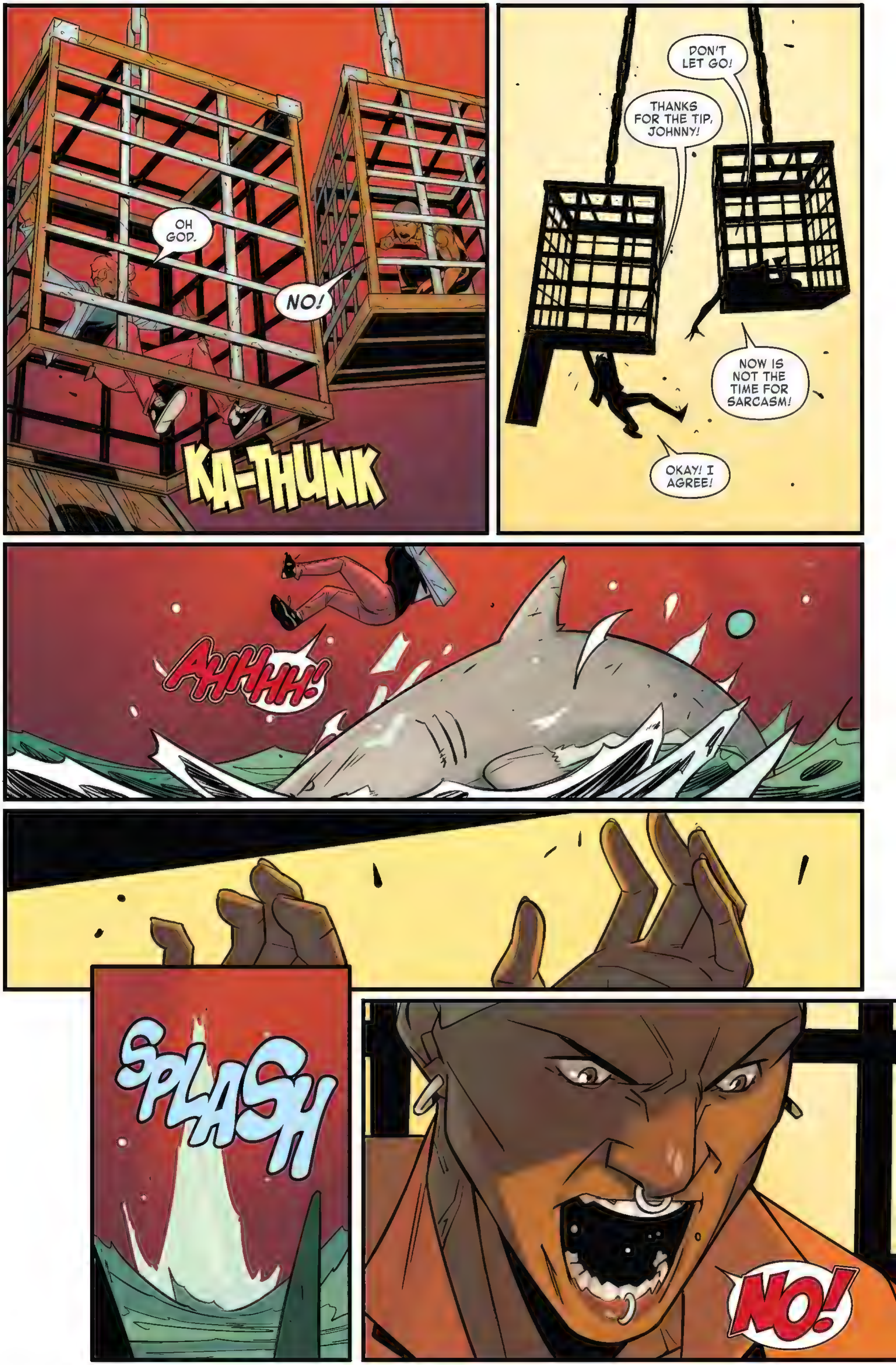

MOM. COVER YOUR EYES.
FWIP FWIP
POP POP
AHHHH!

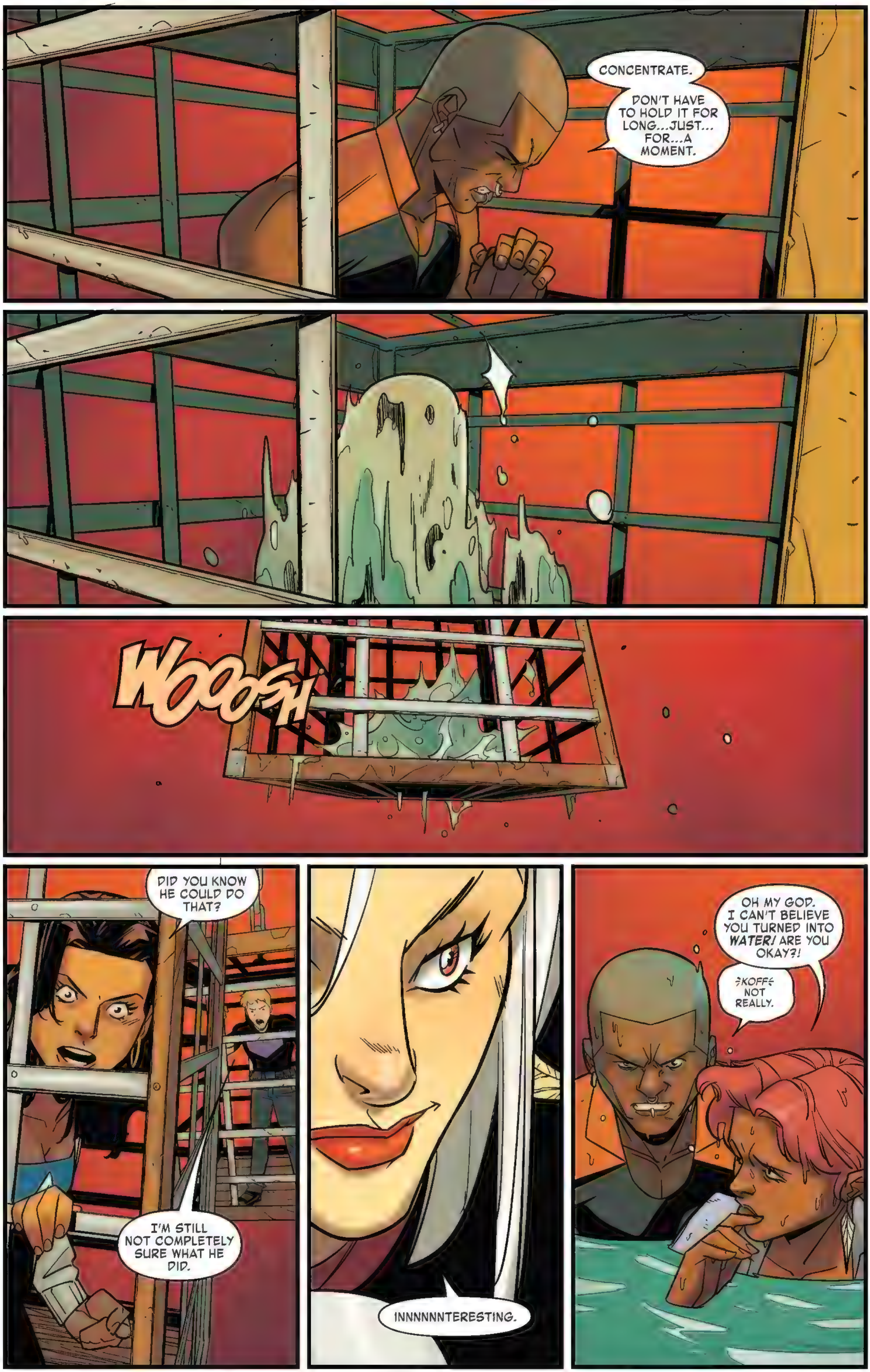

BOOM
UNGGG!
SMACK
KATE, WE HAVE TO HURRY. SHE WON'T BE ALONE.
OKAY, JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE.
I'LL TAKE THESE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
DOESN'T BODE WELL FOR HOW CLINT AND THE OTHERS ARE FARING, THOUGH...HE WOULDN'T LET HIS GEAR GO WILLINGLY.
WHAT'S THIS? EARPLUGS?

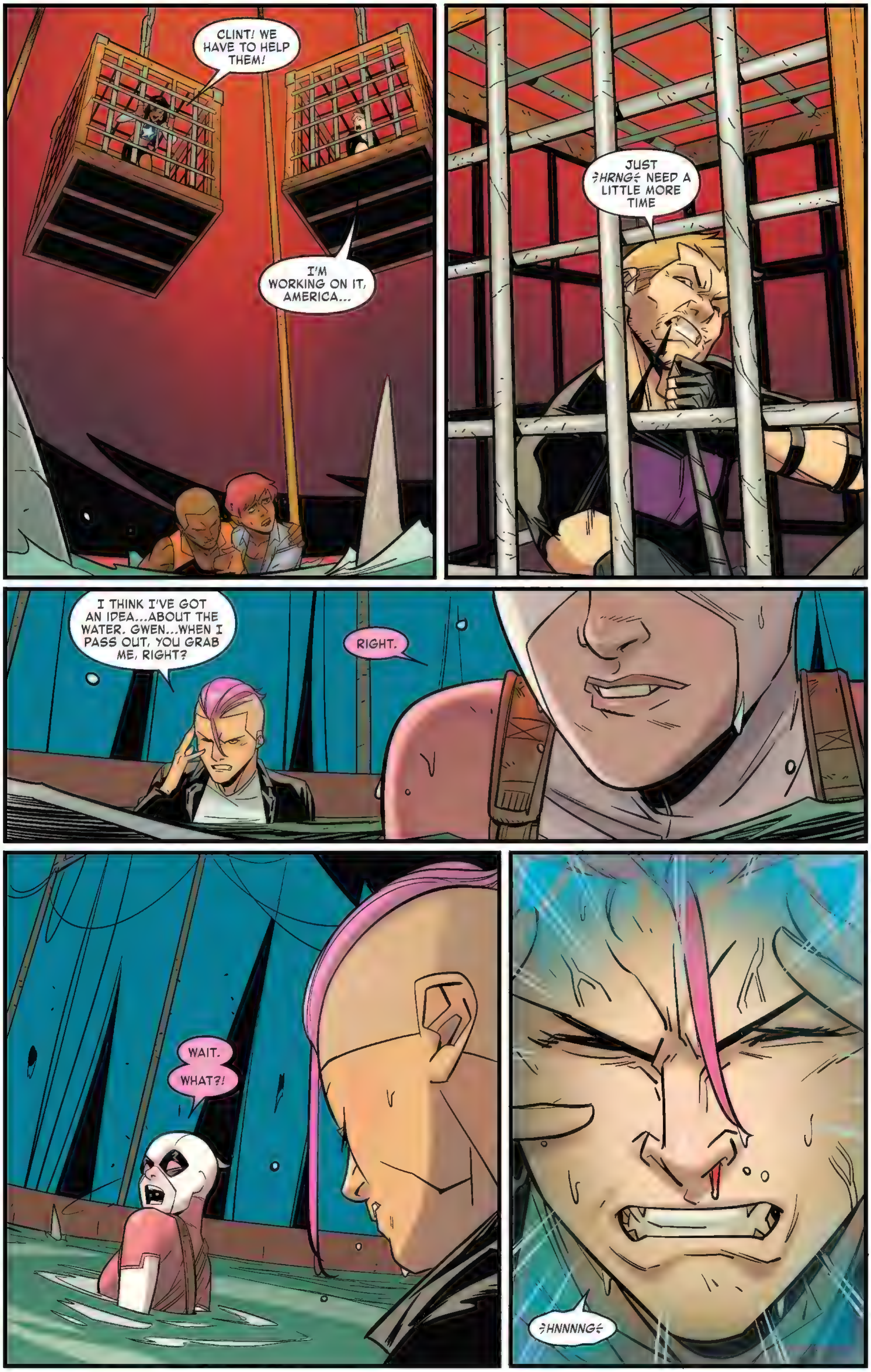

KATE. C'MON. IT'S JUST UP HERE.
KR-CHHHNK
WE HAVE TO HURRY.
WAIT...
...WHERE ARE WE?
WE'RE OUT?
YES. NOW GO, BEFORE THEY REALIZE YOU'VE ESCAPED.
I HAVE TO GET BACK.

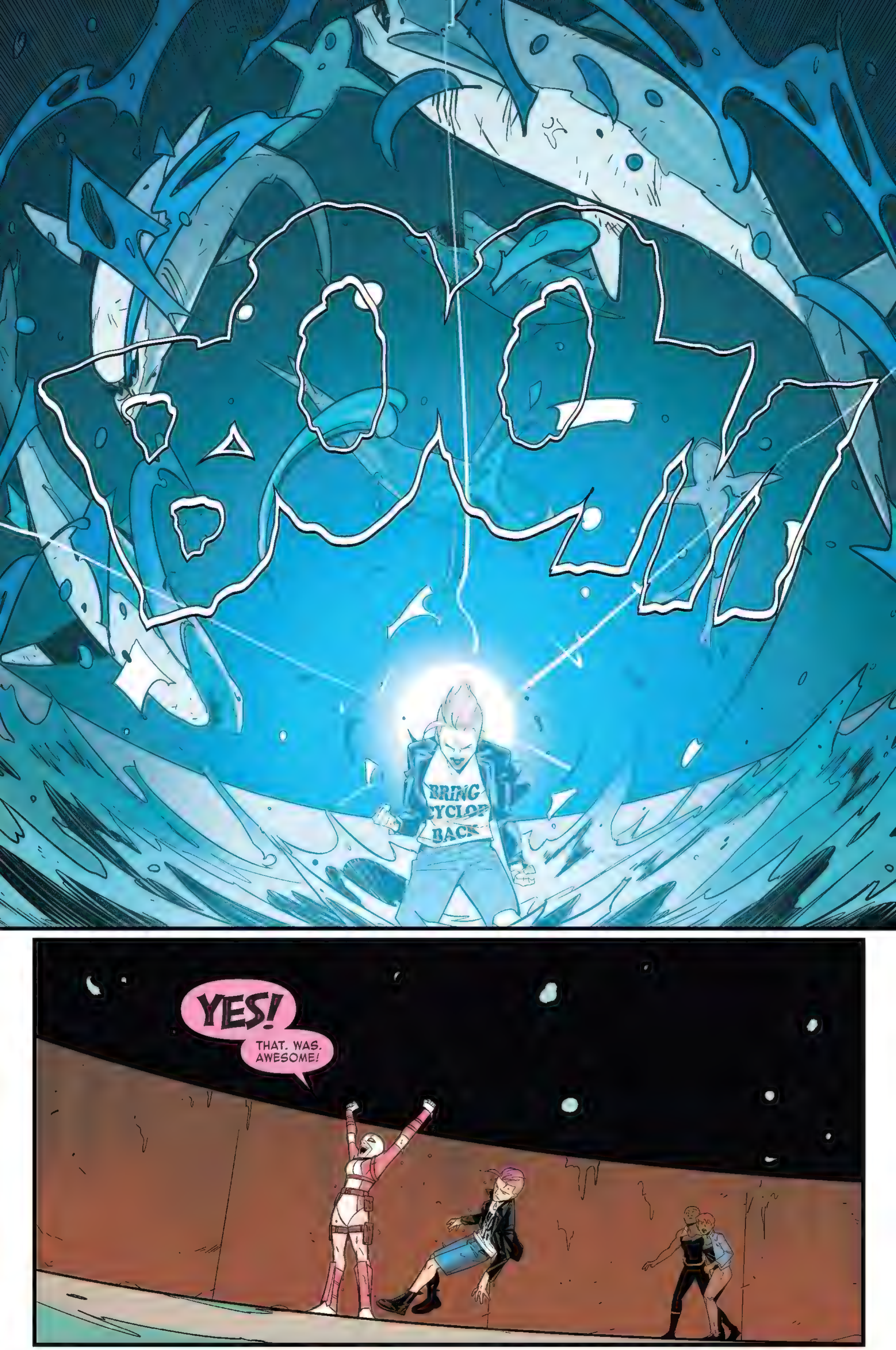

BUT I CAN'T LEAVE. MY FRIENDS--WELL, MY FRIENDS AND *QUIRE*--ARE STILL IN THERE.
KATE, I CAN'T GET THEM OUT. YOU HAVE TO GO, NOW. BEFORE THIS GETS WORSE.
I'M NOT LEAVING MY TEAM BEHIND, MOM.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF DAUGHTER YOU THINK YOU RAISED...BUT THAT'S NOT AN OPTION THAT WAS EVER ON THE TABLE.
KATE, PLEASE. THERE ARE THINGS HERE YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND. THINGS BEING SET IN MOTION...IF YOU DON'T GO NOW, I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN PROTECT YOU.
WELL, YOU NEVER HAVE BEFORE, SO I GUESS IT'LL JUST BE BUSINESS AS USUAL, THEN.
THAT WAS TOO FAR. I'M MAD. I'M SCARED. I'M NOT THINKING.
WOW...I MUST HAVE GOTTEN USED TO THAT HEADACHE...BUT IT LET UP THE SECOND I STEPPED OUTSIDE. NOW IT'S COMING BACK WITH A VENGEANCE.
ANNNND THERE'S MY FIRST CLUE.
HANG ON, GUYS. I'M COMING FOR YOU.

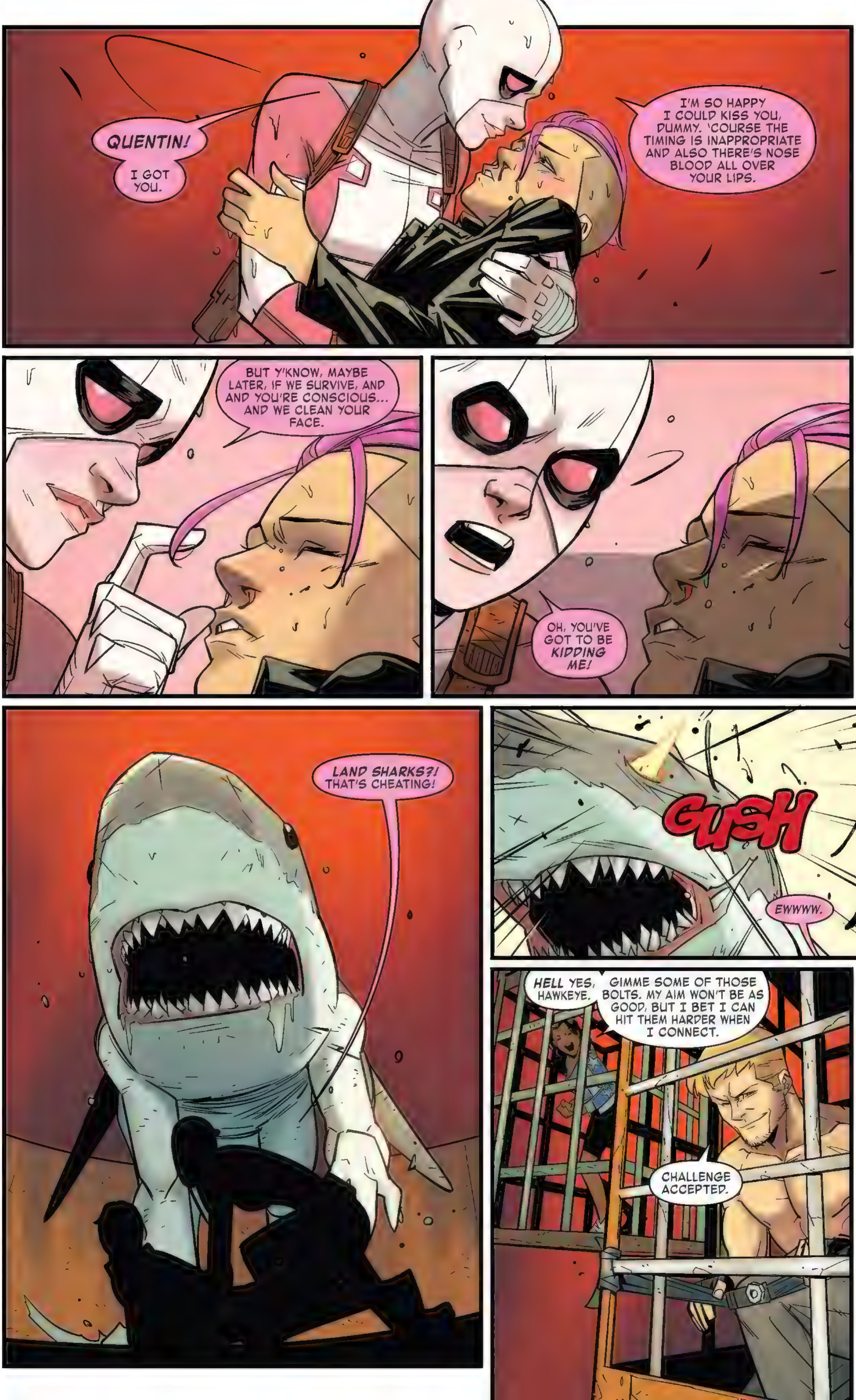

THIS *CANNOT* BE HOW I DIE.
POW
NOPE.
WELL, NOT THAT TIME AT LEAST. WHO'S TO SAY ABOUT THE NEXT ONE.
I'D KILL FOR SOME WEAPONS...OR THE ABILITY TO LEAP OUT OF THIS DAMN SCENE.
IT'S SURPRISING HOW *SCARY* IT IS, RIGHT?
I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE OF THE WATER... MAKES YOU FEEL SO VULNERABLE...SO OUT OF YOUR ELEMENT.
YEAH. I MEAN, I DON'T USUALLY ADMIT THAT TO PEOPLE WHO AREN'T...WELL, ME. BUT YES, SHARKS ARE *TERRIFYING*.
...MAYBE.
WELL, LEMME KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY BRIGHT IDEAS. HE'S COMING BACK AND MY FIST IS GONNA GET TIRED EVENTUALLY.
THEY ARE BORING ME! LET'S ADD ANOTHER LEMMING TO THE WATER...PERHAPS THAT CHARMING-BUT-POWERLESS EXTRA ONE THAT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A COSTUME.
VERY WELL.
HEH HEH HEH.

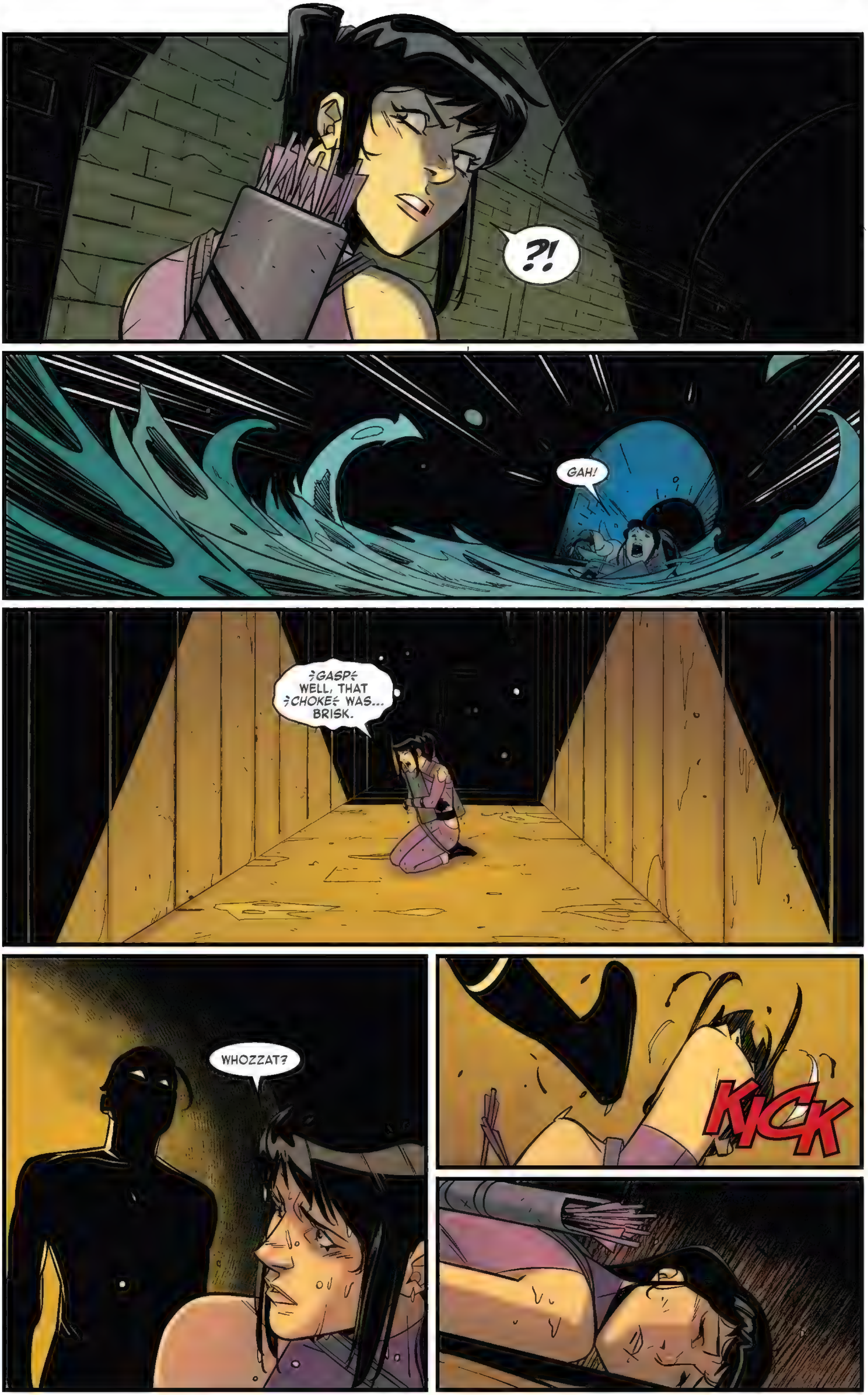

OH GOD.
NO!
KA-THUNK
DON'T LET GO!
THANKS FOR THE TIP, JOHNNY!
NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR SARCASM!
OKAY! I AGREE!
AHHHH!
SPLASH
NO!

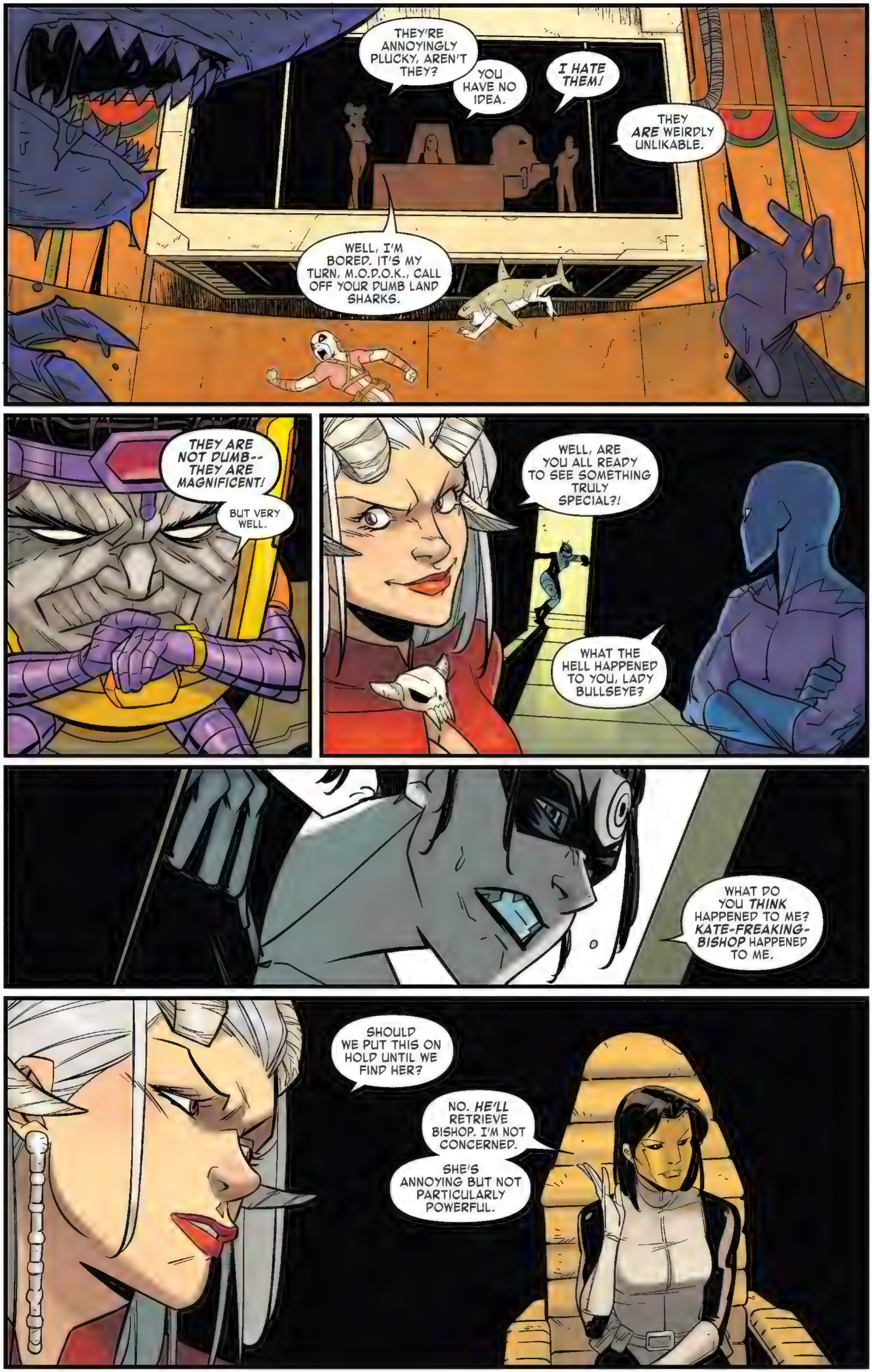

CONCENTRATE.
DON'T HAVE TO HOLD IT FOR LONG...JUST... FOR...A MOMENT.
WOOOSH
DID YOU KNOW HE COULD DO THAT?
I'M STILL NOT COMPLETELY SURE WHAT HE DID.
INNNNNNTERESTING.
OH MY GOD. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TURNED INTO *WATER!* ARE YOU OKAY?!
KOFF NOT REALLY.

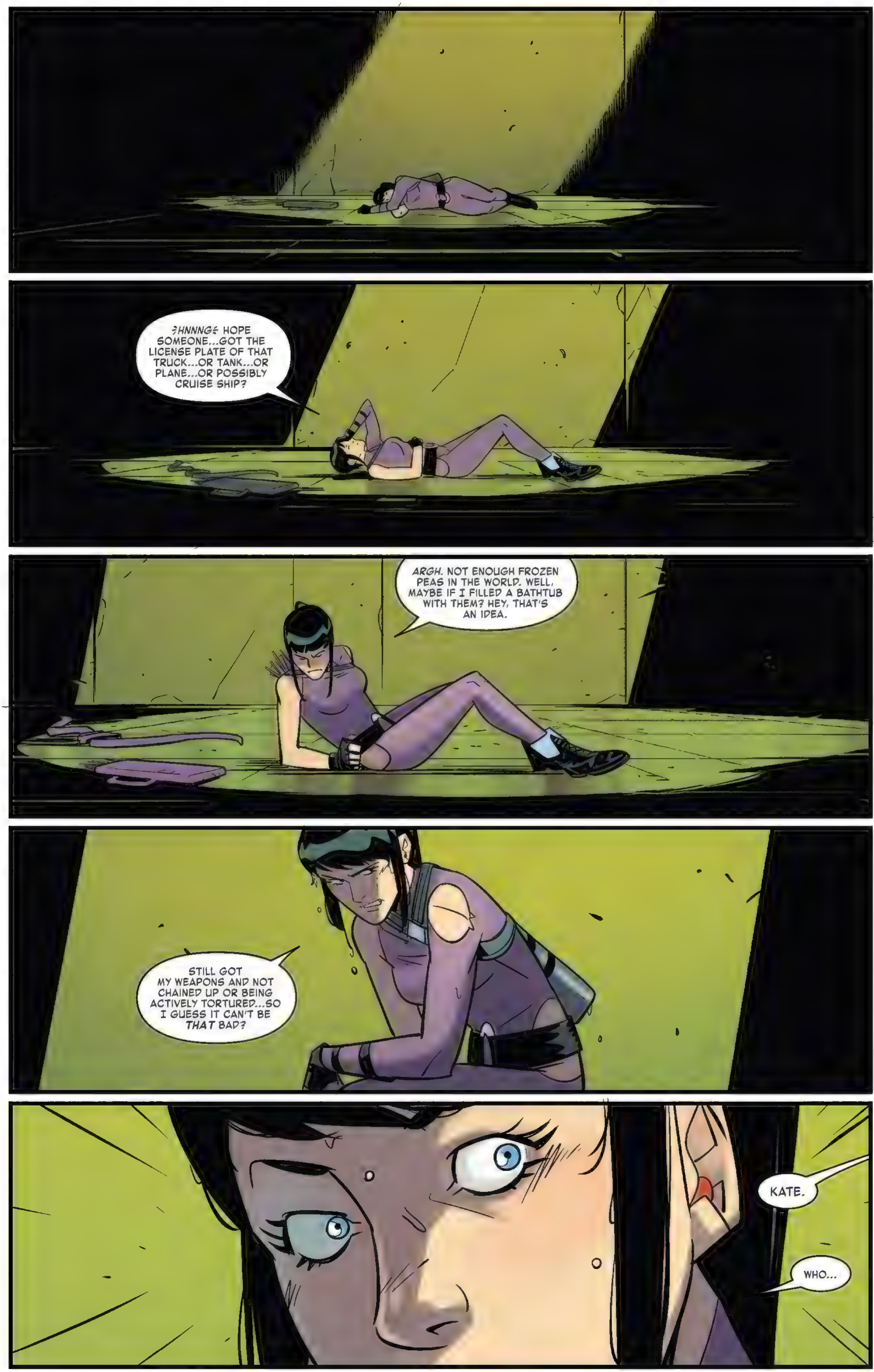

CLINT! WE HAVE TO HELP THEM!
I'M WORKING ON IT, AMERICA...
JUST ≈HRNG≈ NEED A LITTLE MORE TIME
I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA...ABOUT THE WATER. GWEN...WHEN I PASS OUT, YOU GRAB ME, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
WAIT.
WHAT?!
≈HNNNNG≈

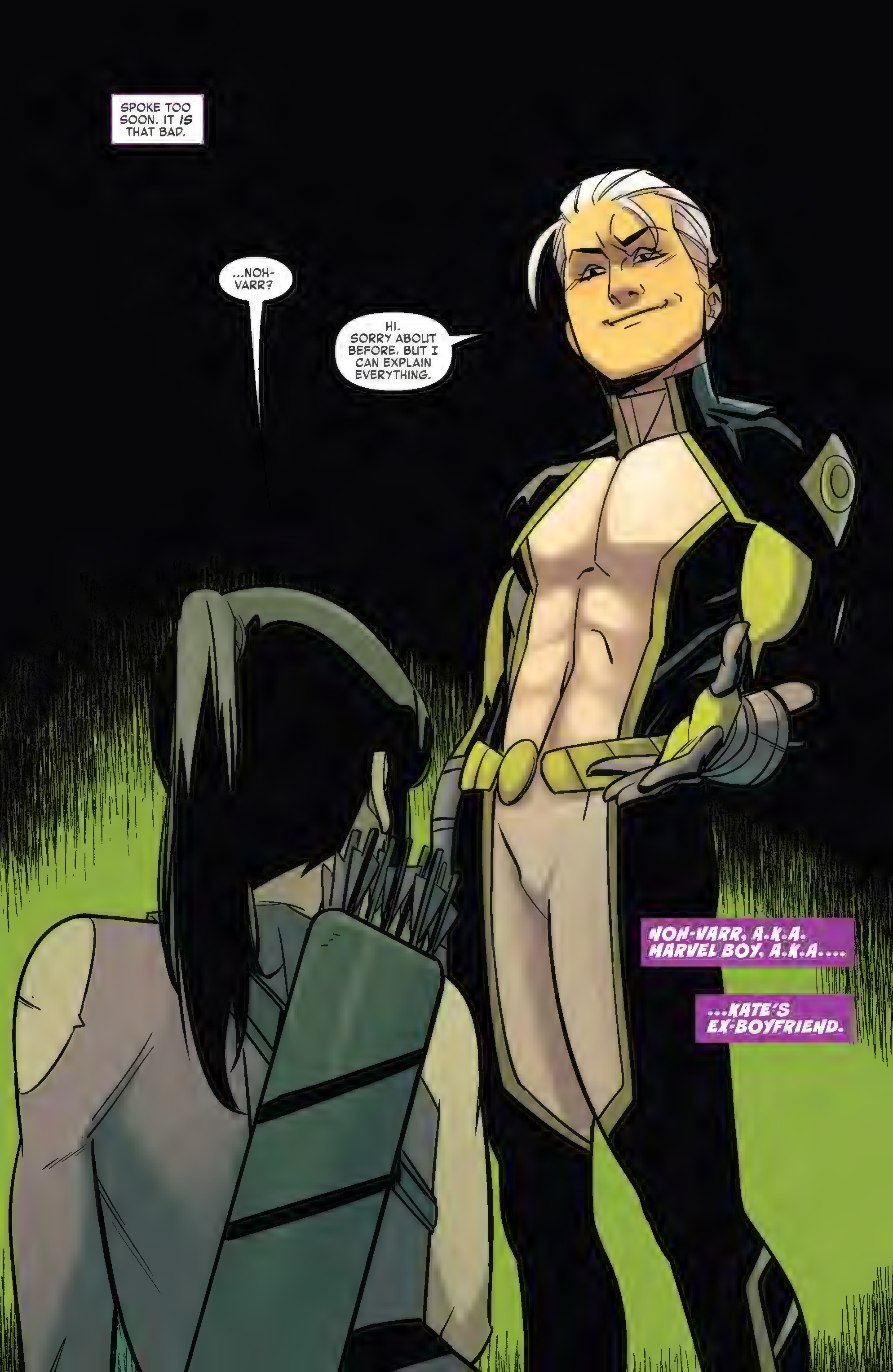

BOOM
BRING CYCLOP BACK
YES!
THAT. WAS. AWESOME!

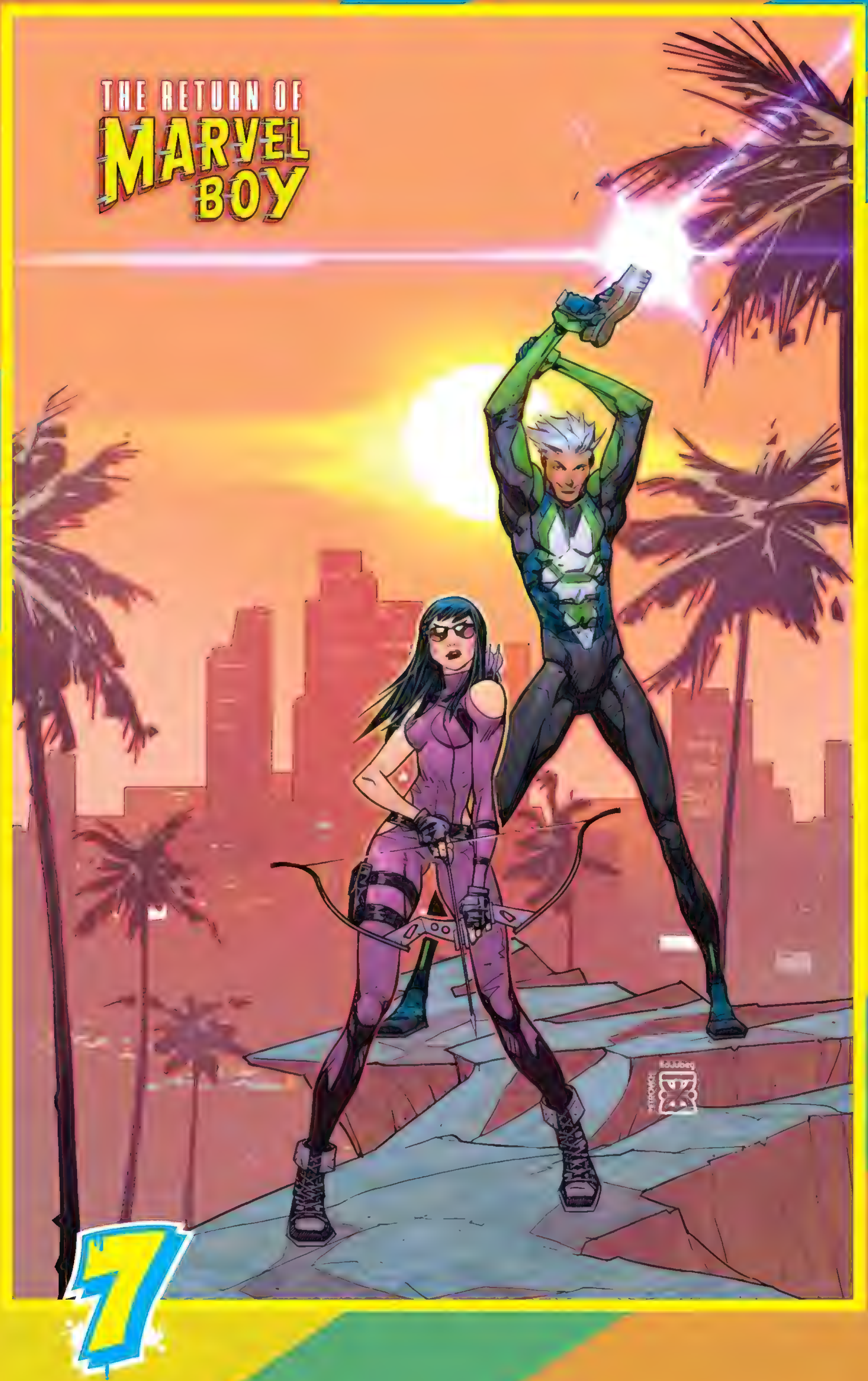

QUENTIN!
I GOT YOU.
I'M SO HAPPY I COULD KISS YOU, DUMMY. 'COURSE THE TIMING IS INAPPROPRIATE AND ALSO THERE'S NOSE BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR LIPS.
BUT Y'KNOW, MAYBE LATER, IF WE SURVIVE, AND AND YOU'RE CONSCIOUS... AND WE CLEAN YOUR FACE.
OH, YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!
LAND SHARKS?! THAT'S CHEATING!
GUSH
EWWWW.
HELL YES, HAWKEYE.
GIMME SOME OF THOSE BOLTS. MY AIM WON'T BE AS GOOD, BUT I BET I CAN HIT THEM HARDER WHEN I CONNECT.
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

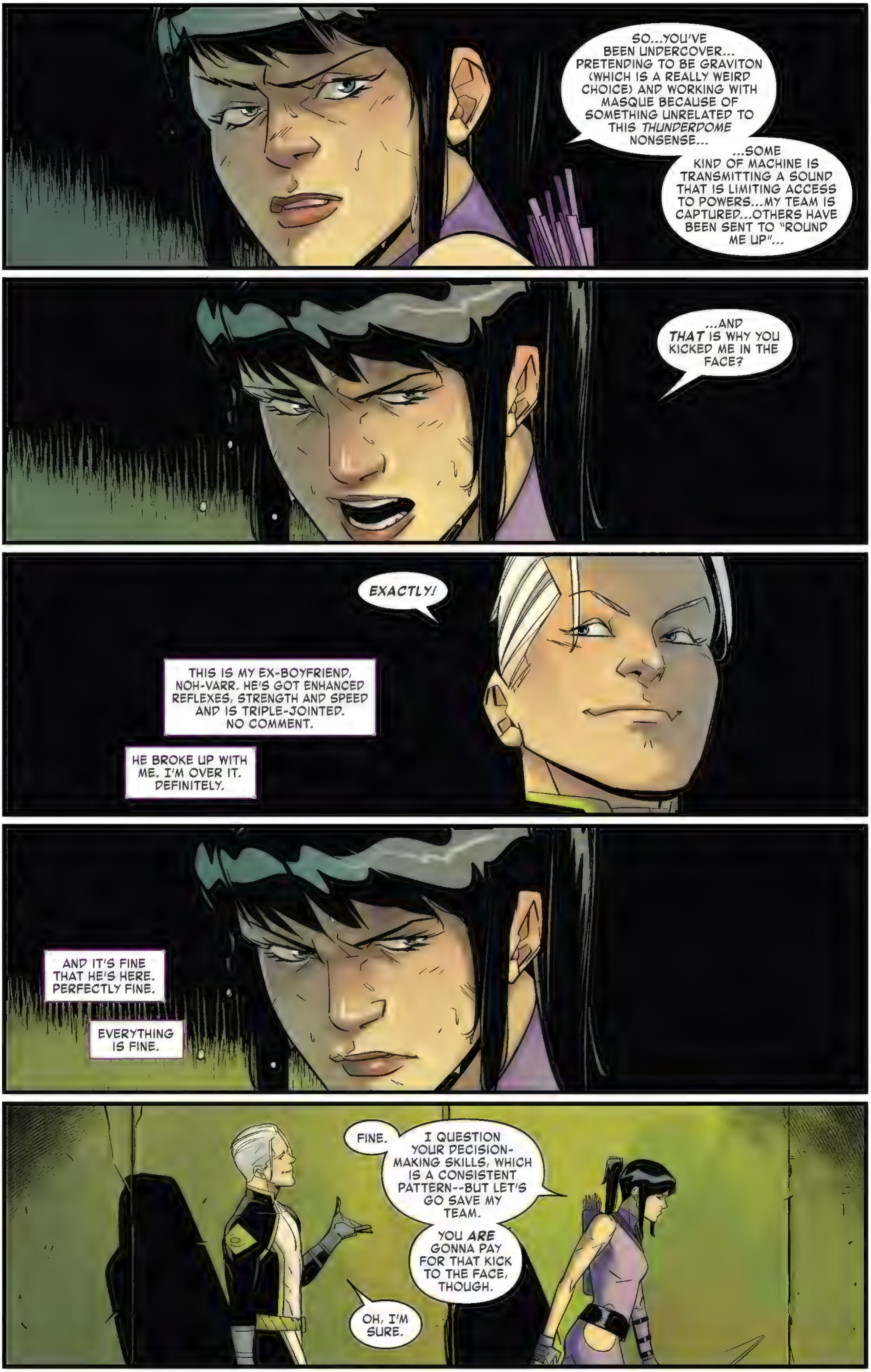

?!
GAH!
⸗GASP⸗ WELL, THAT ⸗CHOKE⸗ WAS... BRISK.
WHOZZAT?
KICK

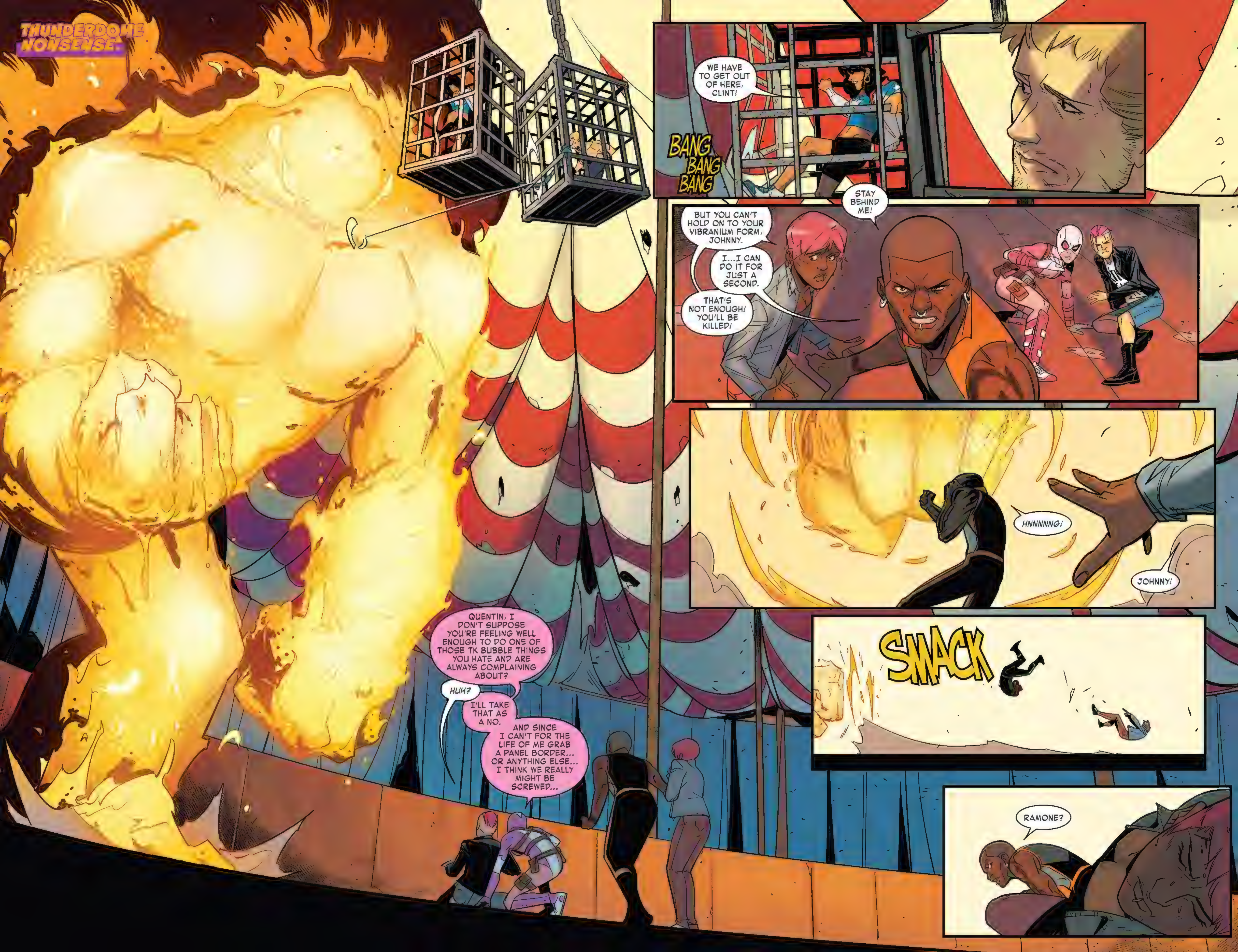

THEY'RE ANNOYINGLY PLUCKY, AREN'T THEY?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
I HATE THEM!
THEY *ARE* WEIRDLY UNLIKABLE.
WELL, I'M BORED. IT'S MY TURN, M.O.D.O.K., CALL OFF YOUR DUMB LAND SHARKS.
THEY ARE NOT DUMB-- THEY ARE MAGNIFICENT!
BUT VERY WELL.
WELL, ARE YOU ALL READY TO SEE SOMETHING TRULY SPECIAL?!
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU, LADY BULLSEYE?
WHAT DO YOU *THINK* HAPPENED TO ME? *KATE-FREAKING-BISHOP* HAPPENED TO ME.
SHOULD WE PUT THIS ON HOLD UNTIL WE FIND HER?
NO. *HE'LL* RETRIEVE BISHOP. I'M NOT CONCERNED.
SHE'S ANNOYING BUT NOT PARTICULARLY POWERFUL.

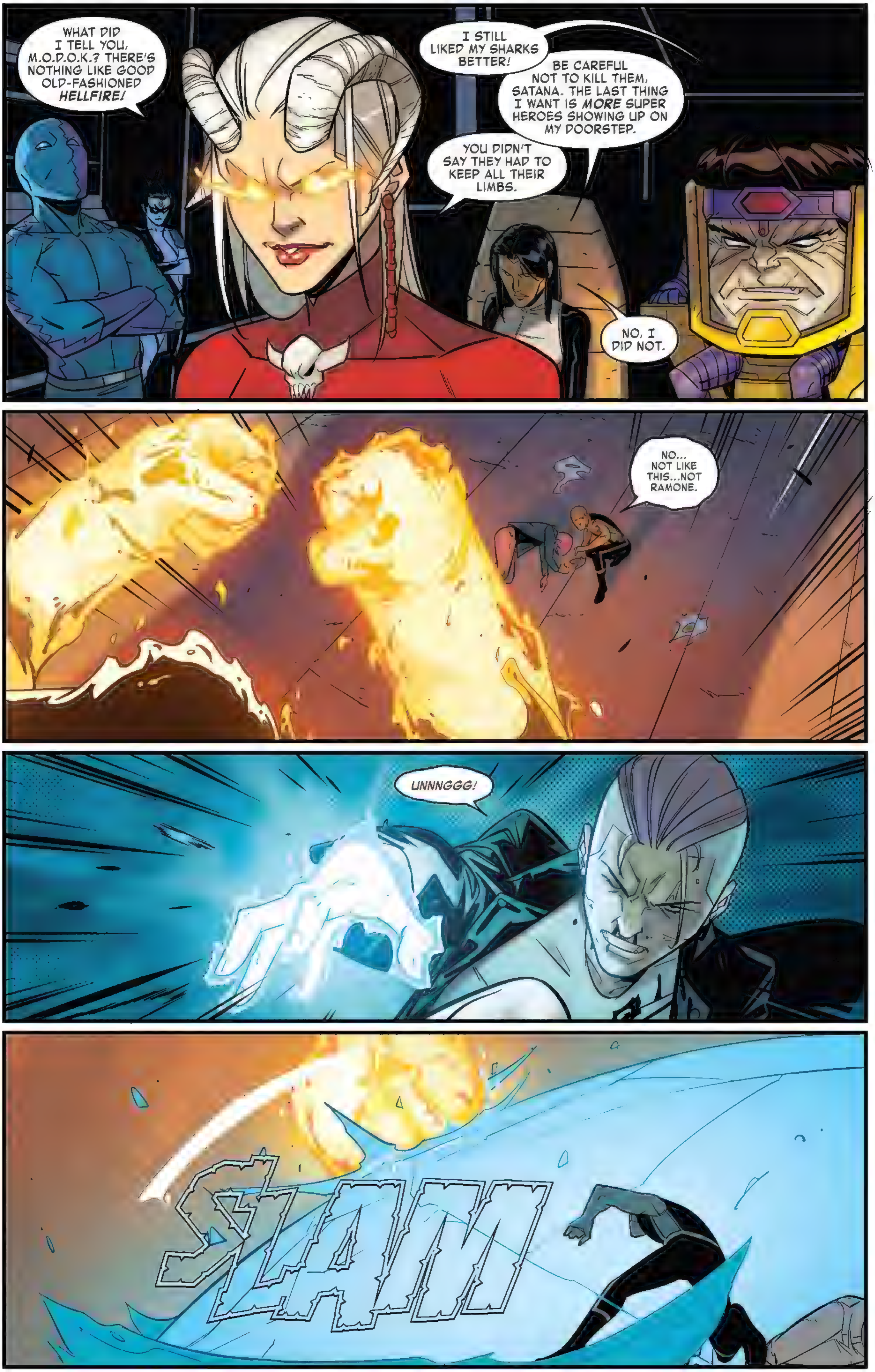

HNNNG HOPE SOMEONE...GOT THE LICENSE PLATE OF THAT TRUCK...OR TANK...OR PLANE...OR POSSIBLY CRUISE SHIP?
ARGH. NOT ENOUGH FROZEN PEAS IN THE WORLD. WELL, MAYBE IF I FILLED A BATHTUB WITH THEM? HEY, THAT'S AN IDEA.
STILL GOT MY WEAPONS AND NOT CHAINED UP OR BEING ACTIVELY TORTURED...SO I GUESS IT CAN'T BE *THAT* BAD?
KATE.
WHO...

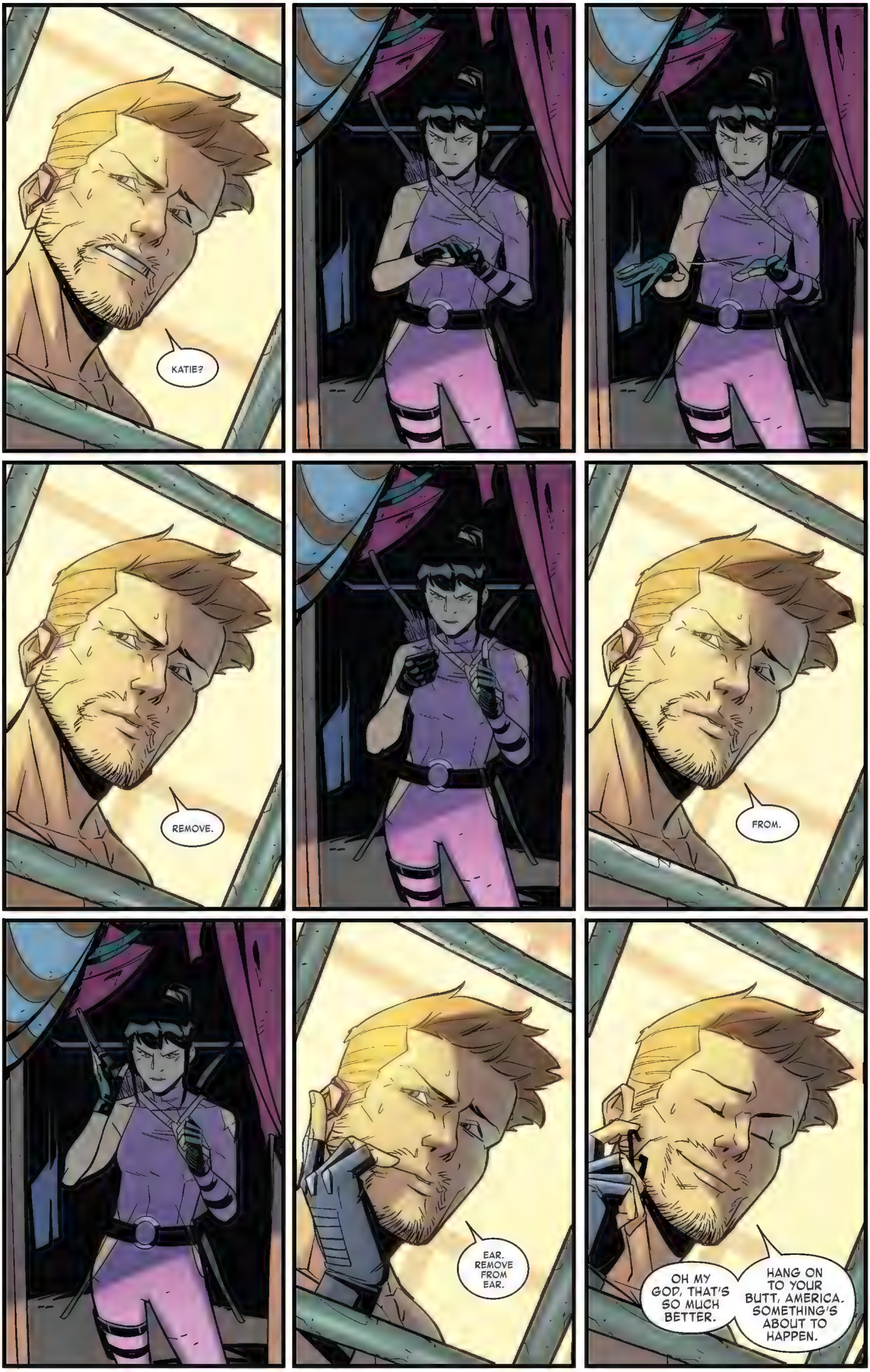

SPOKE TOO SOON. IT *IS* THAT BAD.
...NOH-VARR?
HI. SORRY ABOUT BEFORE, BUT I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.
NOH-VARR, A.K.A. MARVEL BOY, A.K.A....
...KATE'S EX-BOYFRIEND.

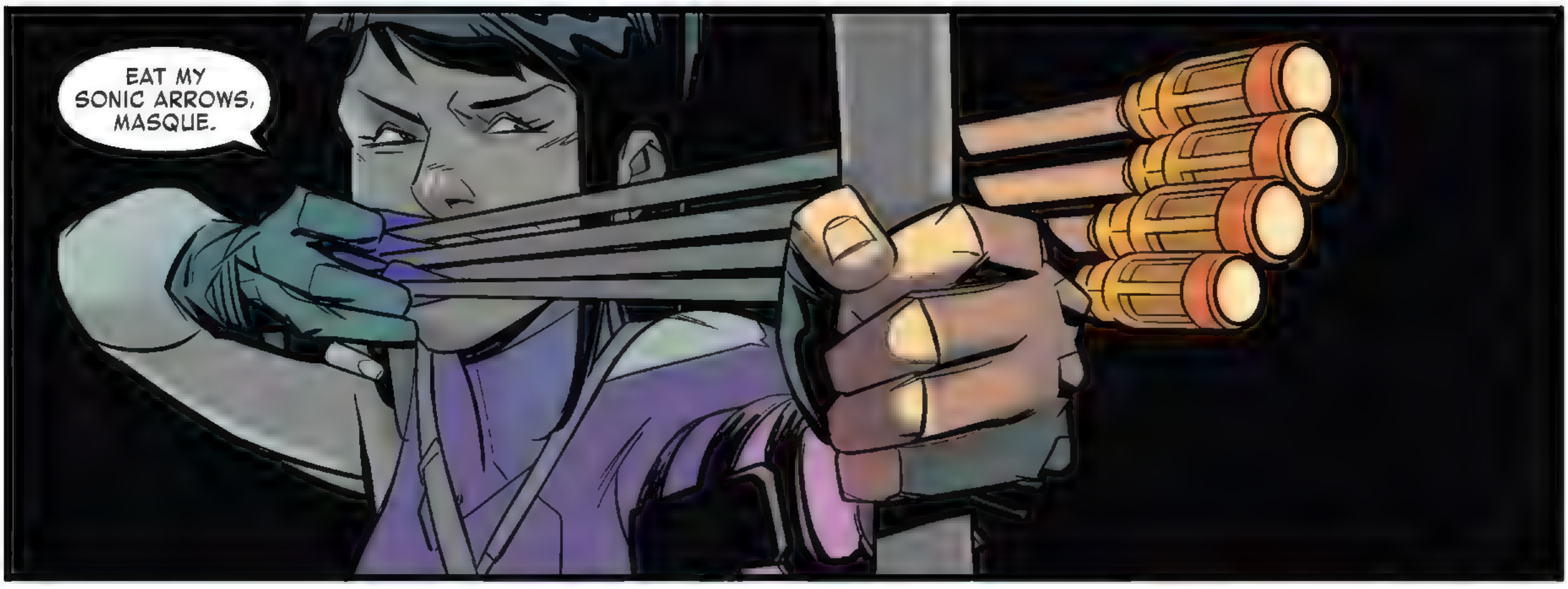

THE RETURN OF
MARVEL
BOY
7

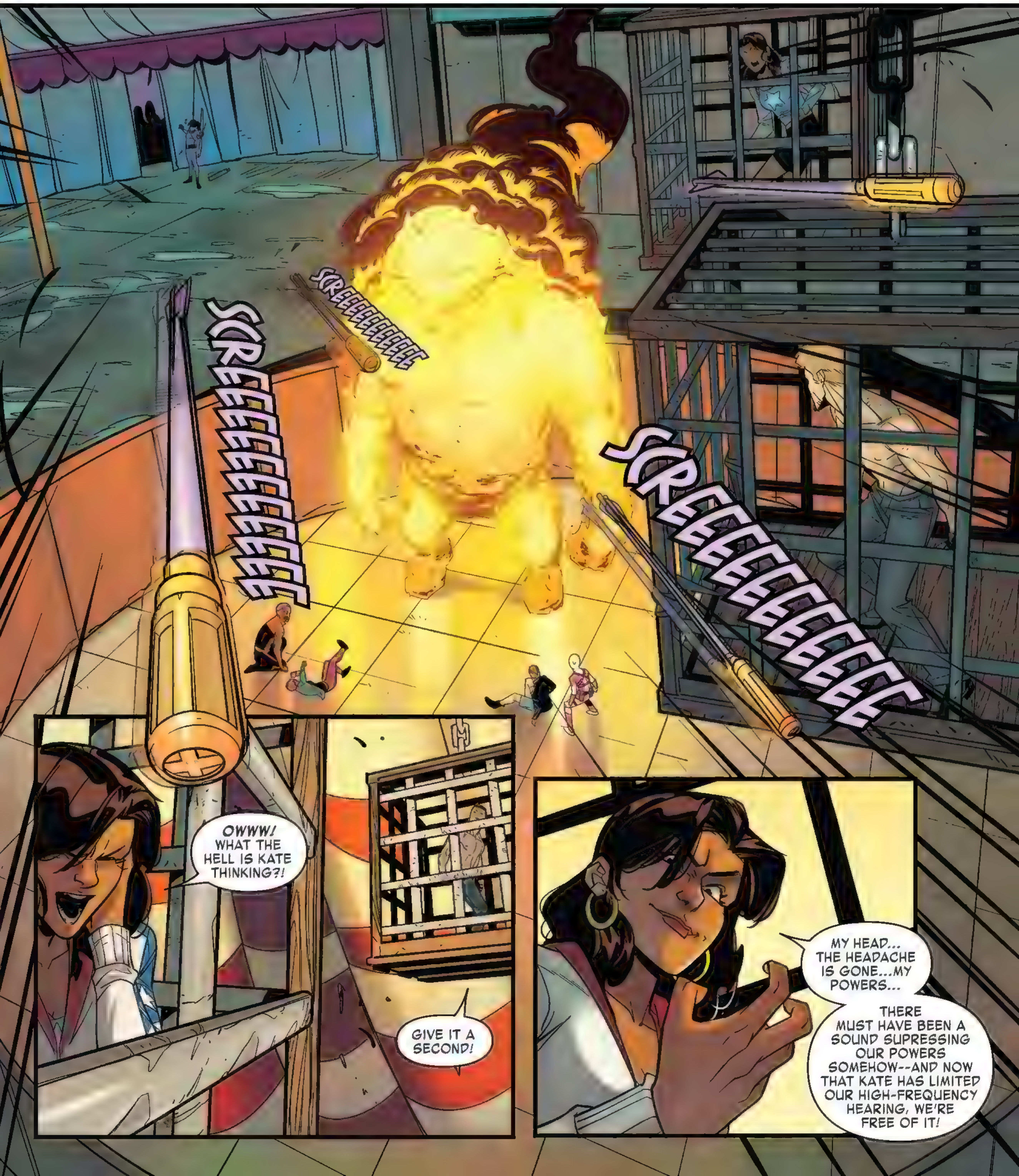

SO...YOU'VE BEEN UNDERCOVER... PRETENDING TO BE GRAVITON (WHICH IS A REALLY WEIRD CHOICE) AND WORKING WITH MASQUE BECAUSE OF SOMETHING UNRELATED TO THIS *THUNDERDOME* NONSENSE...
...SOME KIND OF MACHINE IS TRANSMITTING A SOUND THAT IS LIMITING ACCESS TO POWERS...MY TEAM IS CAPTURED...OTHERS HAVE BEEN SENT TO "ROUND ME UP"...
...AND *THAT* IS WHY YOU KICKED ME IN THE FACE?
EXACTLY!
THIS IS MY EX-BOYFRIEND, NOH-VARR. HE'S GOT ENHANCED REFLEXES, STRENGTH AND SPEED AND IS TRIPLE-JOINTED. NO COMMENT.
HE BROKE UP WITH ME. I'M OVER IT. DEFINITELY.
AND IT'S FINE THAT HE'S HERE. PERFECTLY FINE.
EVERYTHING IS FINE.
FINE.
I QUESTION YOUR DECISION-MAKING SKILLS, WHICH IS A CONSISTENT PATTERN--BUT LET'S GO SAVE MY TEAM.
YOU *ARE* GONNA PAY FOR THAT KICK TO THE FACE, THOUGH.
OH, I'M SURE.

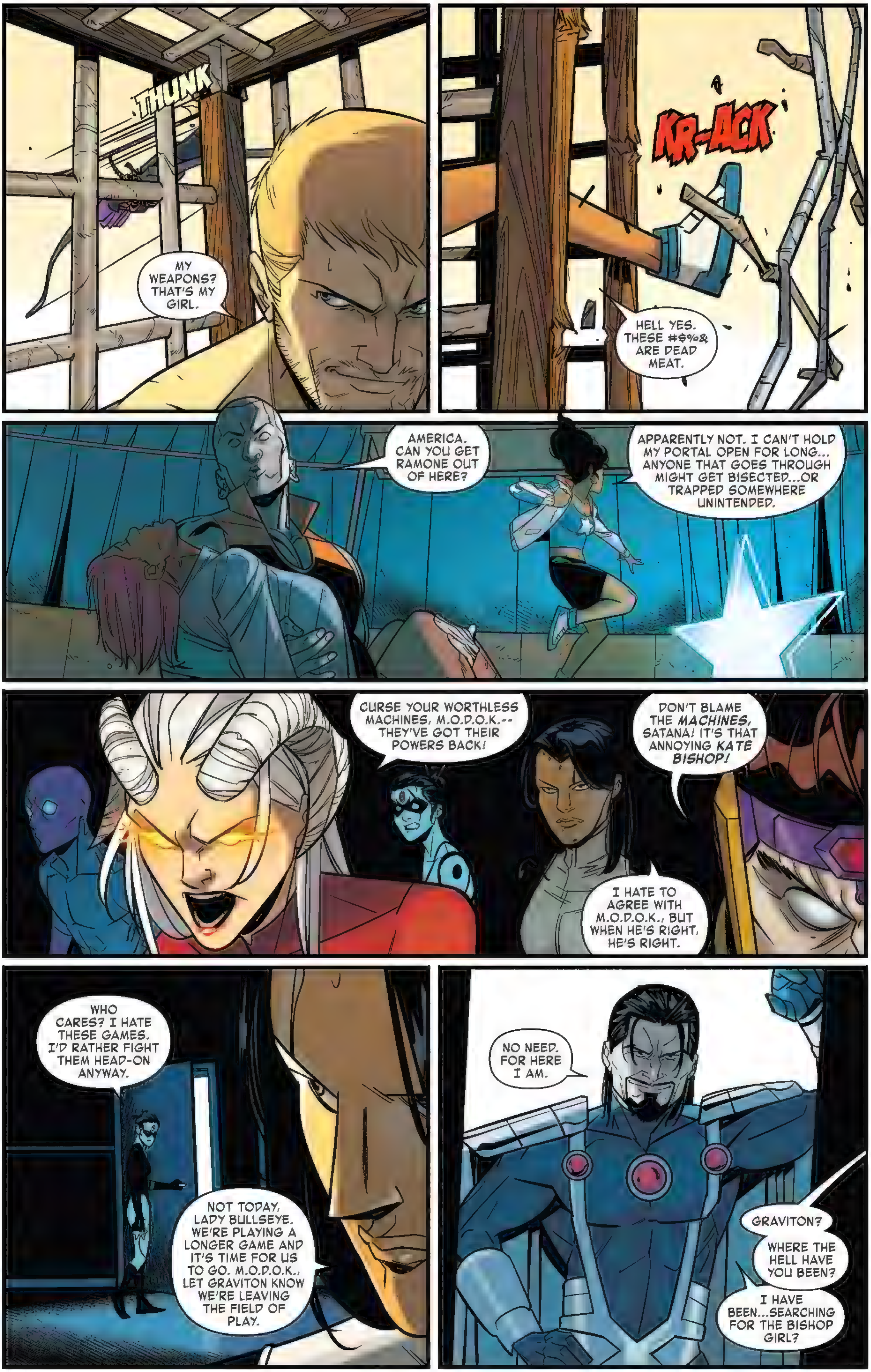

THUNDERDOME NONSENSE.
QUENTIN, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE FEELING WELL ENOUGH TO DO ONE OF THOSE TK BUBBLE THINGS YOU HATE AND ARE ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT?
HUH?
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO.
AND SINCE I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME GRAB A PANEL BORDER... OR ANYTHING ELSE... I THINK WE REALLY MIGHT BE SCREWED...
WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE, CLINT!
BANG BANG BANG
STAY BEHIND ME!
BUT YOU CAN'T HOLD ON TO YOUR VIBRANIUM FORM, JOHNNY.
I...I CAN DO IT FOR JUST A SECOND.
THAT'S NOT ENOUGH! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
HNNNNNG!
JOHNNY!
SMACK
RAMONE?

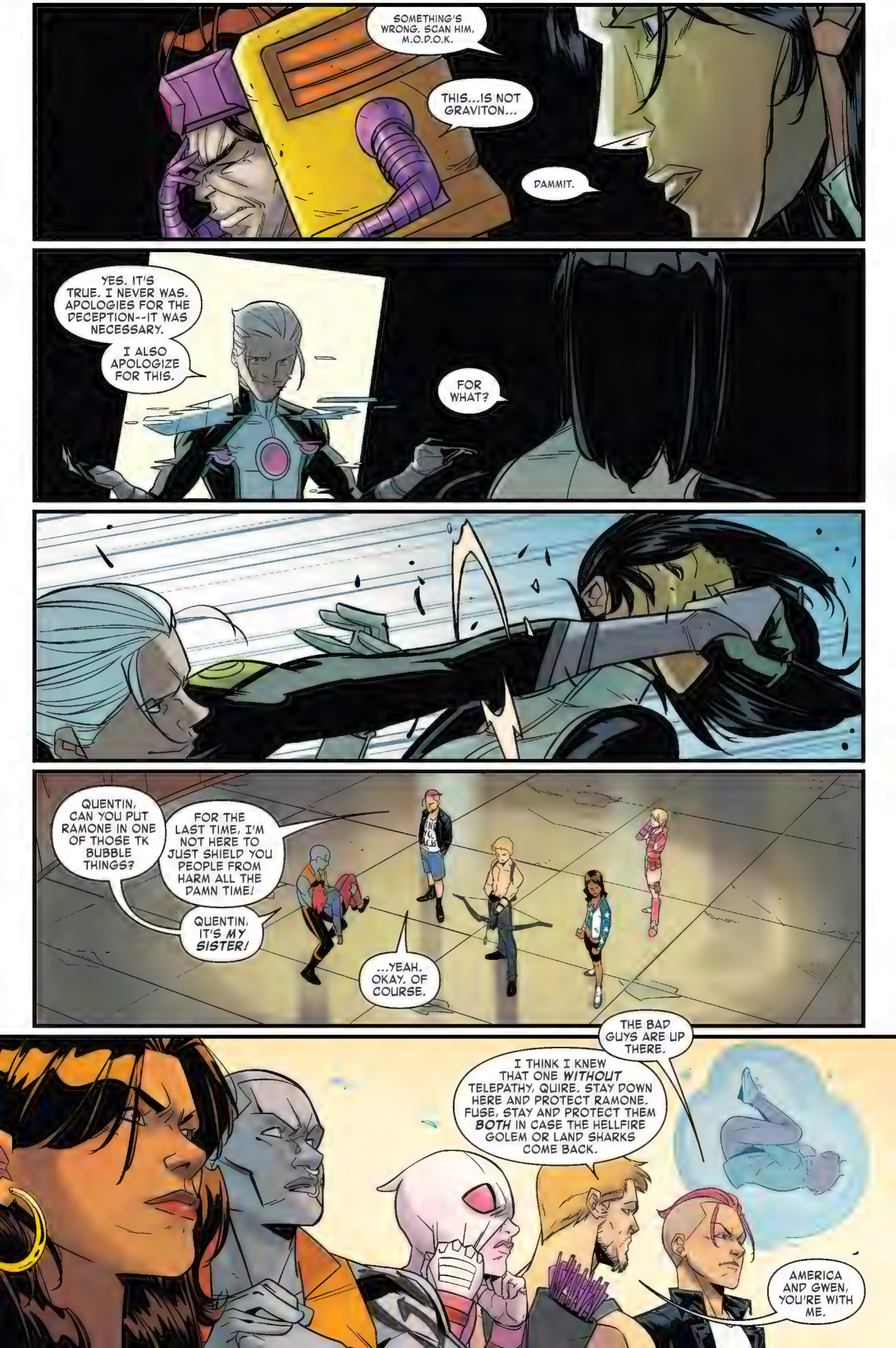

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, M.O.D.O.K.? THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED *HELLFIRE!*
I STILL LIKED MY SHARKS BETTER!
BE CAREFUL NOT TO KILL THEM, SATANA. THE LAST THING I WANT IS *MORE* SUPER HEROES SHOWING UP ON MY DOORSTEP.
YOU DIDN'T SAY THEY HAD TO KEEP ALL THEIR LIMBS.
NO, I DID NOT.
NO... NOT LIKE THIS...NOT RAMONE.
UNNNGGG!
SLAM

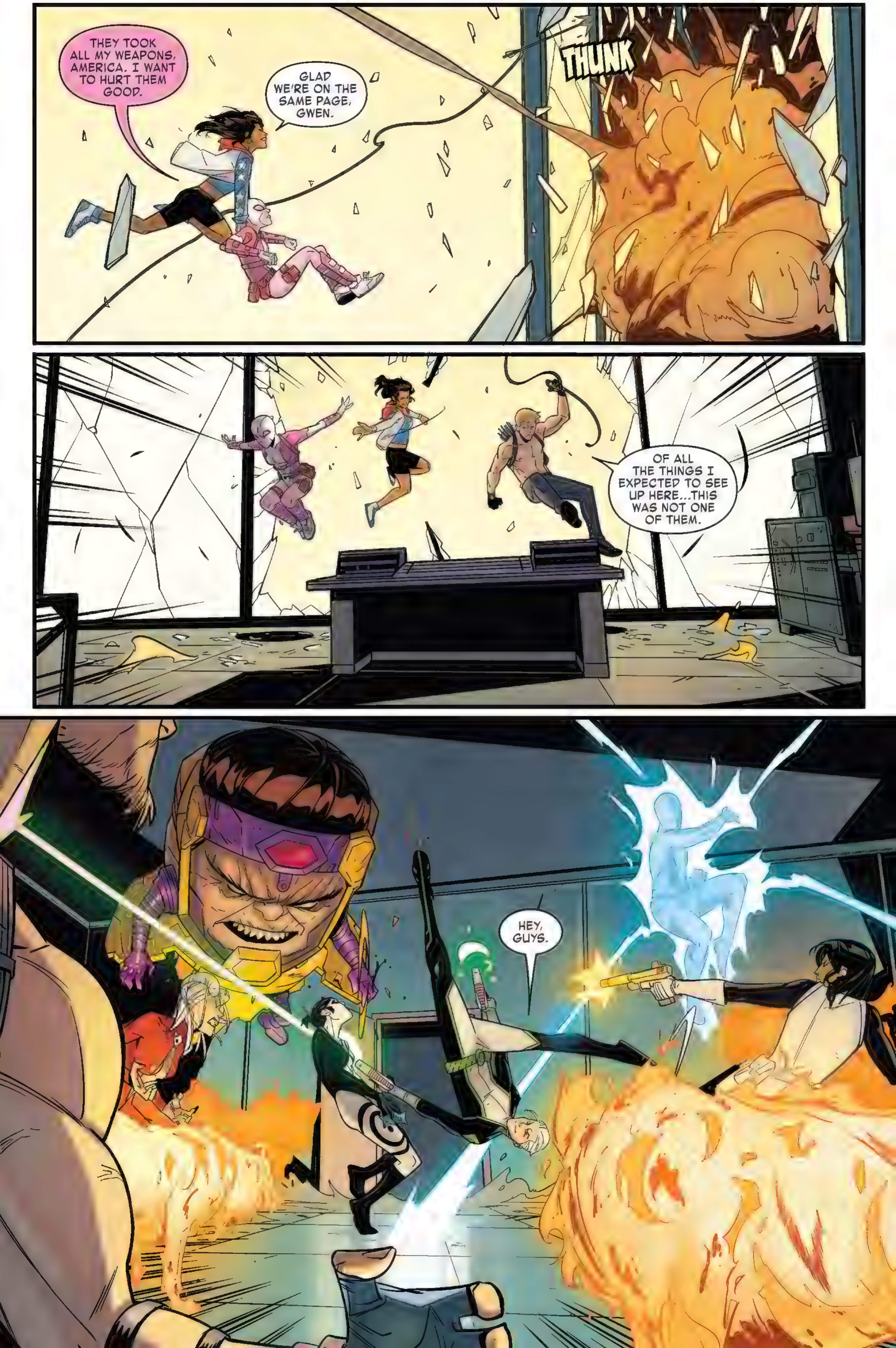

KATIE?
REMOVE.
FROM.
EAR. REMOVE FROM EAR.
OH MY GOD, THAT'S SO MUCH BETTER.
HANG ON TO YOUR BUTT, AMERICA. SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

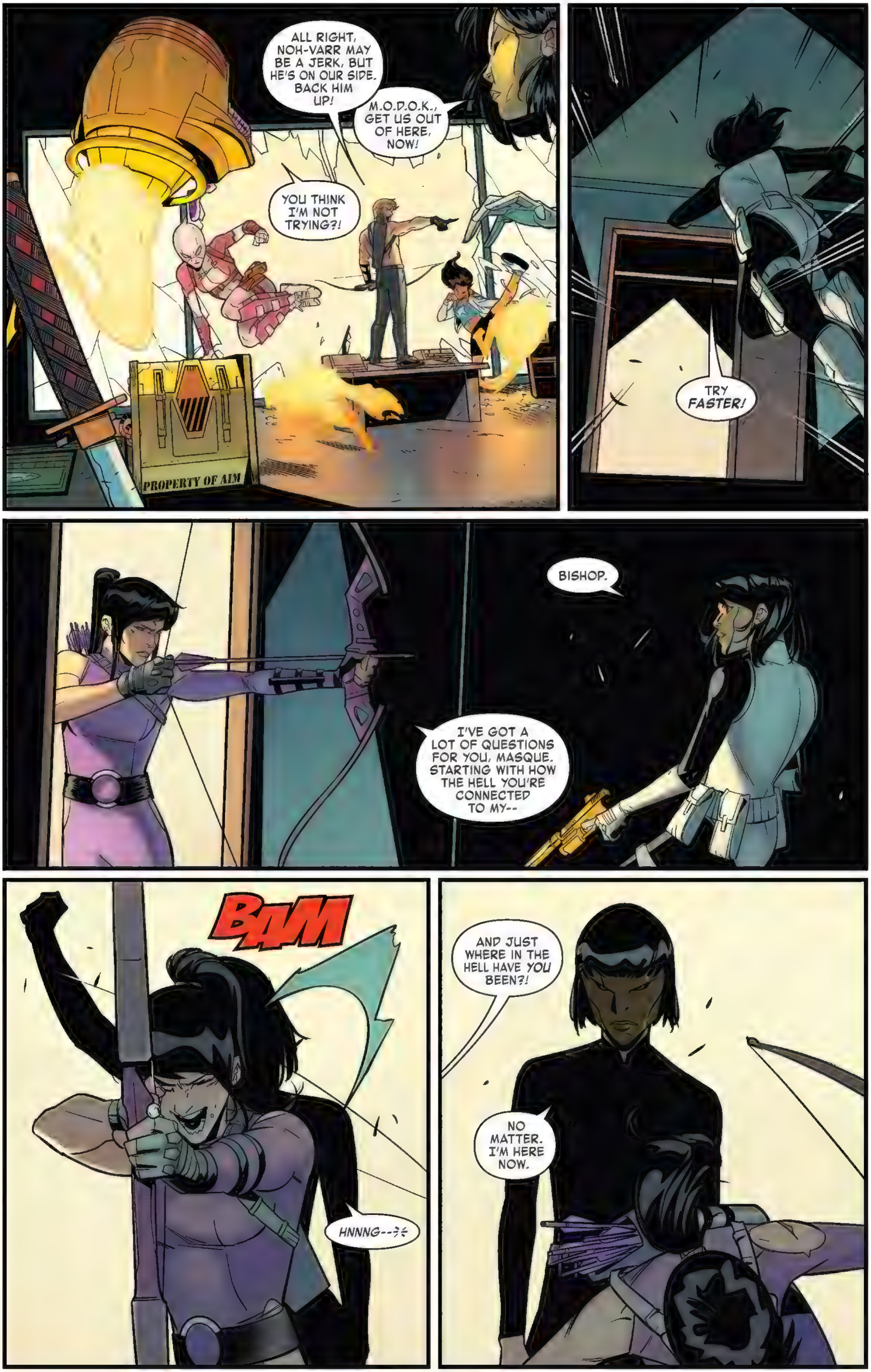

EAT MY SONIC ARROWS, MASQUE.

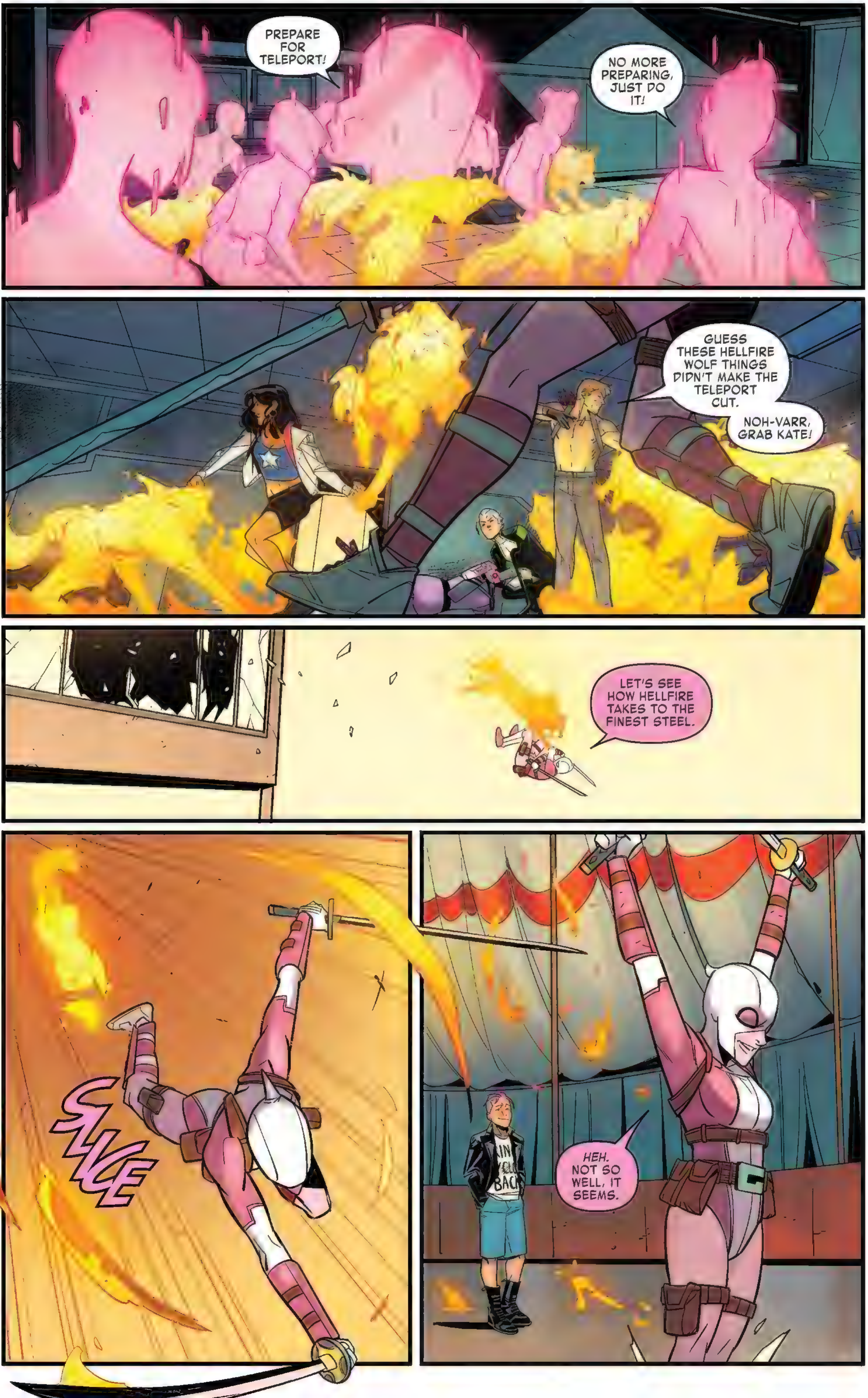

SCREEEEEEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEEEEE
SCREEEEEEEEEEEEE
OWWW! WHAT THE HELL IS KATE THINKING?!
GIVE IT A SECOND!
MY HEAD... THE HEADACHE IS GONE...MY POWERS...
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A SOUND SUPRESSING OUR POWERS SOMEHOW--AND NOW THAT KATE HAS LIMITED OUR HIGH-FREQUENCY HEARING, WE'RE FREE OF IT!

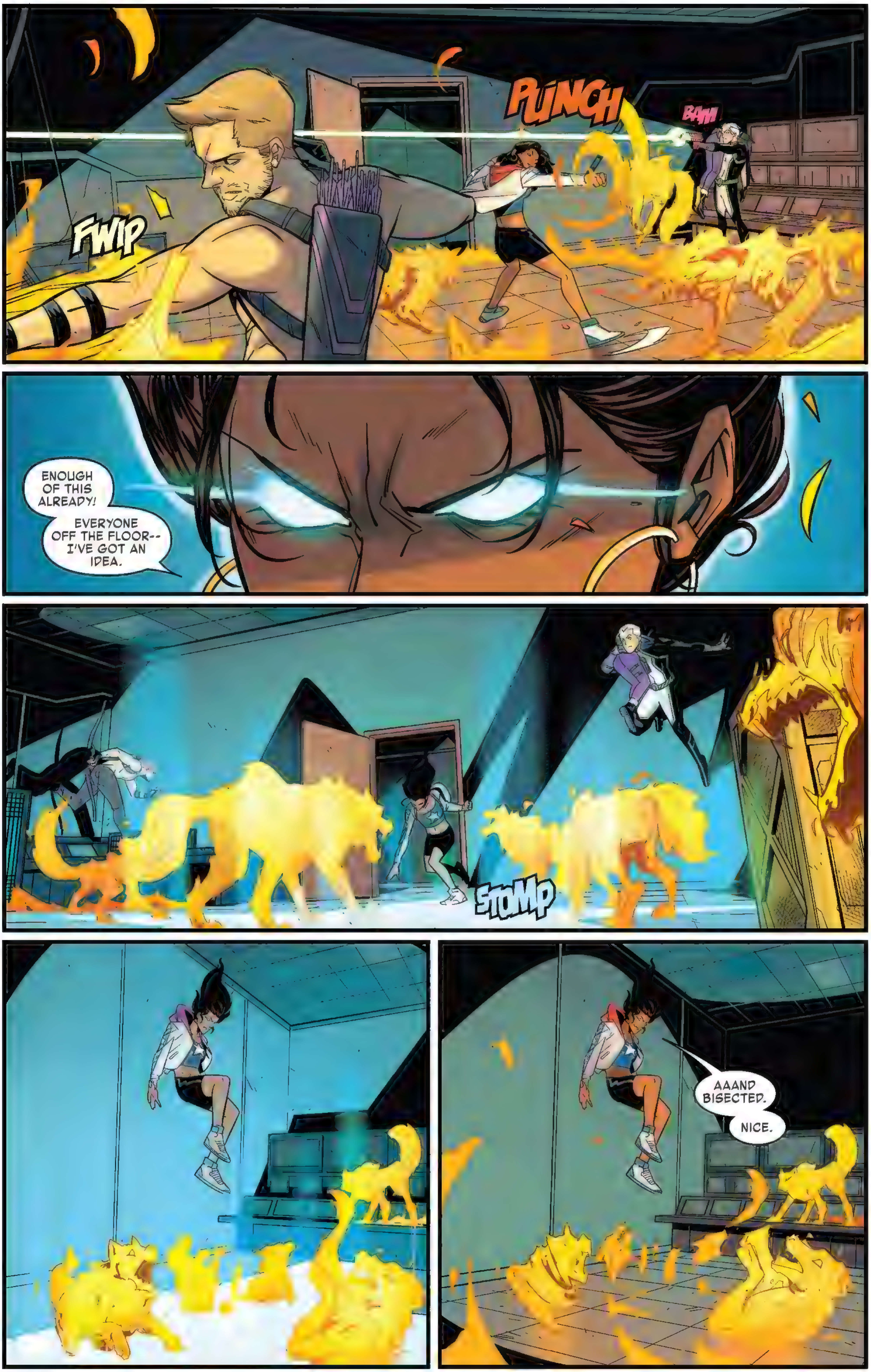

THUNK
MY WEAPONS? THAT'S MY GIRL.
KR-ACK
HELL YES. THESE #$%& ARE DEAD MEAT.
AMERICA. CAN YOU GET RAMONE OUT OF HERE?
APPARENTLY NOT. I CAN'T HOLD MY PORTAL OPEN FOR LONG... ANYONE THAT GOES THROUGH MIGHT GET BISECTED...OR TRAPPED SOMEWHERE UNINTENDED.
CURSE YOUR WORTHLESS MACHINES, M.O.D.O.K.-- THEY'VE GOT THEIR POWERS BACK!
DON'T BLAME THE *MACHINES*, SATANA! IT'S THAT ANNOYING *KATE BISHOP!*
I HATE TO AGREE WITH M.O.D.O.K., BUT WHEN HE'S RIGHT, HE'S RIGHT.
WHO CARES? I HATE THESE GAMES. I'D RATHER FIGHT THEM HEAD-ON ANYWAY.
NOT TODAY, LADY BULLSEYE. WE'RE PLAYING A LONGER GAME AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO. M.O.D.O.K., LET GRAVITON KNOW WE'RE LEAVING THE FIELD OF PLAY.
NO NEED. FOR HERE I AM.
GRAVITON?
WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
I HAVE BEEN...SEARCHING FOR THE BISHOP GIRL?

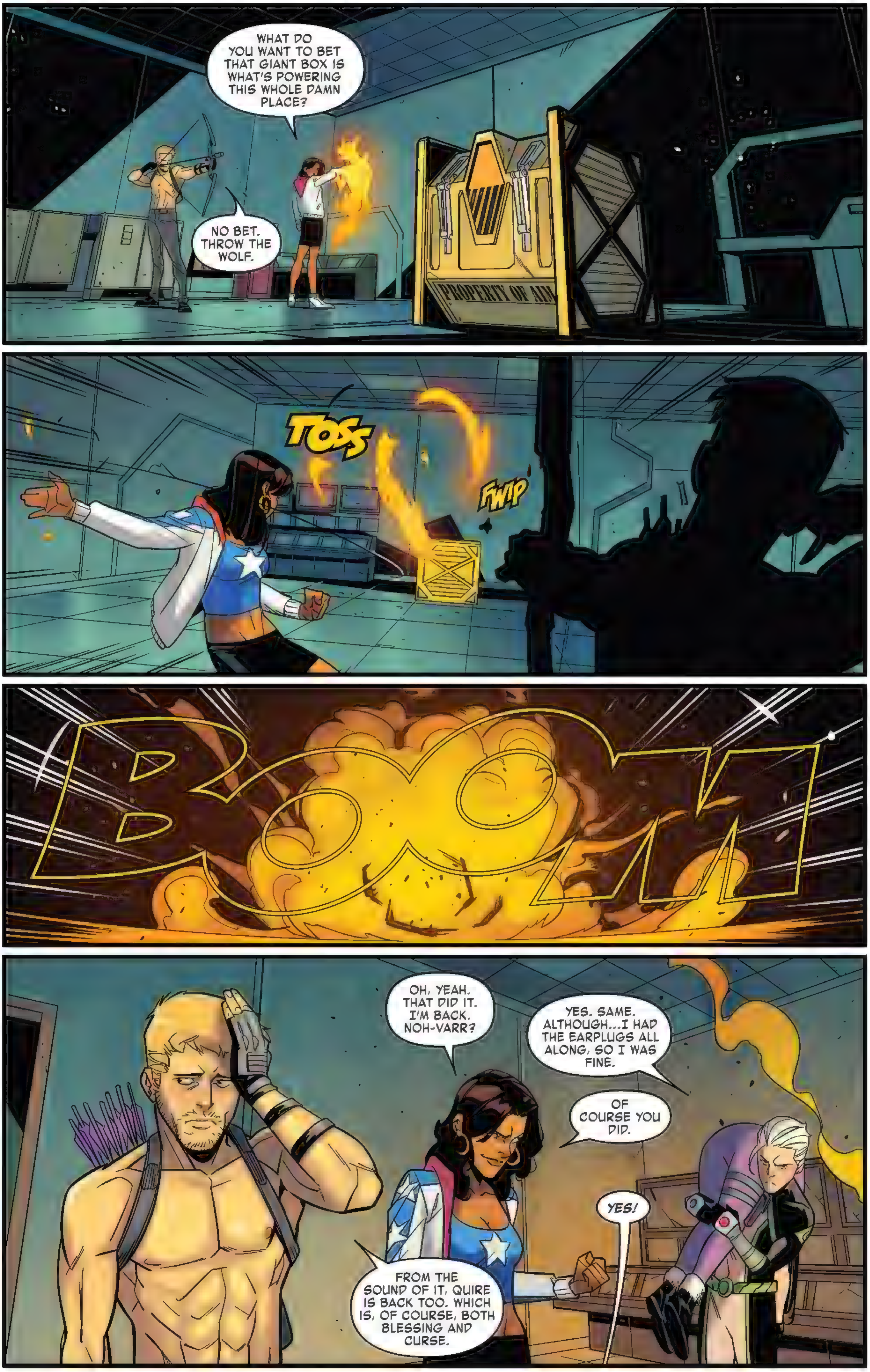

SOMETHING'S WRONG. SCAN HIM, M.O.D.O.K.
THIS...IS NOT GRAVITON...
DAMMIT.
YES. IT'S TRUE. I NEVER WAS. APOLOGIES FOR THE DECEPTION--IT WAS NECESSARY.
I ALSO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS.
FOR WHAT?
QUENTIN, CAN YOU PUT RAMONE IN ONE OF THOSE TK BUBBLE THINGS?
FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M NOT HERE TO JUST SHIELD YOU PEOPLE FROM HARM ALL THE DAMN TIME!
QUENTIN, IT'S *MY SISTER!*
...YEAH. OKAY. OF COURSE.
THE BAD GUYS ARE UP THERE.
I THINK I KNEW THAT ONE *WITHOUT* TELEPATHY, QUIRE. STAY DOWN HERE AND PROTECT RAMONE. FUSE, STAY AND PROTECT THEM *BOTH* IN CASE THE HELLFIRE GOLEM OR LAND SHARKS COME BACK.
AMERICA AND GWEN, YOU'RE WITH ME.

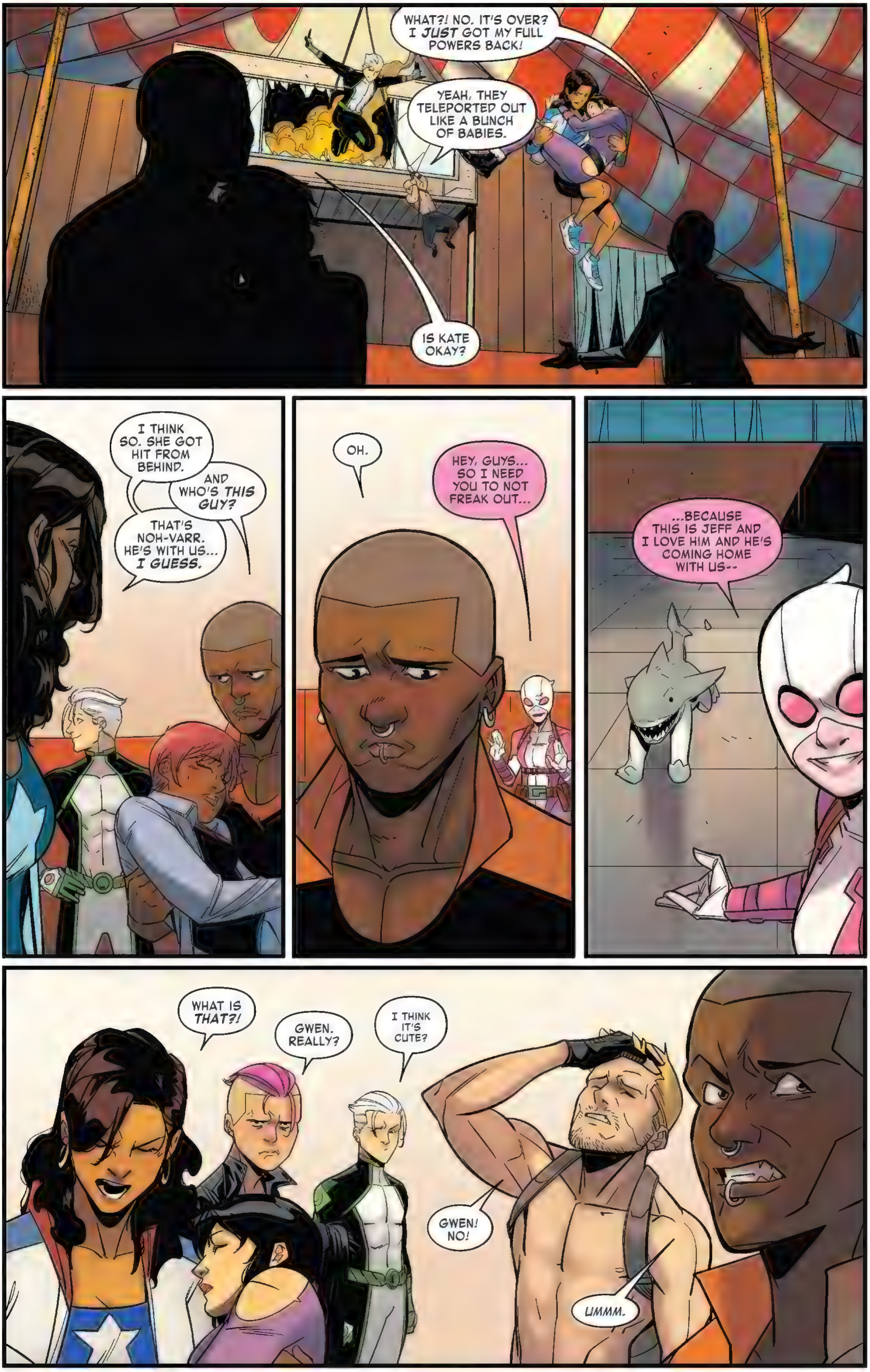

THEY TOOK ALL MY WEAPONS, AMERICA. I WANT TO HURT THEM GOOD.
GLAD WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE, GWEN.
THUNK
OF ALL THE THINGS I EXPECTED TO SEE UP HERE...THIS WAS NOT ONE OF THEM.
HEY, GUYS.

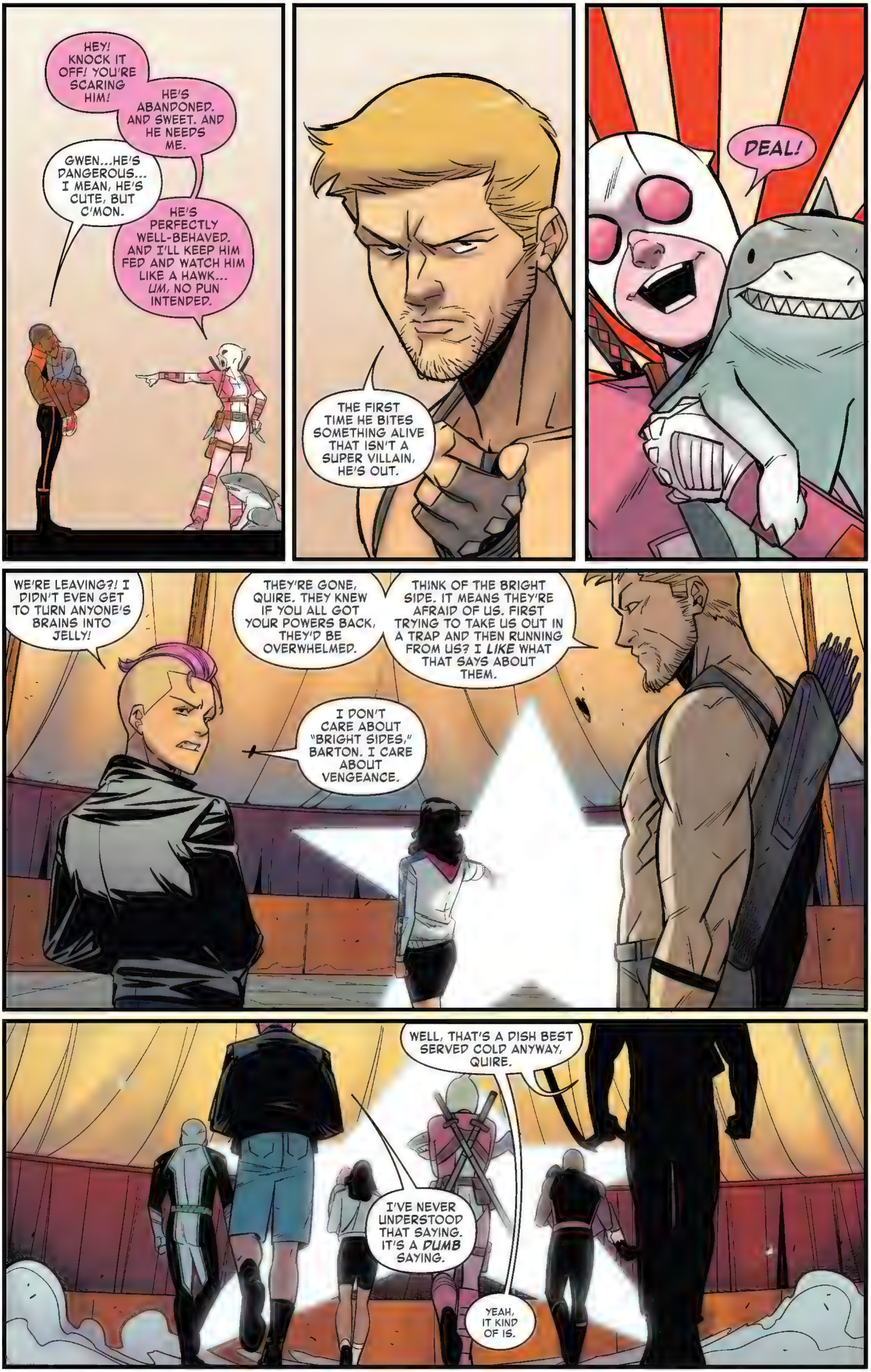

ALL RIGHT, NOH-VARR MAY BE A JERK, BUT HE'S ON OUR SIDE. BACK HIM UP!
M.O.D.O.K., GET US OUT OF HERE, NOW!
YOU THINK I'M NOT TRYING?!
PROPERTY OF AIM
TRY *FASTER!*
BISHOP.
I'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS FOR YOU, MASQUE. STARTING WITH HOW THE HELL YOU'RE CONNECTED TO MY--
BAM
HNNNG--
AND JUST WHERE IN THE HELL HAVE *YOU* BEEN?!
NO MATTER. I'M HERE NOW.

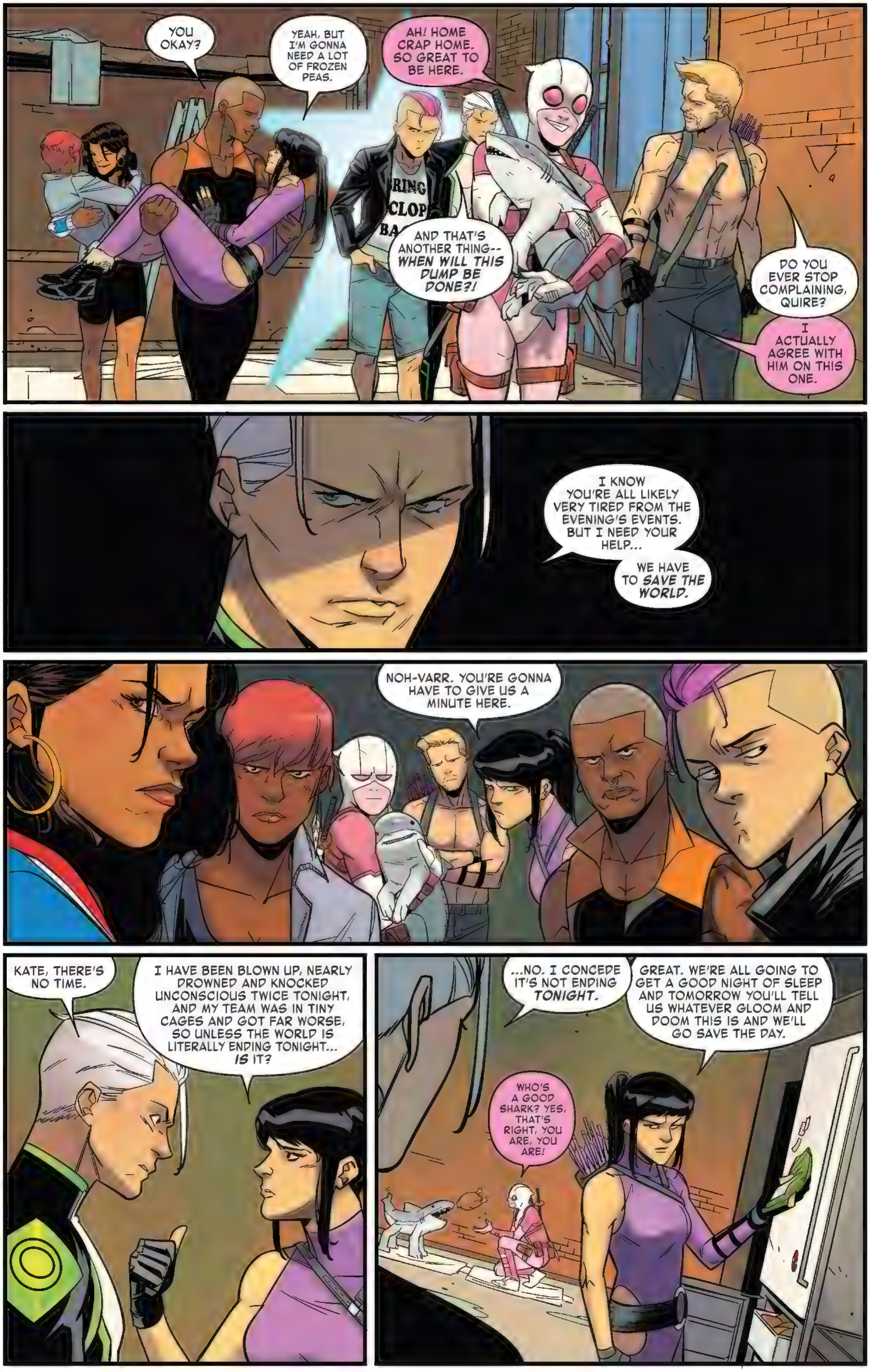

PREPARE FOR TELEPORT!
NO MORE PREPARING, JUST DO IT!
GUESS THESE HELLFIRE WOLF THINGS DIDN'T MAKE THE TELEPORT CUT.
NOH-VARR, GRAB KATE!
LET'S SEE HOW HELLFIRE TAKES TO THE FINEST STEEL.
SLICE
HEH. NOT SO WELL, IT SEEMS.

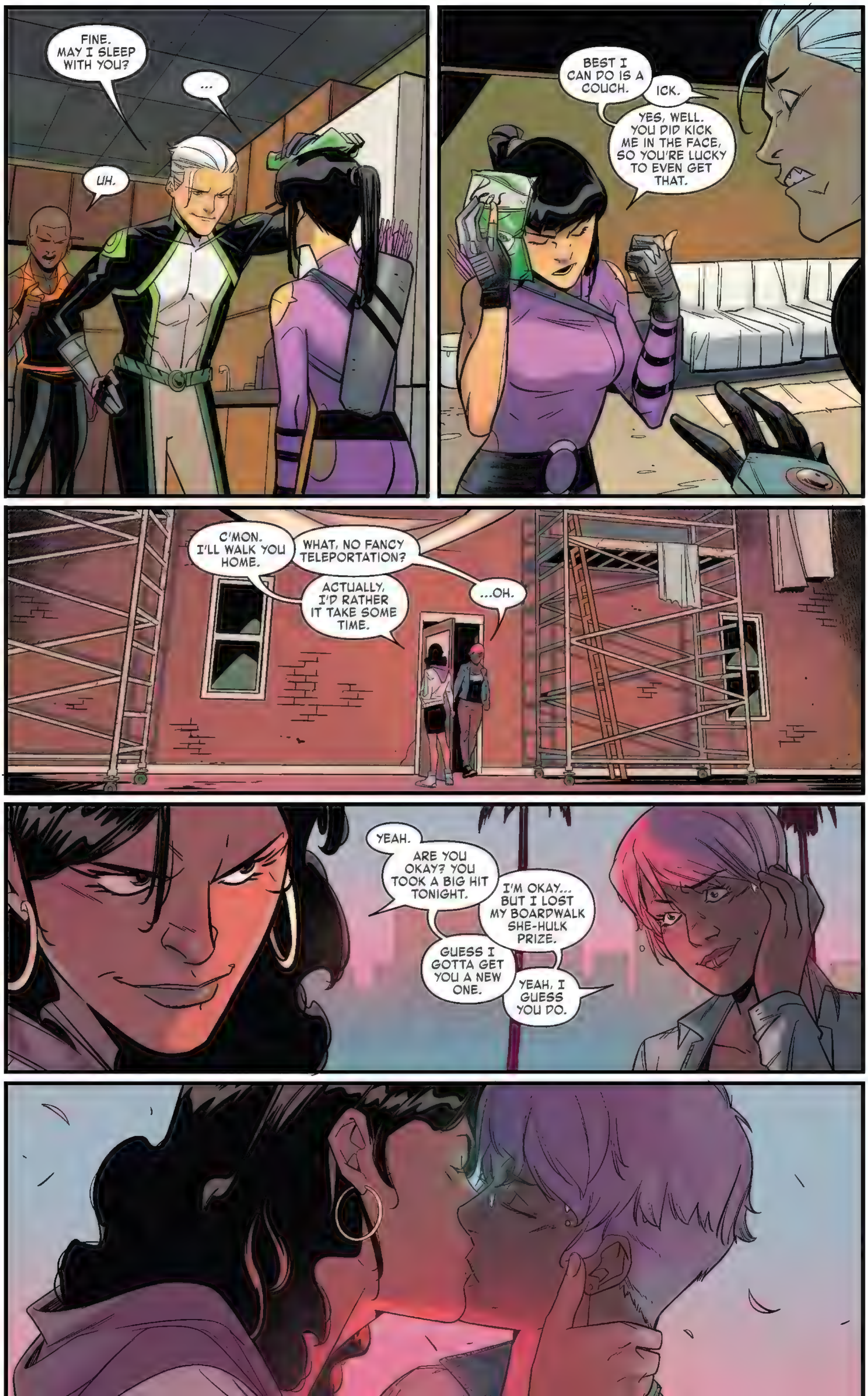

PUNCH
BAM
FWIP
ENOUGH OF THIS ALREADY!
EVERYONE OFF THE FLOOR-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA.
STOMP
AAAND BISECTED.
NICE.

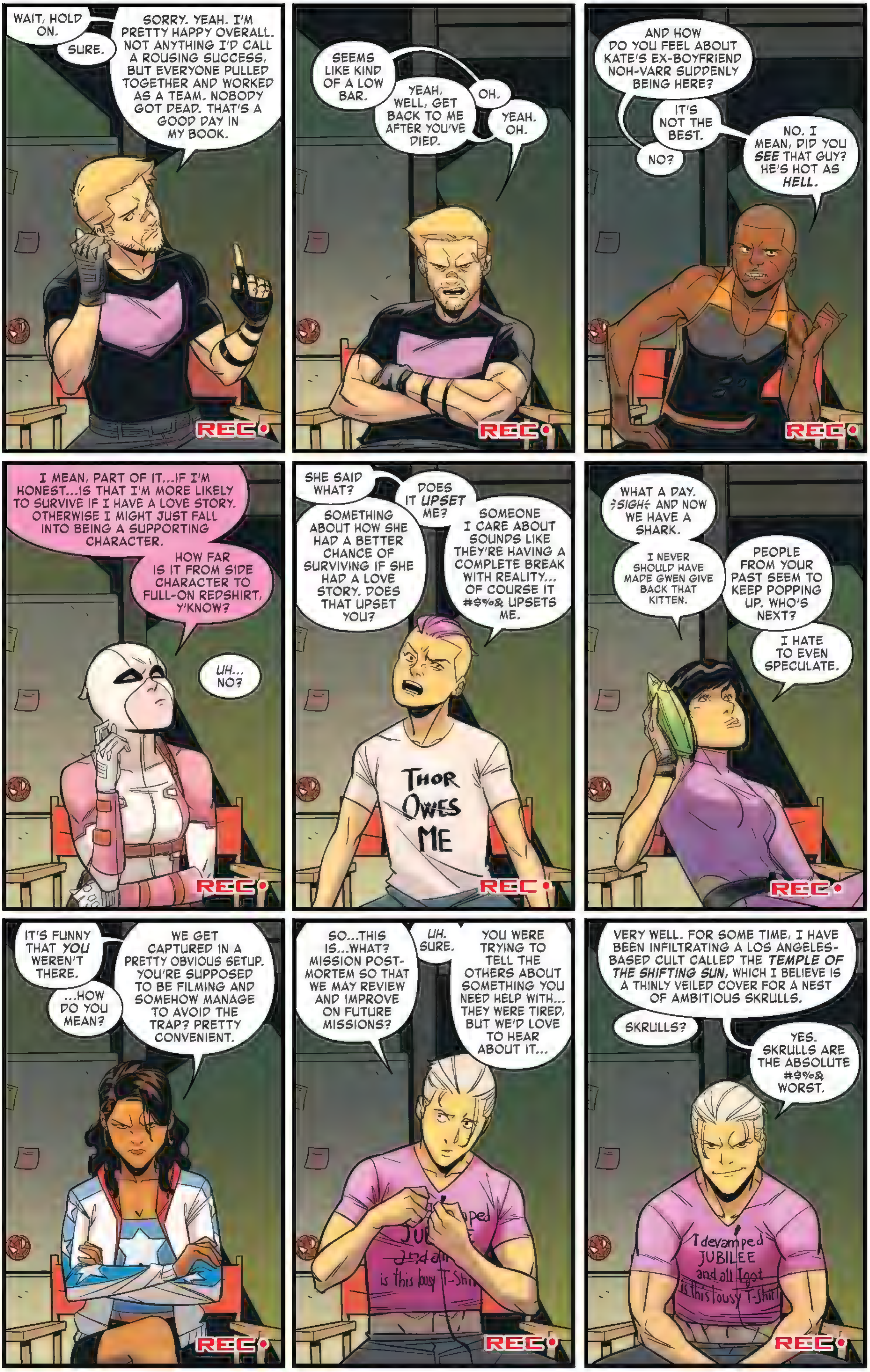

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BET THAT GIANT BOX IS WHAT'S POWERING THIS WHOLE DAMN PLACE?
NO BET. THROW THE WOLF.
PROPERTY OF AIM
TOSS
FWIP
BOOM
OH, YEAH. THAT DID IT. I'M BACK. NOH-VARR?
YES. SAME. ALTHOUGH...I HAD THE EARPLUGS ALL ALONG, SO I WAS FINE.
OF COURSE YOU DID.
YES!
FROM THE SOUND OF IT, QUIRE IS BACK TOO. WHICH IS, OF COURSE, BOTH BLESSING AND CURSE.

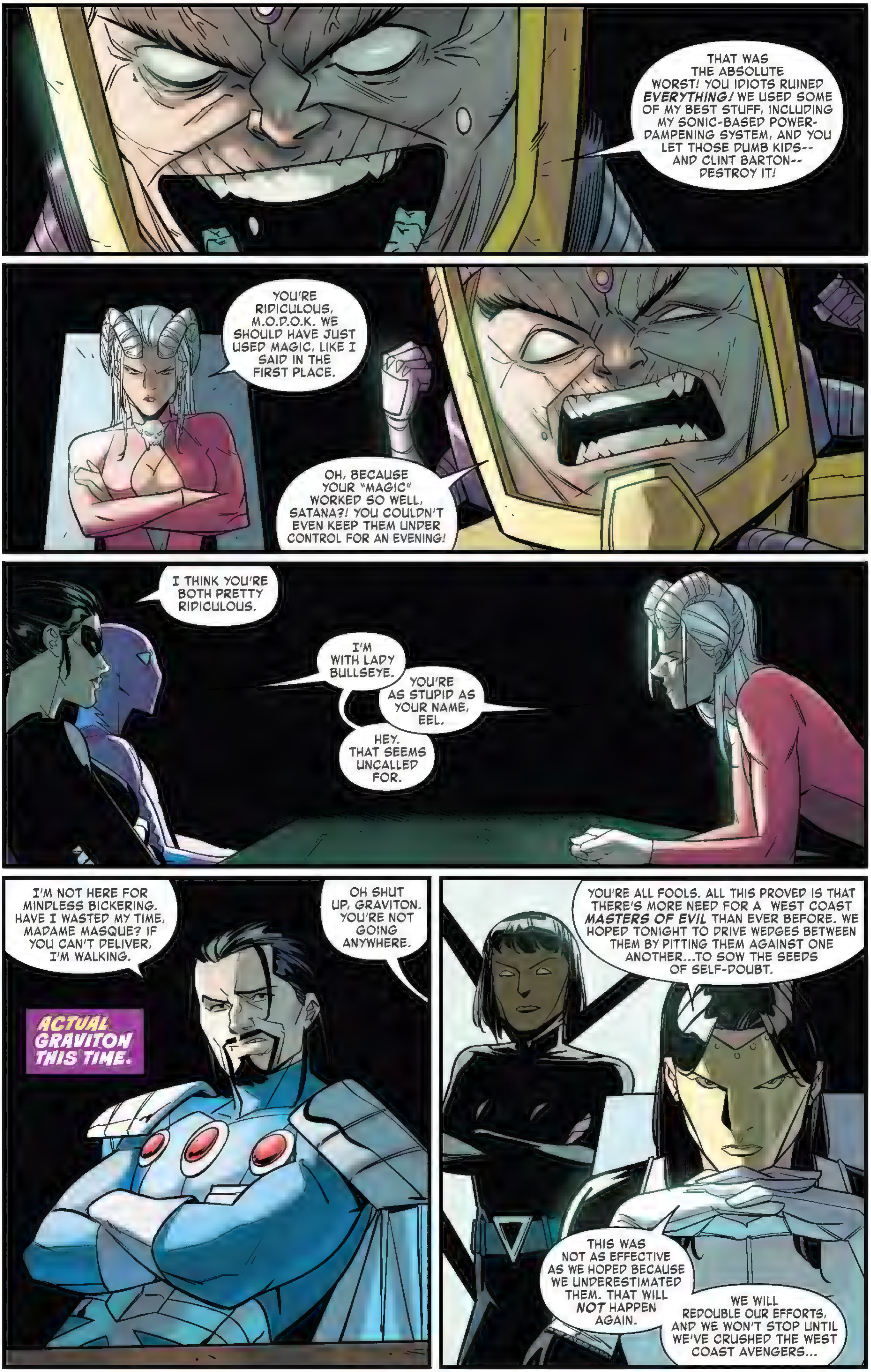

WHAT?! NO. IT'S OVER? I *JUST* GOT MY FULL POWERS BACK!
YEAH, THEY TELEPORTED OUT LIKE A BUNCH OF BABIES.
IS KATE OKAY?
I THINK SO. SHE GOT HIT FROM BEHIND.
AND WHO'S *THIS GUY?*
THAT'S NOH-VARR. HE'S WITH US... *I GUESS.*
OH.
HEY, GUYS... SO I NEED YOU TO NOT FREAK OUT...
...BECAUSE THIS IS JEFF AND I LOVE HIM AND HE'S COMING HOME WITH US--
WHAT IS *THAT?!*
GWEN. REALLY?
I THINK IT'S CUTE?
GWEN! NO!
UMMM.

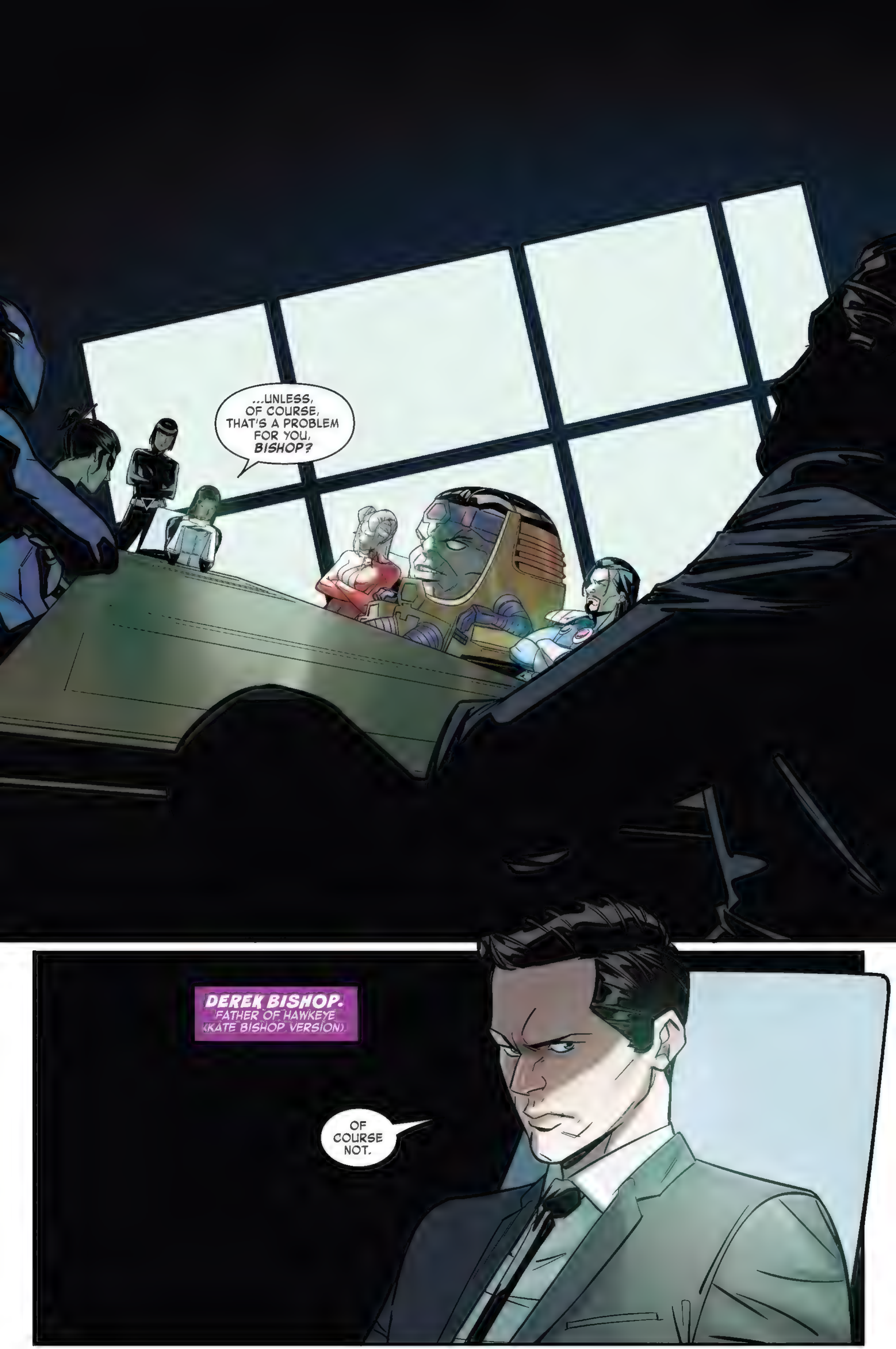

HEY! KNOCK IT OFF! YOU'RE SCARING HIM!
HE'S ABANDONED. AND SWEET. AND HE NEEDS ME.
GWEN...HE'S DANGEROUS... I MEAN, HE'S CUTE, BUT C'MON.
HE'S PERFECTLY WELL-BEHAVED. AND I'LL KEEP HIM FED AND WATCH HIM LIKE A HAWK... *UM*, NO PUN INTENDED.
THE FIRST TIME HE BITES SOMETHING ALIVE THAT ISN'T A SUPER VILLAIN, HE'S OUT.
DEAL!
WE'RE LEAVING?! I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO TURN ANYONE'S BRAINS INTO JELLY!
THEY'RE GONE, QUIRE. THEY KNEW IF YOU ALL GOT YOUR POWERS BACK, THEY'D BE OVERWHELMED.
THINK OF THE BRIGHT SIDE. IT MEANS THEY'RE AFRAID OF US. FIRST TRYING TO TAKE US OUT IN A TRAP AND THEN RUNNING FROM US? I *LIKE* WHAT THAT SAYS ABOUT THEM.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT "BRIGHT SIDES," BARTON. I CARE ABOUT VENGEANCE.
WELL, THAT'S A DISH BEST SERVED COLD ANYWAY, QUIRE.
I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THAT SAYING. IT'S A *DUMB* SAYING.
YEAH, IT KIND OF IS.


YOU OKAY?
YEAH, BUT I'M GONNA NEED A LOT OF FROZEN PEAS.
AH! HOME CRAP HOME. SO GREAT TO BE HERE.
AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING-- *WHEN WILL THIS DUMP BE DONE?!*
DO YOU EVER STOP COMPLAINING, QUIRE?
I ACTUALLY AGREE WITH HIM ON THIS ONE.
I KNOW YOU'RE ALL LIKELY VERY TIRED FROM THE EVENING'S EVENTS. BUT I NEED YOUR HELP...
WE HAVE TO *SAVE THE WORLD.*
NOH-VARR. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GIVE US A MINUTE HERE.
KATE, THERE'S NO TIME.
I HAVE BEEN BLOWN UP, NEARLY DROWNED AND KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS TWICE TONIGHT, AND MY TEAM WAS IN TINY CAGES AND GOT FAR WORSE, SO UNLESS THE WORLD IS LITERALLY ENDING TONIGHT... *IS* IT?
...NO. I CONCEDE IT'S NOT ENDING *TONIGHT.*
GREAT. WE'RE ALL GOING TO GET A GOOD NIGHT OF SLEEP AND TOMORROW YOU'LL TELL US WHATEVER GLOOM AND DOOM THIS IS AND WE'LL GO SAVE THE DAY.
WHO'S A GOOD SHARK? YES, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU ARE, YOU ARE!

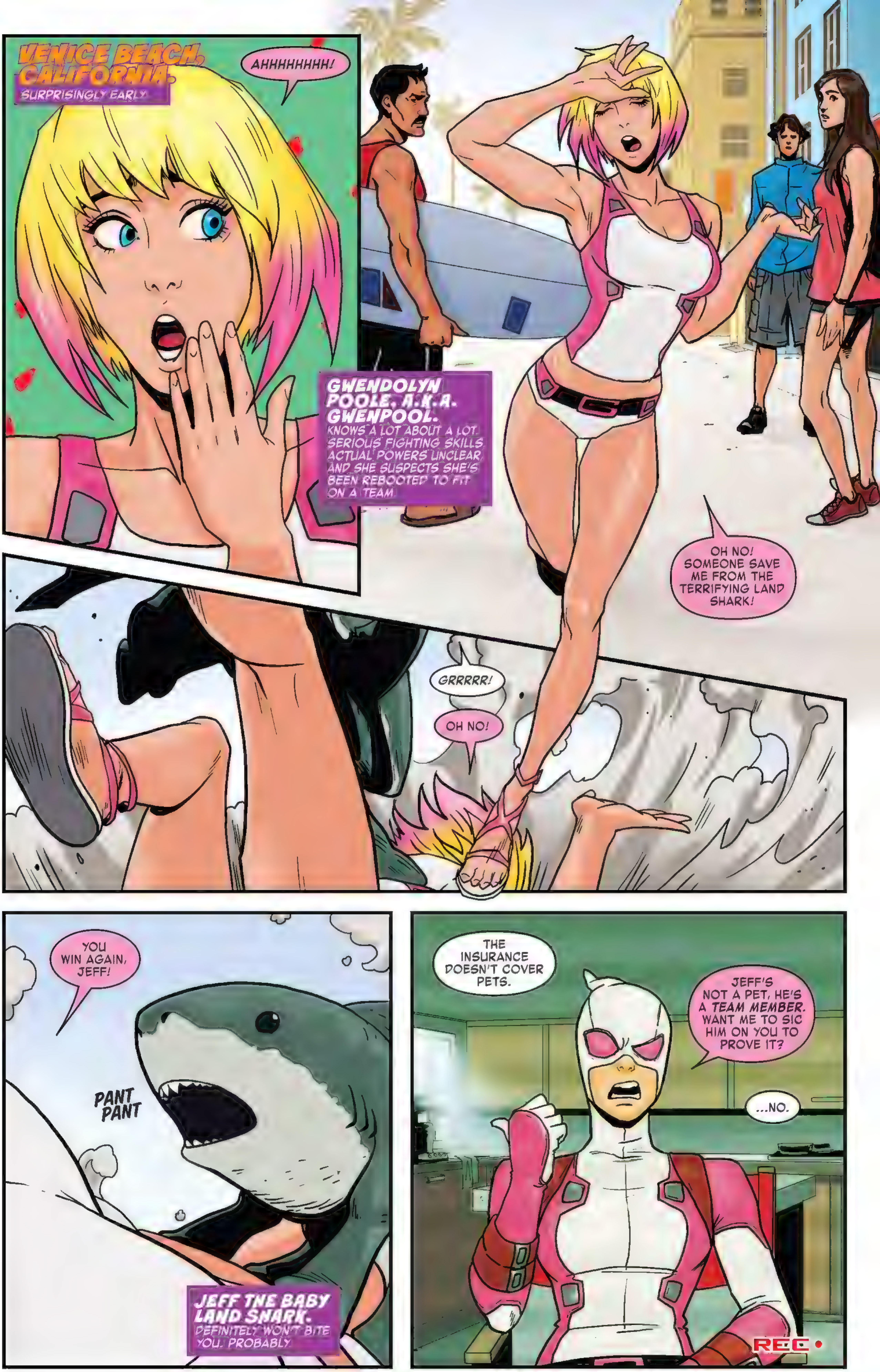

FINE. MAY I SLEEP WITH YOU?
...
UH.
BEST I CAN DO IS A COUCH.
ICK.
YES, WELL. YOU DID KICK ME IN THE FACE, SO YOU'RE LUCKY TO EVEN GET THAT.
C'MON. I'LL WALK YOU HOME.
WHAT, NO FANCY TELEPORTATION?
ACTUALLY, I'D RATHER IT TAKE SOME TIME.
...OH.
YEAH.
ARE YOU OKAY? YOU TOOK A BIG HIT TONIGHT.
I'M OKAY... BUT I LOST MY BOARDWALK SHE-HULK PRIZE.
GUESS I GOTTA GET YOU A NEW ONE.
YEAH, I GUESS YOU DO.

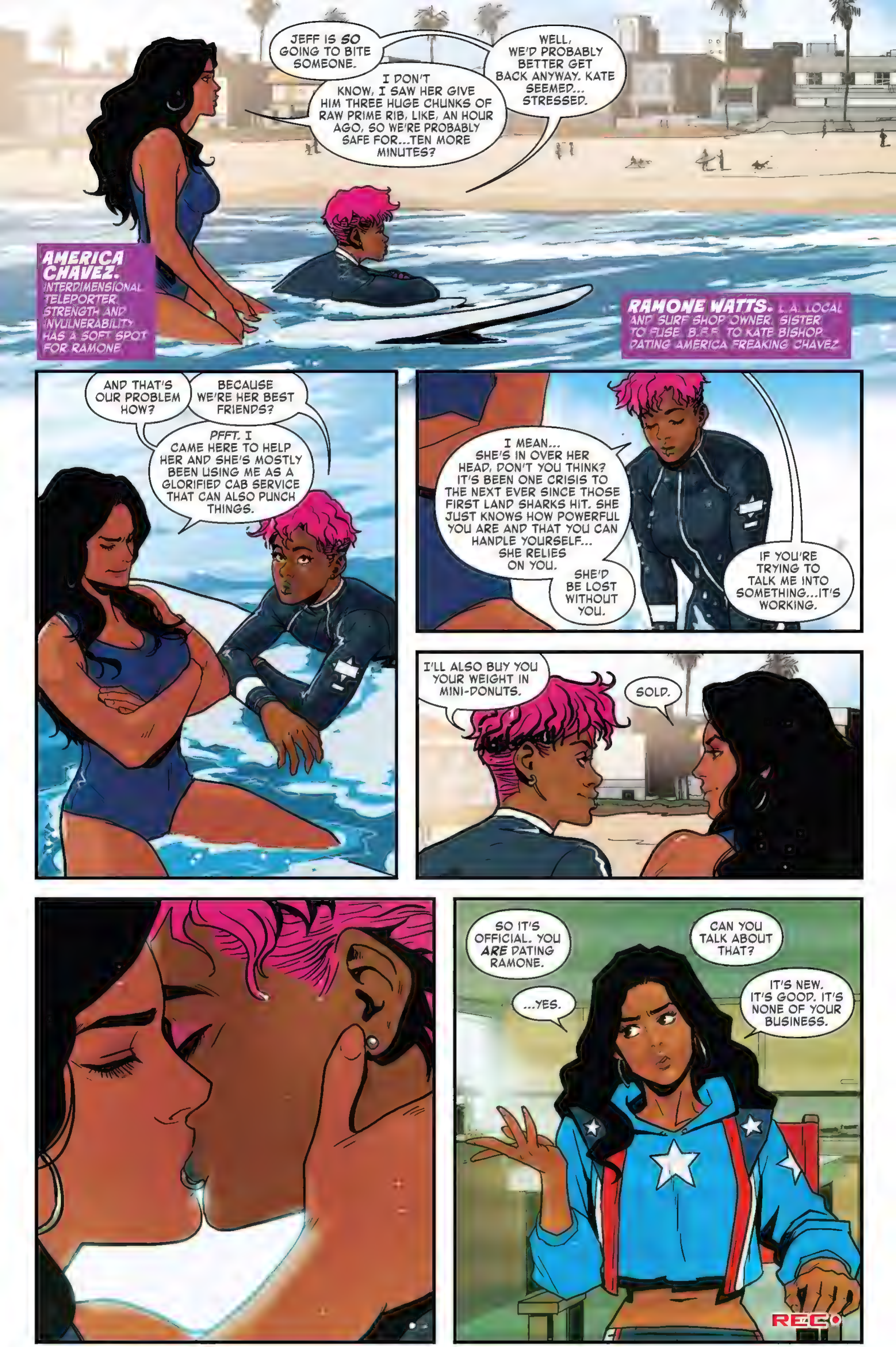

WAIT, HOLD ON.
SURE.
SORRY. YEAH. I'M PRETTY HAPPY OVERALL. NOT ANYTHING I'D CALL A ROUSING SUCCESS, BUT EVERYONE PULLED TOGETHER AND WORKED AS A TEAM. NOBODY GOT DEAD. THAT'S A GOOD DAY IN MY BOOK.
REC
SEEMS LIKE KIND OF A LOW BAR.
YEAH, WELL, GET BACK TO ME AFTER YOU'VE DIED.
OH.
YEAH. OH.
REC
AND HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT KATE'S EX-BOYFRIEND NOH-VARR SUDDENLY BEING HERE?
IT'S NOT THE BEST.
NO?
NO. I MEAN, DID YOU *SEE* THAT GUY? HE'S HOT AS *HELL*.
REC
I MEAN, PART OF IT...IF I'M HONEST...IS THAT I'M MORE LIKELY TO SURVIVE IF I HAVE A LOVE STORY. OTHERWISE I MIGHT JUST FALL INTO BEING A SUPPORTING CHARACTER.
HOW FAR IS IT FROM SIDE CHARACTER TO FULL-ON REDSHIRT, Y'KNOW?
UH... NO?
REC
SHE SAID WHAT?
SOMETHING ABOUT HOW SHE HAD A BETTER CHANCE OF SURVIVING IF SHE HAD A LOVE STORY. DOES THAT UPSET YOU?
DOES IT *UPSET* ME?
SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING A COMPLETE BREAK WITH REALITY... OF COURSE IT #$%& UPSETS ME.
THOR OWES ME
REC
WHAT A DAY. *SIGH* AND NOW WE HAVE A SHARK.
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE MADE GWEN GIVE BACK THAT KITTEN.
PEOPLE FROM YOUR PAST SEEM TO KEEP POPPING UP. WHO'S NEXT?
I HATE TO EVEN SPECULATE.
REC
IT'S FUNNY THAT *YOU* WEREN'T THERE.
...HOW DO YOU MEAN?
WE GET CAPTURED IN A PRETTY OBVIOUS SETUP. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FILMING AND SOMEHOW MANAGE TO AVOID THE TRAP? PRETTY CONVENIENT.
REC
SO...THIS IS...WHAT? MISSION POST-MORTEM SO THAT WE MAY REVIEW AND IMPROVE ON FUTURE MISSIONS?
UH. SURE.
YOU WERE TRYING TO TELL THE OTHERS ABOUT SOMETHING YOU NEED HELP WITH... THEY WERE TIRED, BUT WE'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT IT...
REC
VERY WELL. FOR SOME TIME, I HAVE BEEN INFILTRATING A LOS ANGELES-BASED CULT CALLED THE *TEMPLE OF THE SHIFTING SUN*, WHICH I BELIEVE IS A THINLY VEILED COVER FOR A NEST OF AMBITIOUS SKRULLS.
SKRULLS?
YES. SKRULLS ARE THE ABSOLUTE #$%& WORST.
I devamped JUBILEE and all I got is this lousy T-Shirt
REC

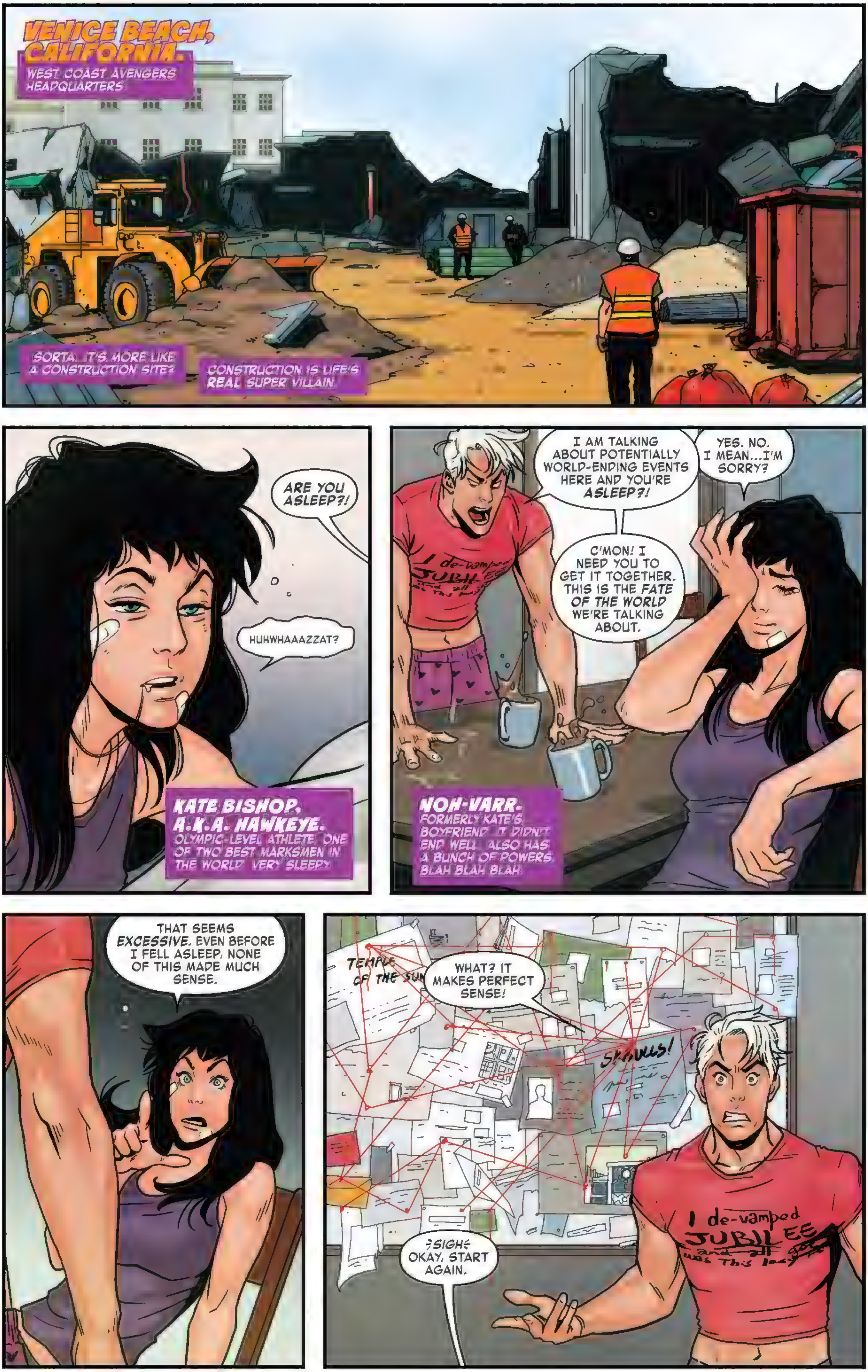

THAT WAS THE ABSOLUTE WORST! YOU IDIOTS RUINED *EVERYTHING!* WE USED SOME OF MY BEST STUFF, INCLUDING MY SONIC-BASED POWER-DAMPENING SYSTEM, AND YOU LET THOSE DUMB KIDS--AND CLINT BARTON--DESTROY IT!
YOU'RE RIDICULOUS, M.O.D.O.K. WE SHOULD HAVE JUST USED MAGIC, LIKE I SAID IN THE FIRST PLACE.
OH, BECAUSE YOUR "MAGIC" WORKED SO WELL, SATANA?! YOU COULDN'T EVEN KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL FOR AN EVENING!
I THINK YOU'RE BOTH PRETTY RIDICULOUS.
I'M WITH LADY BULLSEYE.
YOU'RE AS STUPID AS YOUR NAME, EEL.
HEY. THAT SEEMS UNCALLED FOR.
I'M NOT HERE FOR MINDLESS BICKERING. HAVE I WASTED MY TIME, MADAME MASQUE? IF YOU CAN'T DELIVER, I'M WALKING.
OH SHUT UP, GRAVITON. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
ACTUAL GRAVITON THIS TIME.
YOU'RE ALL FOOLS. ALL THIS PROVED IS THAT THERE'S MORE NEED FOR A WEST COAST *MASTERS OF EVIL* THAN EVER BEFORE. WE HOPED TONIGHT TO DRIVE WEDGES BETWEEN THEM BY PITTING THEM AGAINST ONE ANOTHER...TO SOW THE SEEDS OF SELF-DOUBT.
THIS WAS NOT AS EFFECTIVE AS WE HOPED BECAUSE WE UNDERESTIMATED THEM. THAT WILL *NOT* HAPPEN AGAIN.
WE WILL REDOUBLE OUR EFFORTS, AND WE WON'T STOP UNTIL WE'VE CRUSHED THE WEST COAST AVENGERS...

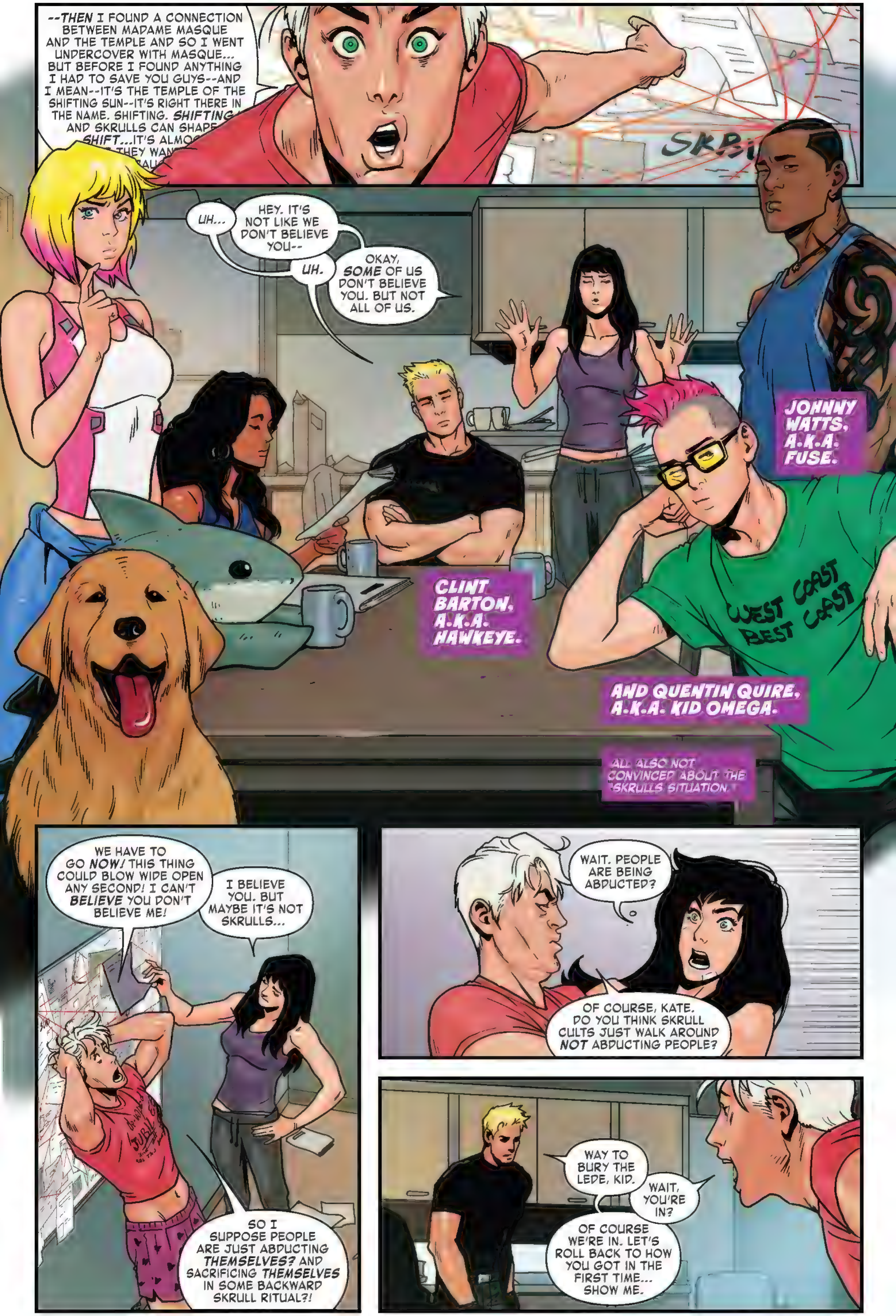

...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THAT'S A PROBLEM FOR YOU, *BISHOP?*
DEREK BISHOP. FATHER OF HAWKEYE (KATE BISHOP VERSION)
OF COURSE NOT.

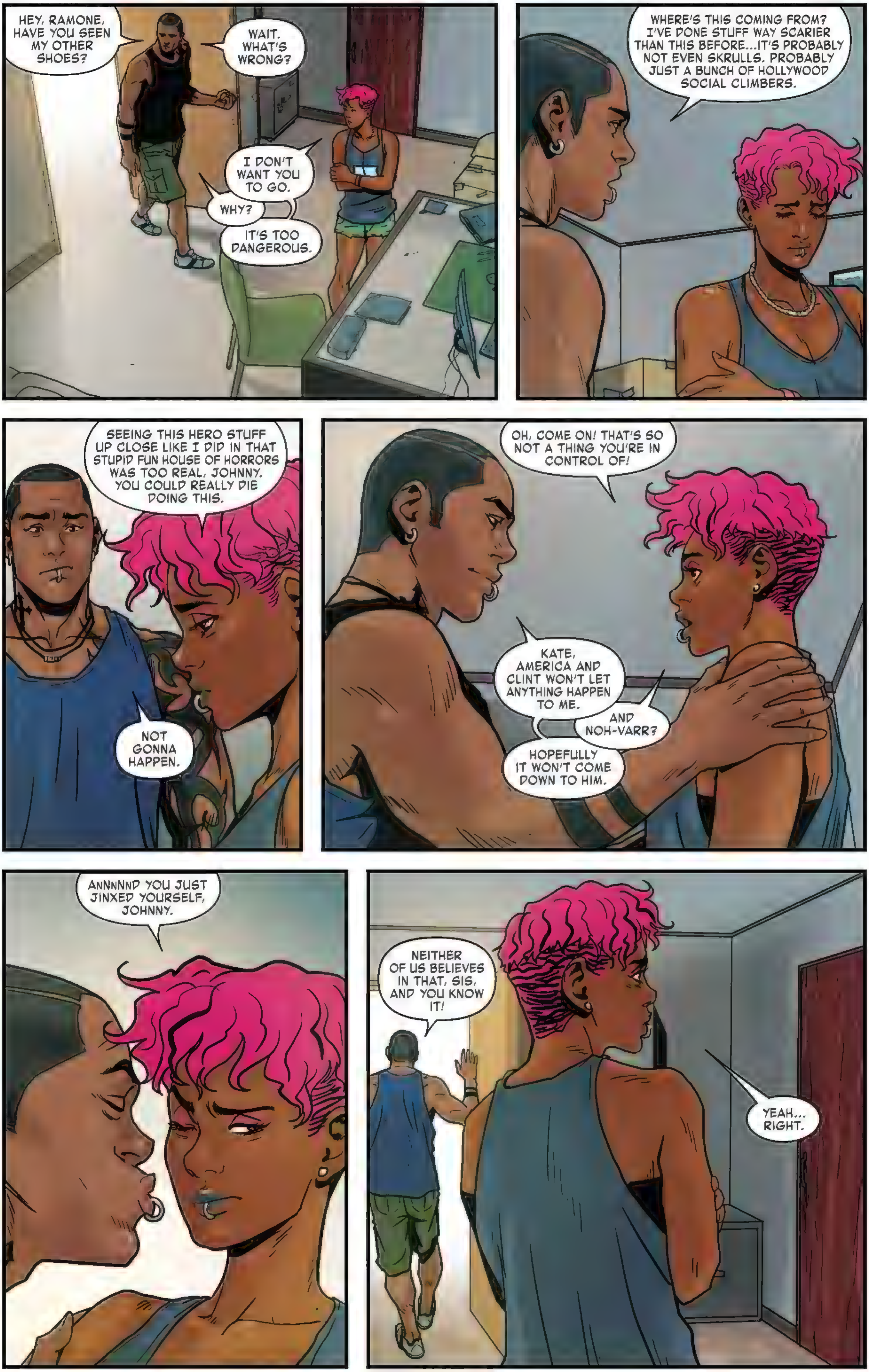
EdJubey
PETROVICH
8

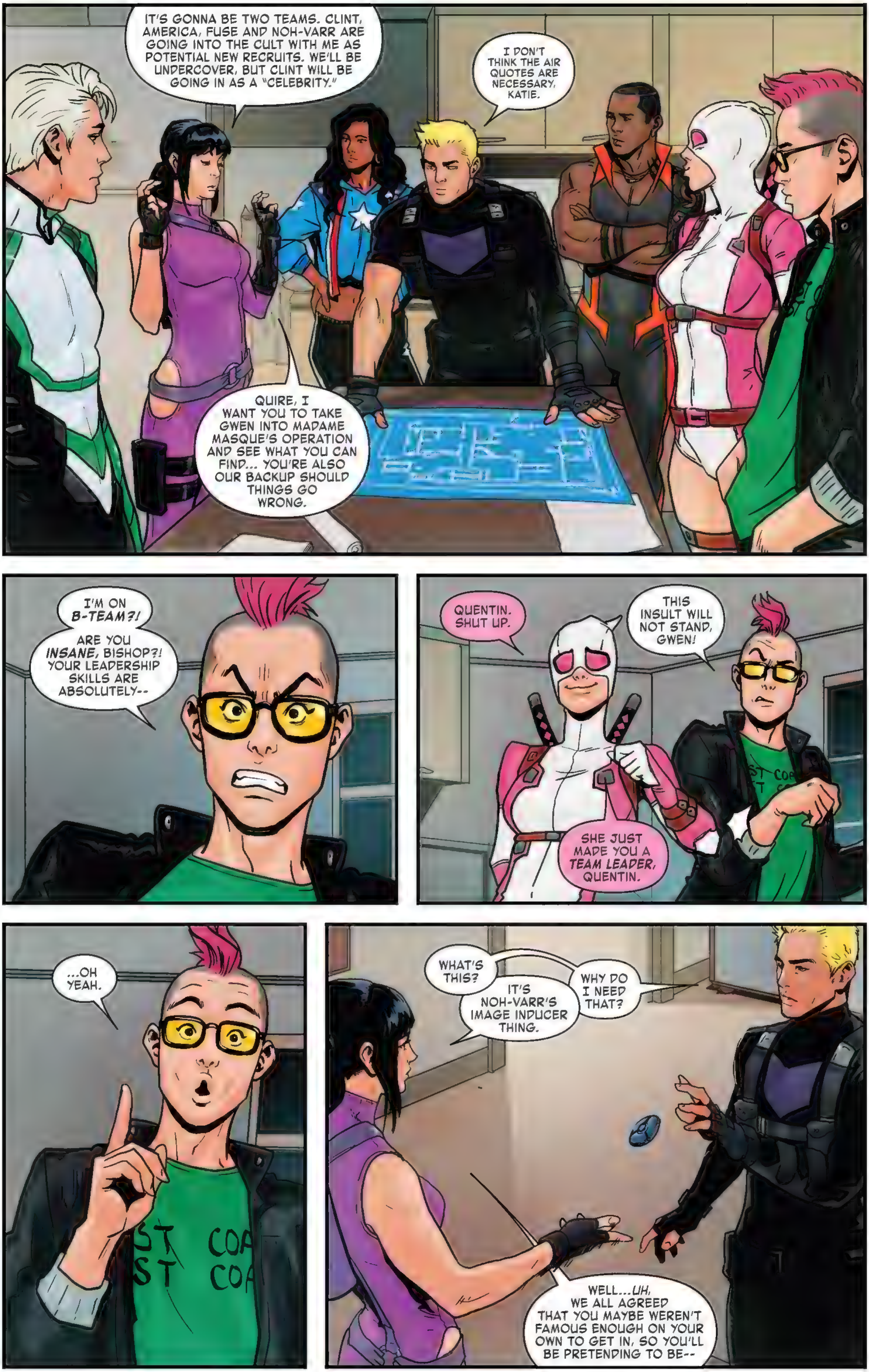

VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA.
SURPRISINGLY EARLY.
AHHHHHHHH!
GWENDOLYN POOLE. A.K.A. GWENPOOL.
KNOWS A LOT ABOUT A LOT. SERIOUS FIGHTING SKILLS. ACTUAL POWERS UNCLEAR AND SHE SUSPECTS SHE'S BEEN REBOOTED TO FIT ON A TEAM.
OH NO! SOMEONE SAVE ME FROM THE TERRIFYING LAND SHARK!
GRRRRR!
OH NO!
YOU WIN AGAIN, JEFF!
PANT PANT
JEFF THE BABY LAND SHARK.
DEFINITELY WON'T BITE YOU. PROBABLY.
THE INSURANCE DOESN'T COVER PETS.
JEFF'S NOT A PET, HE'S A *TEAM MEMBER.* WANT ME TO SIC HIM ON YOU TO PROVE IT?
...NO.
REC •

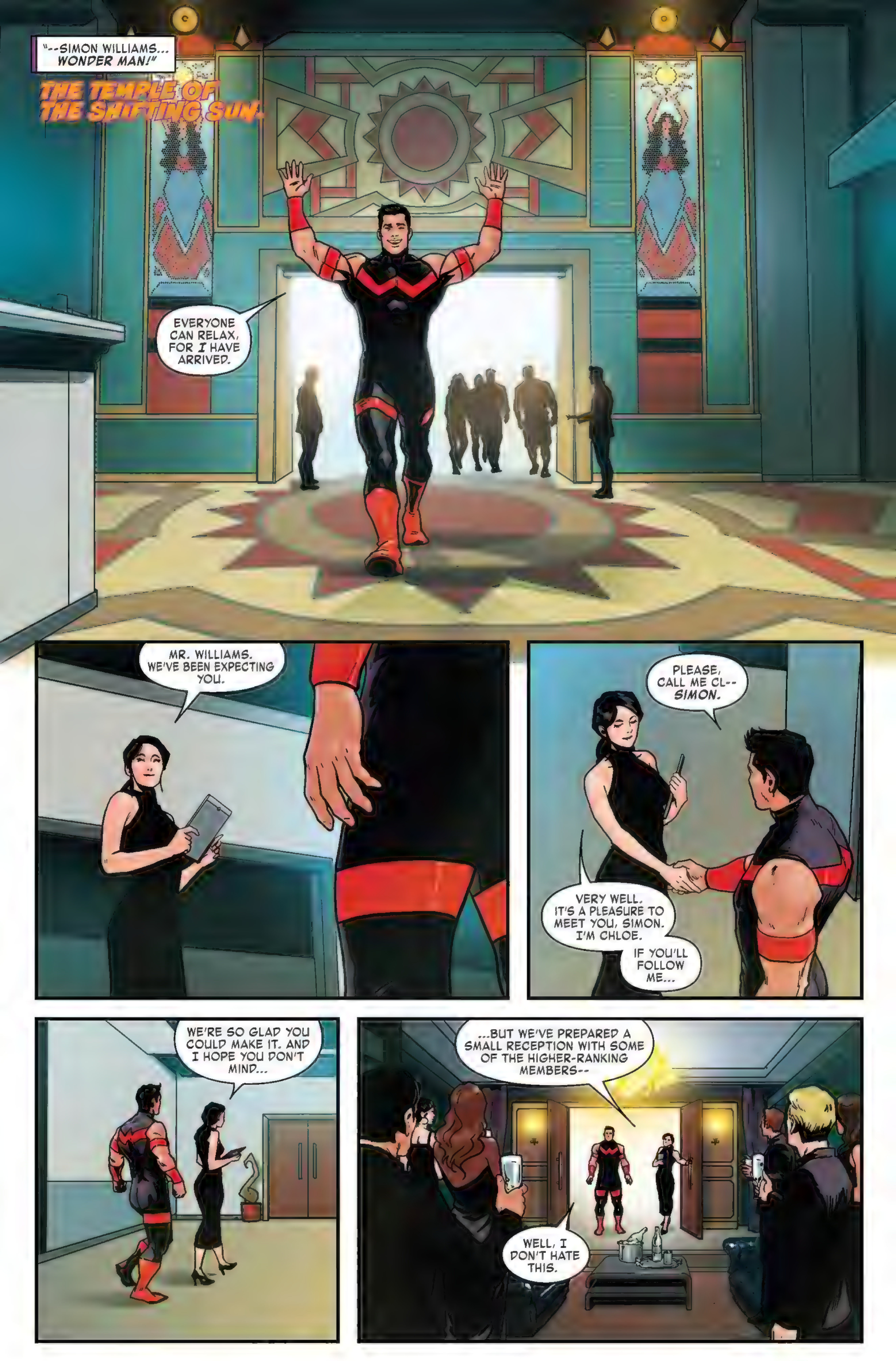

JEFF IS *SO* GOING TO BITE SOMEONE.
I DON'T KNOW, I SAW HER GIVE HIM THREE HUGE CHUNKS OF RAW PRIME RIB, LIKE, AN HOUR AGO, SO WE'RE PROBABLY SAFE FOR...TEN MORE MINUTES?
WELL, WE'D PROBABLY BETTER GET BACK ANYWAY. KATE SEEMED... STRESSED.
AMERICA CHAVEZ. INTERDIMENSIONAL TELEPORTER. STRENGTH AND INVULNERABILITY. HAS A SOFT SPOT FOR RAMONE.
RAMONE WATTS. L.A. LOCAL AND SURF SHOP OWNER. SISTER TO FUSE. B.F.F. TO KATE BISHOP. DATING AMERICA FREAKING CHAVEZ.
AND THAT'S OUR PROBLEM HOW?
BECAUSE WE'RE HER BEST FRIENDS?
PFFT. I CAME HERE TO HELP HER AND SHE'S MOSTLY BEEN USING ME AS A GLORIFIED CAB SERVICE THAT CAN ALSO PUNCH THINGS.
I MEAN... SHE'S IN OVER HER HEAD, DON'T YOU THINK? IT'S BEEN ONE CRISIS TO THE NEXT EVER SINCE THOSE FIRST LAND SHARKS HIT. SHE JUST KNOWS HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE AND THAT YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF... SHE RELIES ON YOU.
SHE'D BE LOST WITHOUT YOU.
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO TALK ME INTO SOMETHING...IT'S WORKING.
I'LL ALSO BUY YOU YOUR WEIGHT IN MINI-DONUTS.
SOLD.
SO IT'S OFFICIAL. YOU *ARE* DATING RAMONE.
...YES.
CAN YOU TALK ABOUT THAT?
IT'S NEW. IT'S GOOD. IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
REC

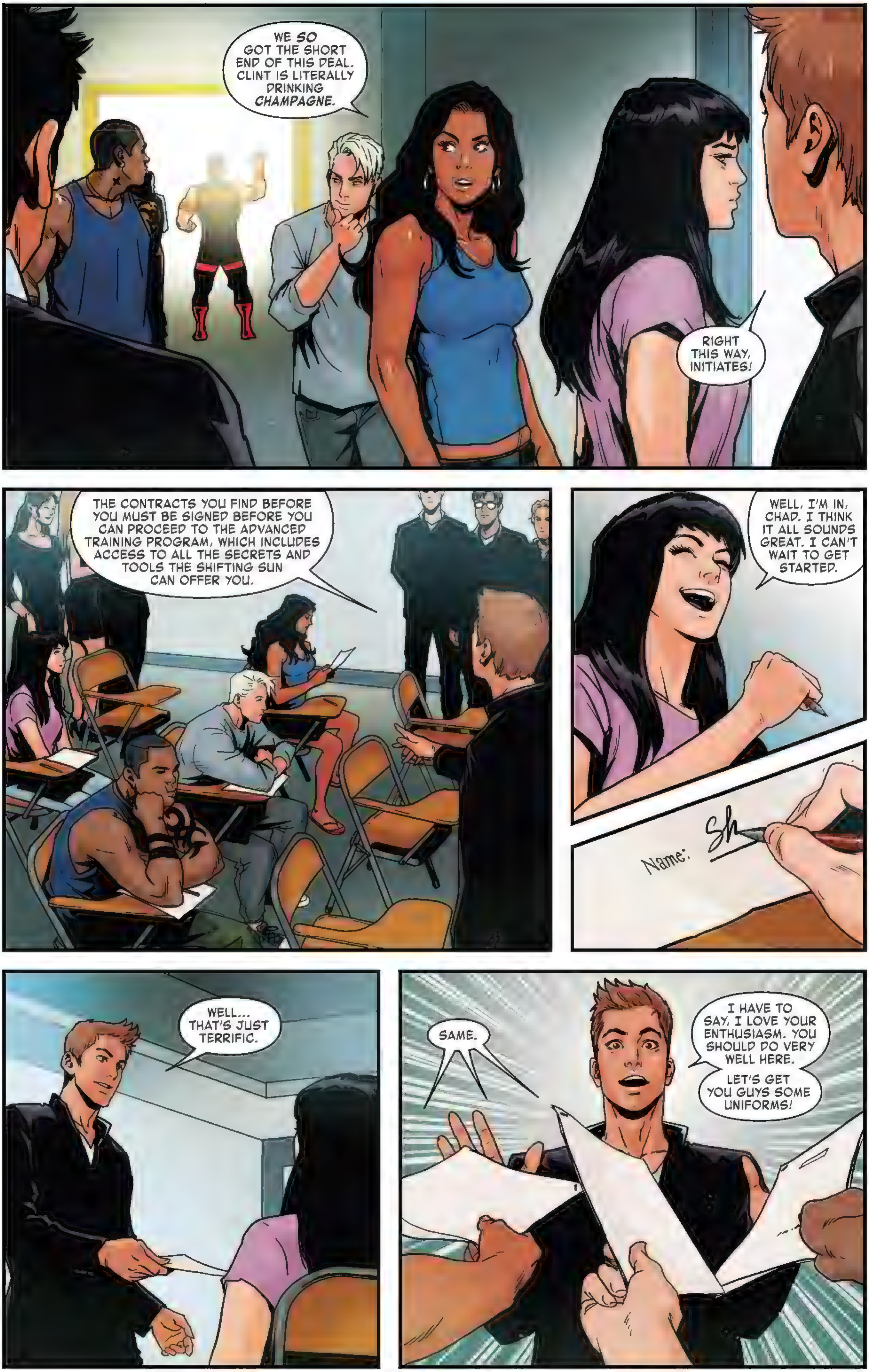

VENICE BEACH, CALIFORNIA.
WEST COAST AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS
SORTA...IT'S MORE LIKE A CONSTRUCTION SITE?
CONSTRUCTION IS LIFE'S REAL SUPER VILLAIN.
ARE YOU ASLEEP?!
HUHWHAAAZZAT?
KATE BISHOP, A.K.A. HAWKEYE.
OLYMPIC-LEVEL ATHLETE. ONE OF TWO BEST MARKSMEN IN THE WORLD. VERY SLEEPY.
I de-vamped JUBILEE
I AM TALKING ABOUT POTENTIALLY WORLD-ENDING EVENTS HERE AND YOU'RE *ASLEEP?!*
YES. NO. I MEAN...I'M SORRY?
C'MON! I NEED YOU TO GET IT TOGETHER. THIS IS THE *FATE OF THE WORLD* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT.
NOH-VARR.
FORMERLY KATE'S BOYFRIEND. IT DIDN'T END WELL. ALSO HAS A BUNCH OF POWERS. BLAH BLAH BLAH.
THAT SEEMS *EXCESSIVE.* EVEN BEFORE I FELL ASLEEP, NONE OF THIS MADE MUCH SENSE.
TEMPLE OF THE SU
WHAT? IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE!
SKULLS!
I de-vamped JUBILEE
⚡SIGH⚡ OKAY, START AGAIN.

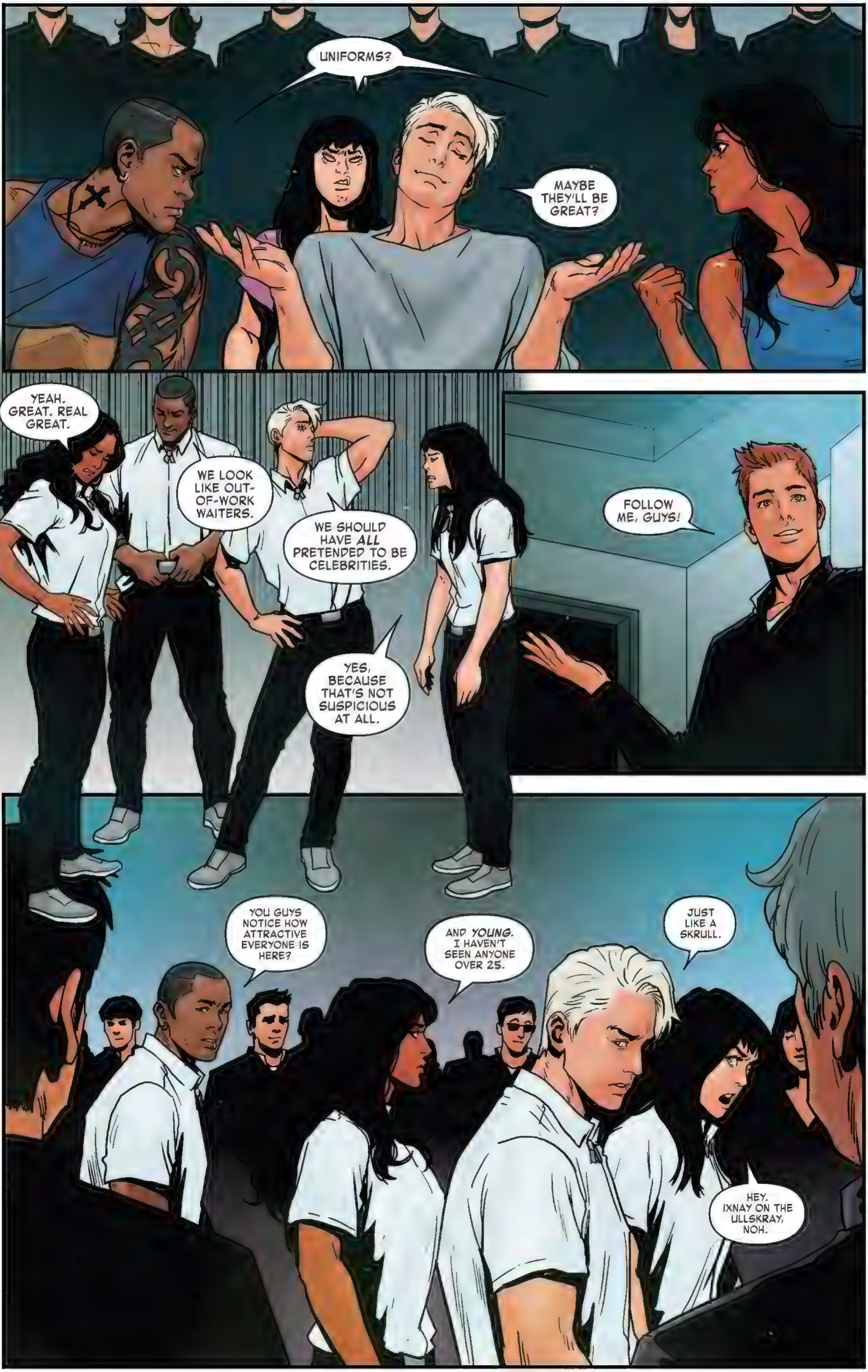

--*THEN* I FOUND A CONNECTION BETWEEN MADAME MASQUE AND THE TEMPLE AND SO I WENT UNDERCOVER WITH MASQUE... BUT BEFORE I FOUND ANYTHING I HAD TO SAVE YOU GUYS--AND I MEAN--IT'S THE TEMPLE OF THE SHIFTING SUN--IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THE NAME. SHIFTING. *SHIFTING* AND SKRULLS CAN SHAPE *SHIFT*...IT'S ALMO THEY WAN
SKR
UH...
HEY. IT'S NOT LIKE WE DON'T BELIEVE YOU--
UH.
OKAY, *SOME* OF US DON'T BELIEVE YOU. BUT NOT ALL OF US.
JOHNNY WATTS, A.K.A. FUSE.
CLINT BARTON, A.K.A. HAWKEYE.
WEST COAST BEST COAST
AND QUENTIN QUIRE, A.K.A. KID OMEGA.
ALL ALSO NOT CONVINCED ABOUT THE "SKRULLS SITUATION."
WE HAVE TO GO *NOW!* THIS THING COULD BLOW WIDE OPEN ANY SECOND! I CAN'T *BELIEVE* YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME!
I BELIEVE YOU. BUT MAYBE IT'S NOT SKRULLS...
SO I SUPPOSE PEOPLE ARE JUST ABDUCTING *THEMSELVES?* AND SACRIFICING *THEMSELVES* IN SOME BACKWARD SKRULL RITUAL?!
WAIT. PEOPLE ARE BEING ABDUCTED?
OF COURSE, KATE. DO YOU THINK SKRULL CULTS JUST WALK AROUND *NOT* ABDUCTING PEOPLE?
WAY TO BURY THE LEDE, KID.
WAIT, YOU'RE IN?
OF COURSE WE'RE IN. LET'S ROLL BACK TO HOW YOU GOT IN THE FIRST TIME... SHOW ME.

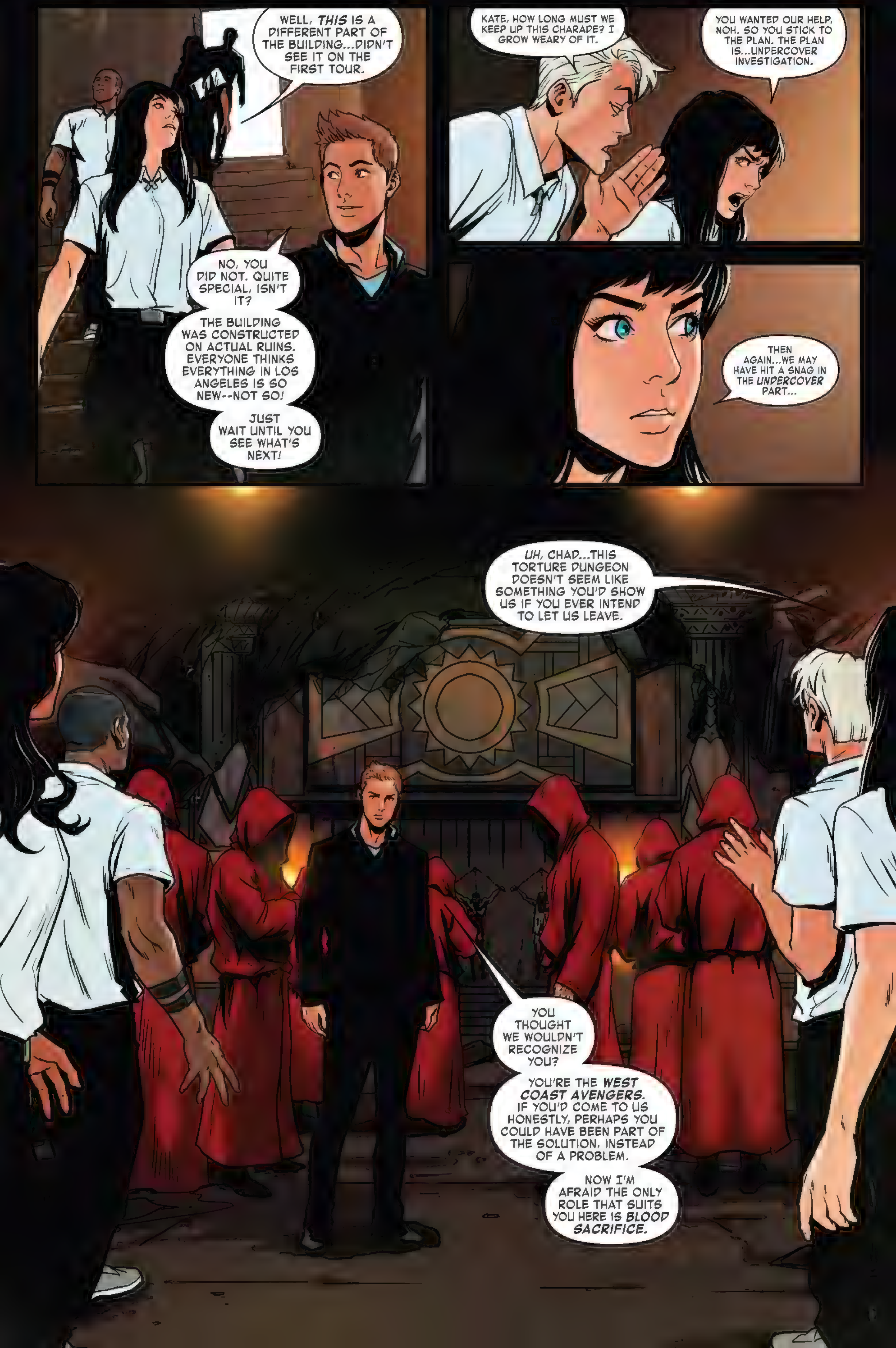

HEY, RAMONE, HAVE YOU SEEN MY OTHER SHOES?
WAIT. WHAT'S WRONG?
I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO.
WHY?
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.
WHERE'S THIS COMING FROM? I'VE DONE STUFF WAY SCARIER THAN THIS BEFORE...IT'S PROBABLY NOT EVEN SKRULLS. PROBABLY JUST A BUNCH OF HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL CLIMBERS.
SEEING THIS HERO STUFF UP CLOSE LIKE I DID IN THAT STUPID FUN HOUSE OF HORRORS WAS TOO REAL, JOHNNY. YOU COULD REALLY DIE DOING THIS.
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
OH, COME ON! THAT'S SO NOT A THING YOU'RE IN CONTROL OF!
KATE, AMERICA AND CLINT WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ME.
AND NOH-VARR?
HOPEFULLY IT WON'T COME DOWN TO HIM.
ANNNNND YOU JUST JINXED YOURSELF, JOHNNY.
NEITHER OF US BELIEVES IN THAT, SIS, AND YOU KNOW IT!
YEAH... RIGHT.

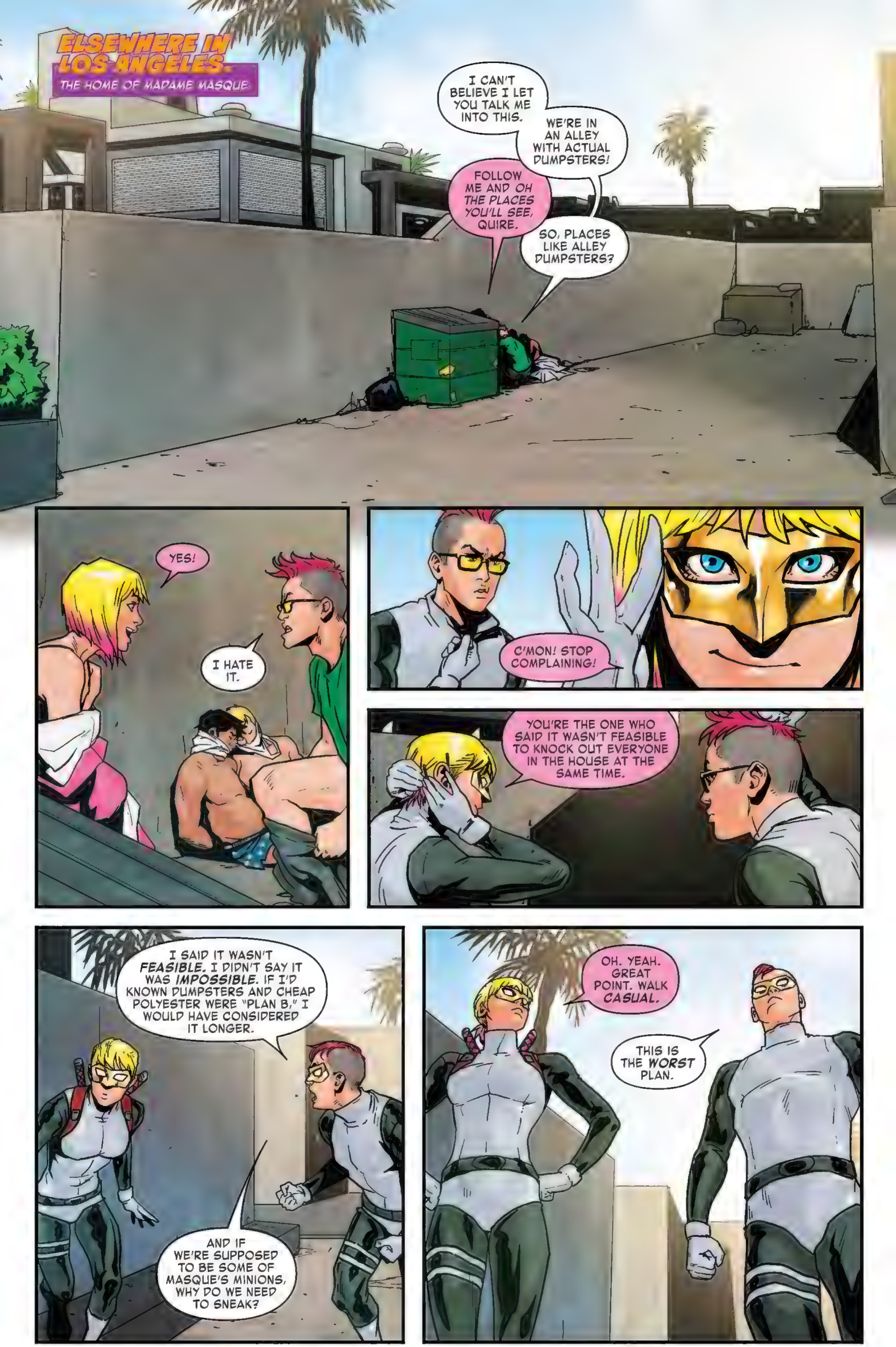

IT'S GONNA BE TWO TEAMS. CLINT, AMERICA, FUSE AND NOH-VARR ARE GOING INTO THE CULT WITH ME AS POTENTIAL NEW RECRUITS. WE'LL BE UNDERCOVER, BUT CLINT WILL BE GOING IN AS A "CELEBRITY."
I DON'T THINK THE AIR QUOTES ARE NECESSARY, KATIE.
QUIRE, I WANT YOU TO TAKE GWEN INTO MADAME MASQUE'S OPERATION AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND... YOU'RE ALSO OUR BACKUP SHOULD THINGS GO WRONG.
I'M ON *B-TEAM?!*
ARE YOU *INSANE,* BISHOP?! YOUR LEADERSHIP SKILLS ARE ABSOLUTELY--
QUENTIN. SHUT UP.
THIS INSULT WILL NOT STAND, GWEN!
SHE JUST MADE YOU A *TEAM LEADER,* QUENTIN.
...OH YEAH.
WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S NOH-VARR'S IMAGE INDUCER THING.
WHY DO I NEED THAT?
WELL... *UH,* WE ALL AGREED THAT YOU MAYBE WEREN'T FAMOUS ENOUGH ON YOUR OWN TO GET IN, SO YOU'LL BE PRETENDING TO BE--

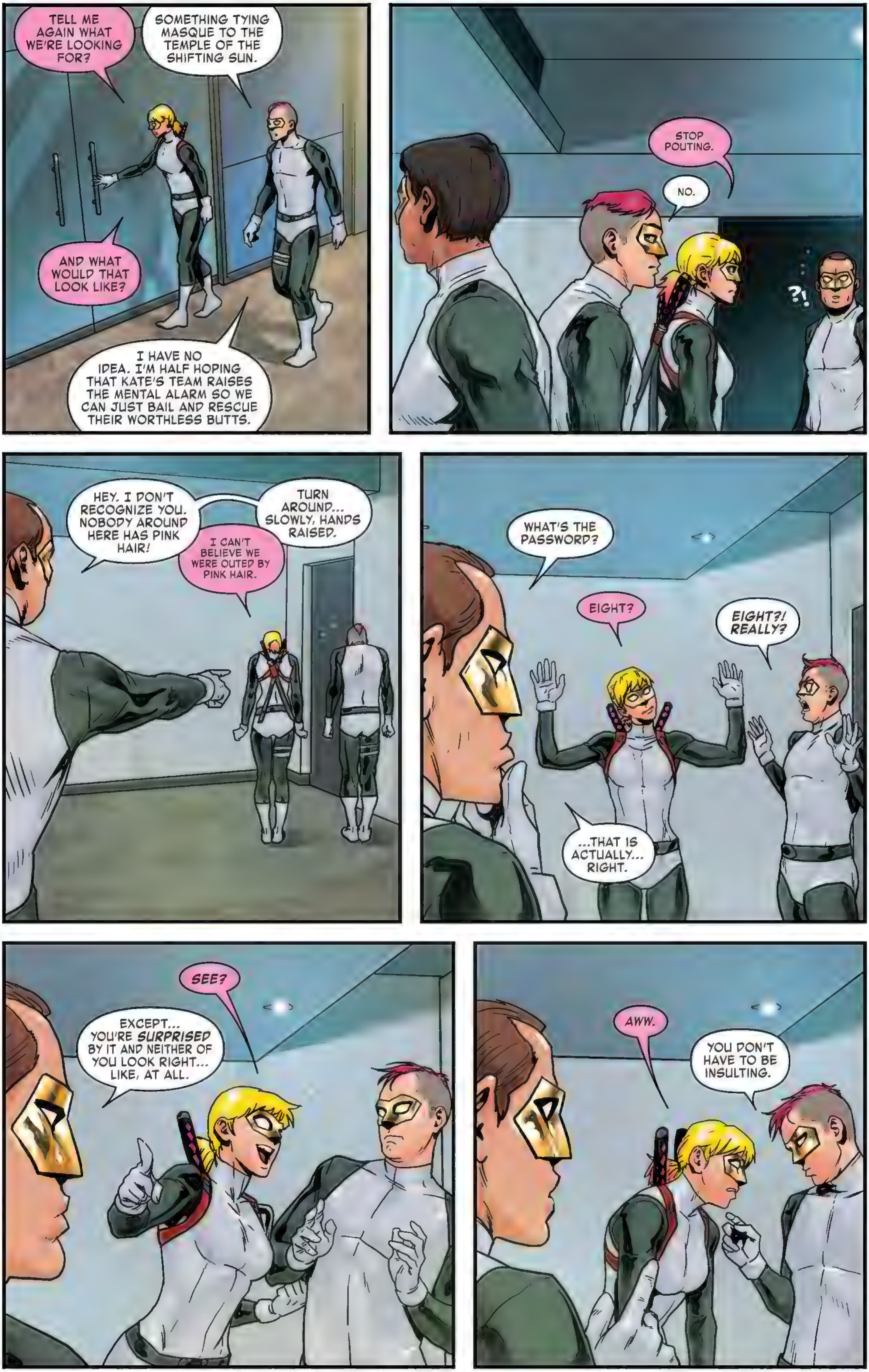

"--SIMON WILLIAMS... WONDER MAN!"
THE TEMPLE OF THE SHIFTING SUN.
EVERYONE CAN RELAX, FOR *I* HAVE ARRIVED.
MR. WILLIAMS. WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
PLEASE, CALL ME CL-- *SIMON.*
VERY WELL. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, SIMON. I'M CHLOE.
IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME...
WE'RE SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT. AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...
...BUT WE'VE PREPARED A SMALL RECEPTION WITH SOME OF THE HIGHER-RANKING MEMBERS--
WELL, I DON'T HATE THIS.

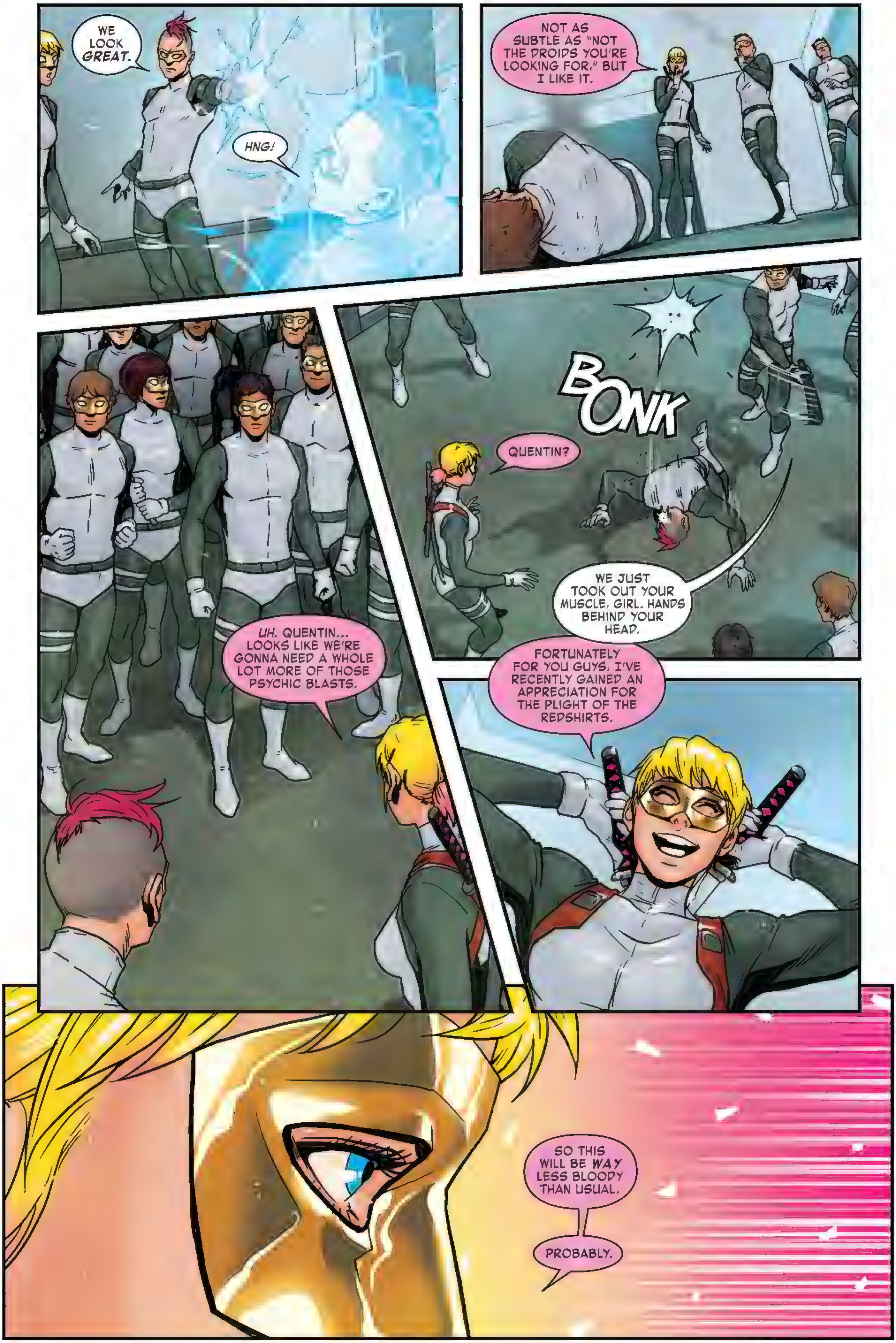

WE *SO* GOT THE SHORT END OF THIS DEAL. CLINT IS LITERALLY DRINKING *CHAMPAGNE.*
RIGHT THIS WAY, INITIATES!
THE CONTRACTS YOU FIND BEFORE YOU MUST BE SIGNED BEFORE YOU CAN PROCEED TO THE ADVANCED TRAINING PROGRAM, WHICH INCLUDES ACCESS TO ALL THE SECRETS AND TOOLS THE SHIFTING SUN CAN OFFER YOU.
WELL, I'M IN, CHAD. I THINK IT ALL SOUNDS GREAT. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED.
Name: Sh
WELL... THAT'S JUST TERRIFIC.
SAME.
I HAVE TO SAY, I LOVE YOUR ENTHUSIASM. YOU SHOULD DO VERY WELL HERE.
LET'S GET YOU GUYS SOME UNIFORMS!

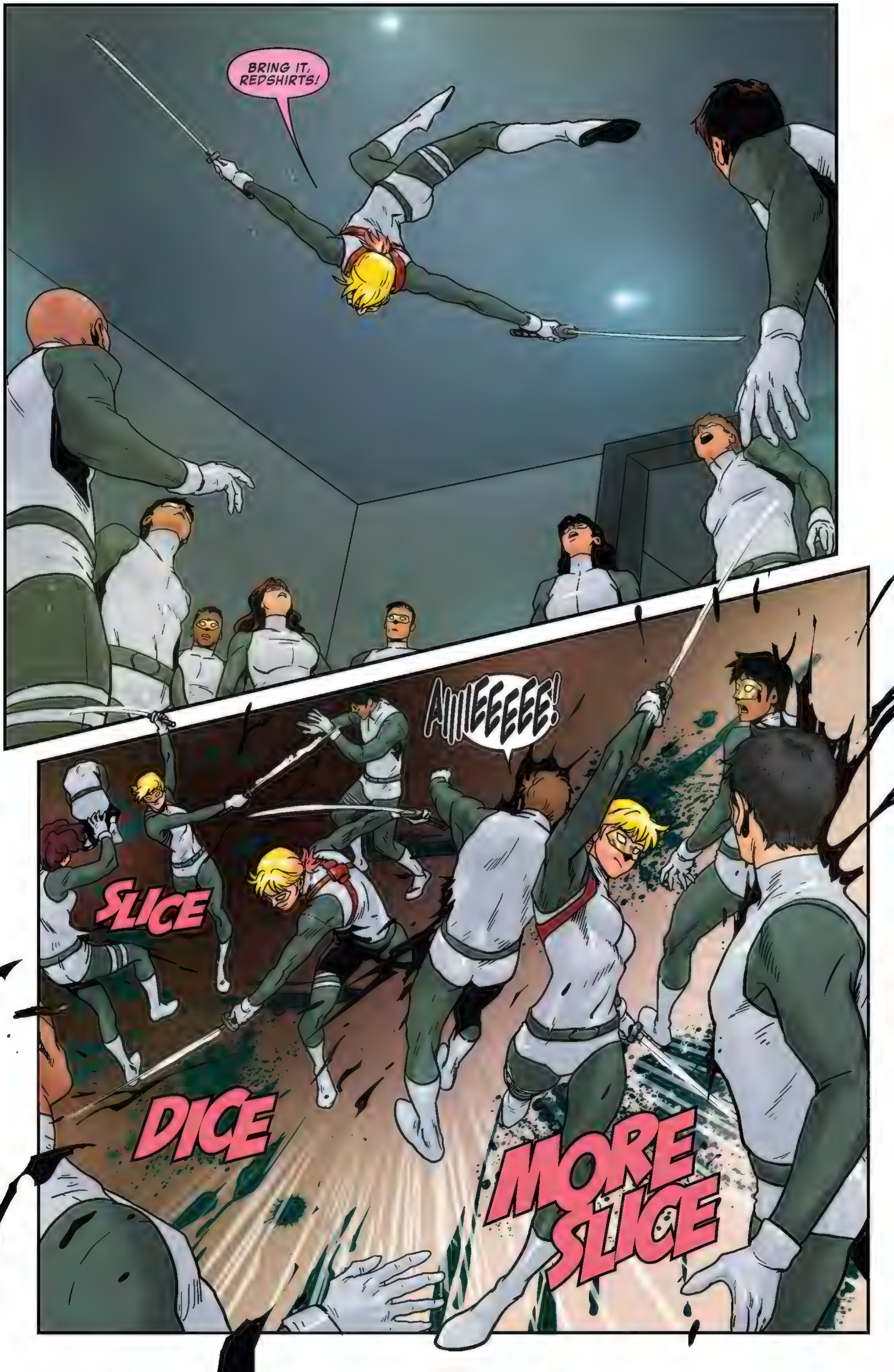

UNIFORMS?
MAYBE THEY'LL BE GREAT?
YEAH. GREAT. REAL GREAT.
WE LOOK LIKE OUT-OF-WORK WAITERS.
WE SHOULD HAVE *ALL* PRETENDED TO BE CELEBRITIES.
YES, BECAUSE THAT'S NOT SUSPICIOUS AT ALL.
FOLLOW ME, GUYS!
YOU GUYS NOTICE HOW ATTRACTIVE EVERYONE IS HERE?
AND *YOUNG*. I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE OVER 25.
JUST LIKE A SKRULL.
HEY. IXNAY ON THE ULLSKRAY, NOH.

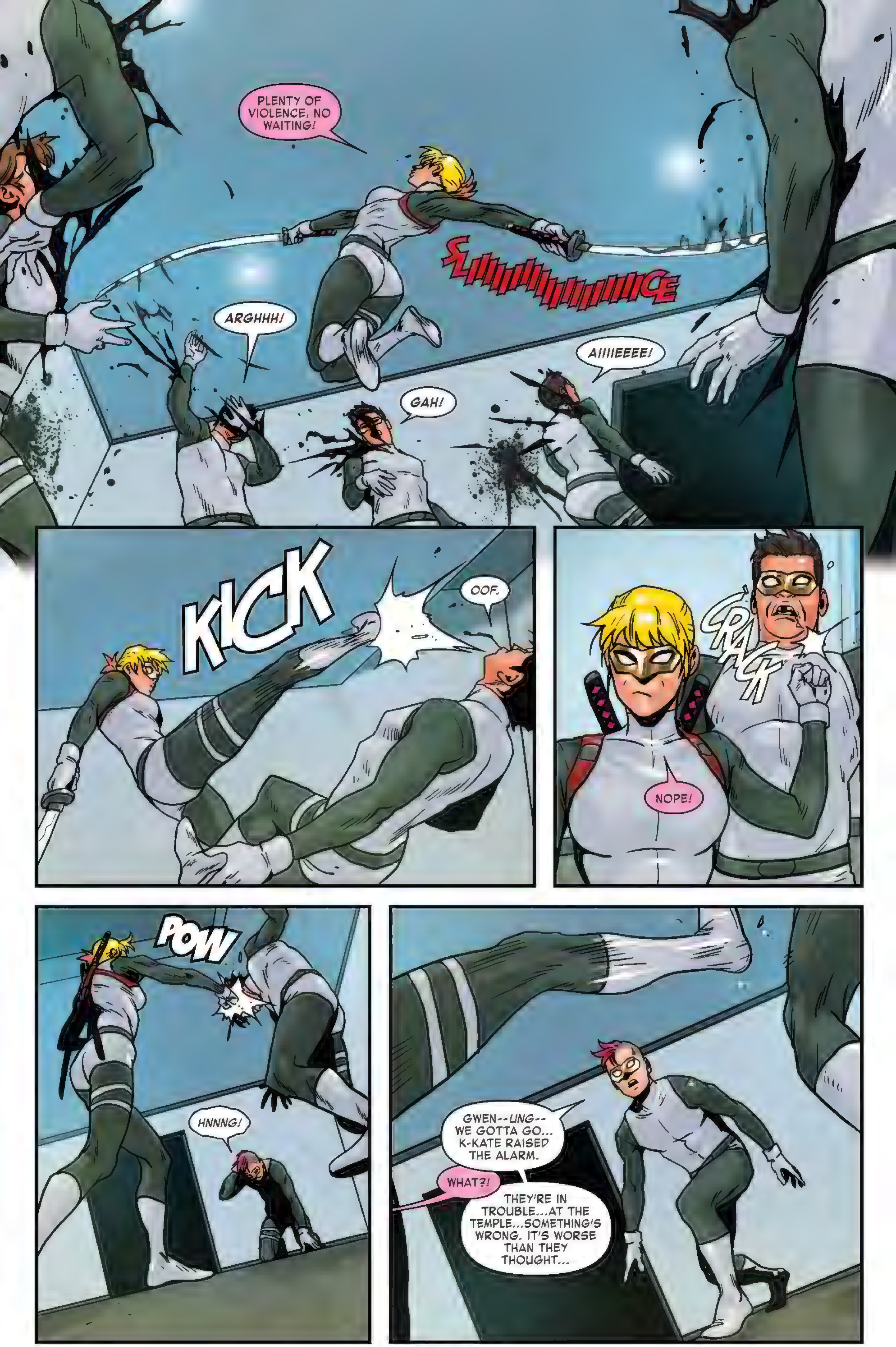

WELL, *THIS* IS A DIFFERENT PART OF THE BUILDING...DIDN'T SEE IT ON THE FIRST TOUR.
NO, YOU DID NOT. QUITE SPECIAL, ISN'T IT?
THE BUILDING WAS CONSTRUCTED ON ACTUAL RUINS. EVERYONE THINKS EVERYTHING IN LOS ANGELES IS SO NEW--NOT SO!
JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT'S NEXT!
KATE, HOW LONG MUST WE KEEP UP THIS CHARADE? I GROW WEARY OF IT.
YOU WANTED OUR HELP, NOH. SO YOU STICK TO THE PLAN. THE PLAN IS...UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATION.
THEN AGAIN...WE MAY HAVE HIT A SNAG IN THE *UNDERCOVER* PART...
UH, CHAD...THIS TORTURE DUNGEON DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SOMETHING YOU'D SHOW US IF YOU EVER INTEND TO LET US LEAVE.
YOU THOUGHT WE WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU?
YOU'RE THE *WEST COAST AVENGERS.* IF YOU'D COME TO US HONESTLY, PERHAPS YOU COULD HAVE BEEN PART OF THE SOLUTION, INSTEAD OF A PROBLEM.
NOW I'M AFRAID THE ONLY ROLE THAT SUITS YOU HERE IS *BLOOD SACRIFICE.*

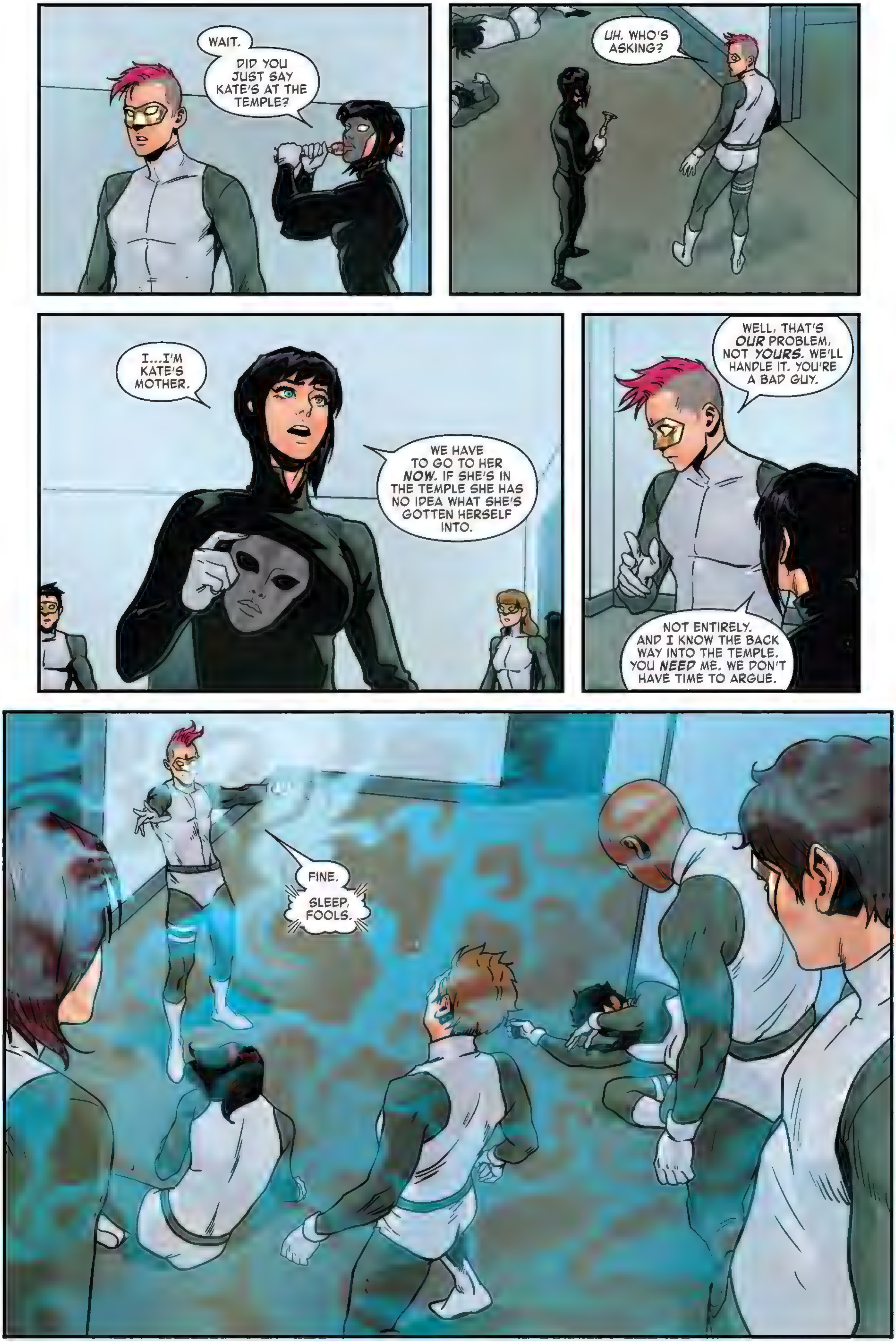

ELSEWHERE IN LOS ANGELES...
THE HOME OF MADAME MASQUE
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS.
WE'RE IN AN ALLEY WITH ACTUAL DUMPSTERS!
FOLLOW ME AND OH THE PLACES YOU'LL SEE, QUIRE.
SO, PLACES LIKE ALLEY DUMPSTERS?
YES!
I HATE IT.
C'MON! STOP COMPLAINING!
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAID IT WASN'T FEASIBLE TO KNOCK OUT EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE AT THE SAME TIME.
I SAID IT WASN'T *FEASIBLE*. I DIDN'T SAY IT WAS *IMPOSSIBLE*. IF I'D KNOWN DUMPSTERS AND CHEAP POLYESTER WERE "PLAN B," I WOULD HAVE CONSIDERED IT LONGER.
AND IF WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME OF MASQUE'S MINIONS, WHY DO WE NEED TO SNEAK?
OH. YEAH. GREAT POINT. WALK *CASUAL*.
THIS IS THE *WORST* PLAN.

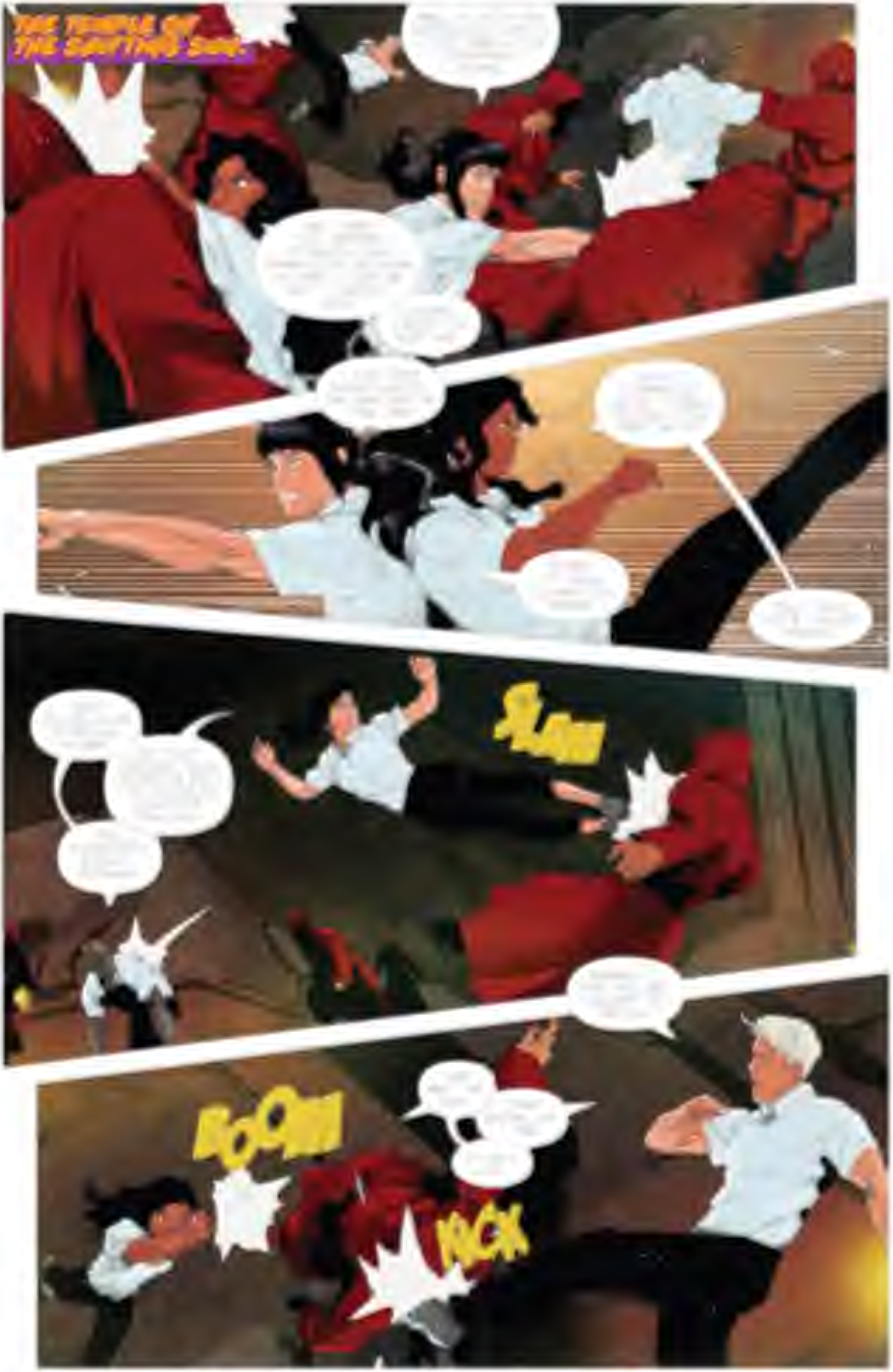

TELL ME AGAIN WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR?
SOMETHING TYING MASQUE TO THE TEMPLE OF THE SHIFTING SUN.
AND WHAT WOULD THAT LOOK LIKE?
I HAVE NO IDEA. I'M HALF HOPING THAT KATE'S TEAM RAISES THE MENTAL ALARM SO WE CAN JUST BAIL AND RESCUE THEIR WORTHLESS BUTTS.
STOP POUTING.
NO.
?!
HEY. I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU. NOBODY AROUND HERE HAS PINK HAIR!
TURN AROUND... SLOWLY, HANDS RAISED.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE WERE OUTED BY PINK HAIR.
WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?
EIGHT?
EIGHT?! REALLY?
...THAT IS ACTUALLY... RIGHT.
SEE?
EXCEPT... YOU'RE SURPRISED BY IT AND NEITHER OF YOU LOOK RIGHT... LIKE, AT ALL.
AWW.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE INSULTING.


WE LOOK *GREAT.*
HNG!
NOT AS SUBTLE AS "NOT THE DROIDS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR," BUT I LIKE IT.
UH. QUENTIN... LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GONNA NEED A WHOLE LOT MORE OF THOSE PSYCHIC BLASTS.
BONK
QUENTIN?
WE JUST TOOK OUT YOUR MUSCLE, GIRL. HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD.
FORTUNATELY FOR YOU GUYS, I'VE RECENTLY GAINED AN APPRECIATION FOR THE PLIGHT OF THE REDSHIRTS.
SO THIS WILL BE *WAY* LESS BLOODY THAN USUAL.
PROBABLY.


BRING IT, REDSHIRTS!
AIIIEEEEE!
SLICE
DICE
MORE SLICE


PLENTY OF VIOLENCE, NO WAITING!
SLIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICE
ARGHHH!
GAH!
AIIIIEEEE!
KICK
OOF.
CRACK
NOPE!
POW
HNNNG!
GWEN--*UNG*--WE GOTTA GO... K-KATE RAISED THE ALARM.
WHAT?!
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE...AT THE TEMPLE...SOMETHING'S WRONG. IT'S WORSE THAN THEY THOUGHT...


WAIT.
DID YOU JUST SAY KATE'S AT THE TEMPLE?
UH. WHO'S ASKING?
I...I'M KATE'S MOTHER.
WE HAVE TO GO TO HER *NOW.* IF SHE'S IN THE TEMPLE SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT SHE'S GOTTEN HERSELF INTO.
WELL, THAT'S ***OUR*** PROBLEM, NOT ***YOURS.*** WE'LL HANDLE IT. YOU'RE A BAD GUY.
NOT ENTIRELY. AND I KNOW THE BACK WAY INTO THE TEMPLE. YOU ***NEED*** ME. WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE.
FINE.
SLEEP, FOOLS.


THE TEMPLE OF
THE SHIFTING SUN...
SLAM
BOOM
KICK